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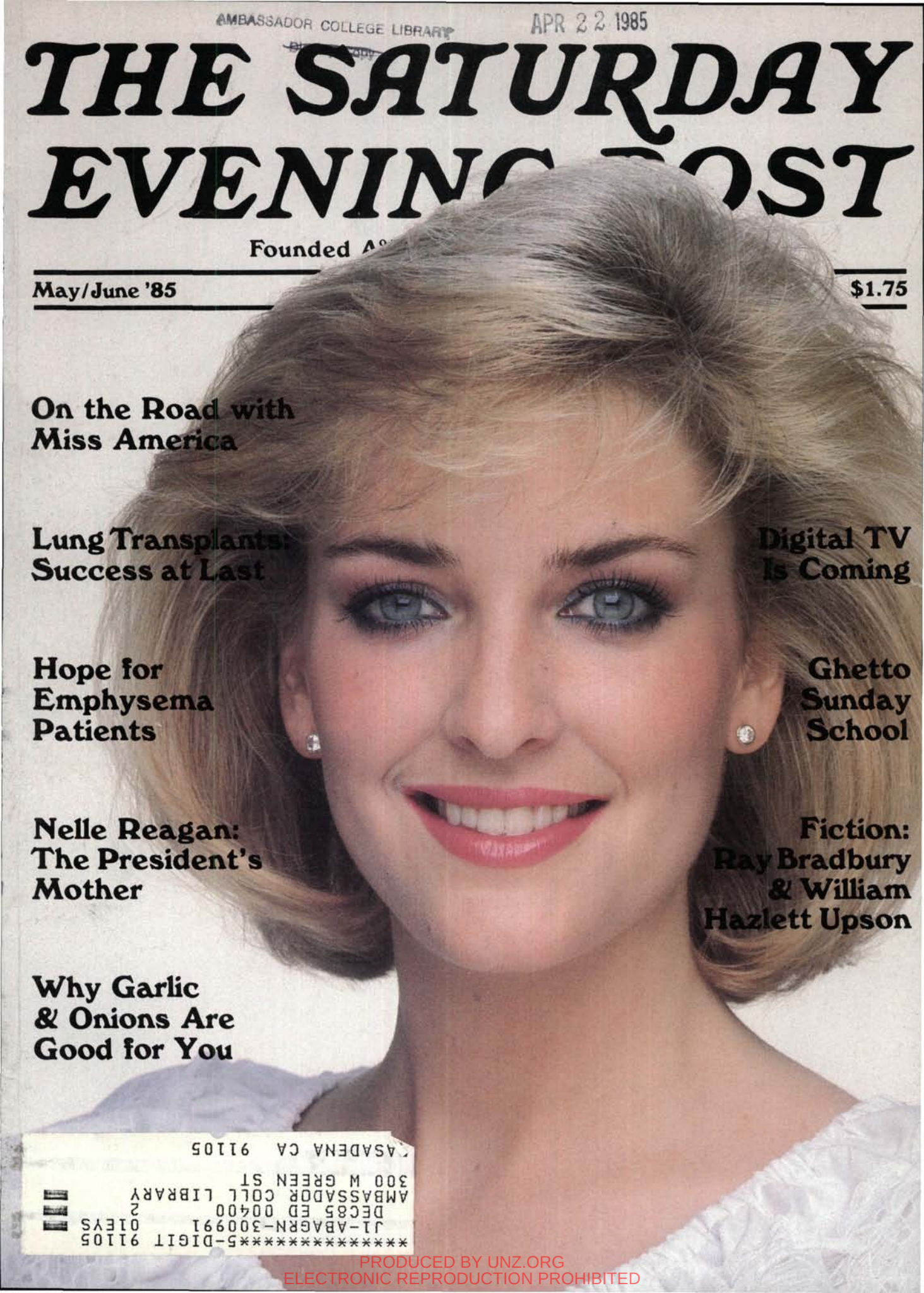

On the Road with Miss America

Lung Transplants: Success at Last

Digital TV Is Coming

Hope for Emphysema Patients

Ghetto Sunday School

Nelle Reagan: The President's Mother

Fiction: Ray Bradbury & William Hazlett Upson

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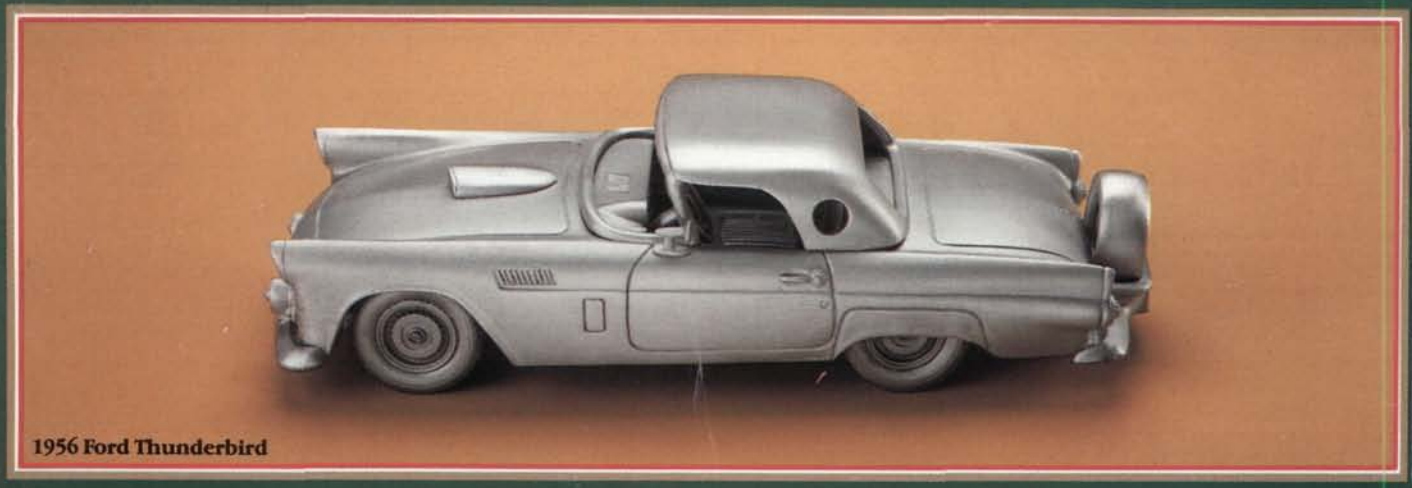

1956 Ford Thunderbird

1952 Allard J2X

1953 Austin-Healey 100

1931 Alfa Romeo 6C1750
Zagato Spider

1957 Porsche Speedster

Replicas shown actual size.

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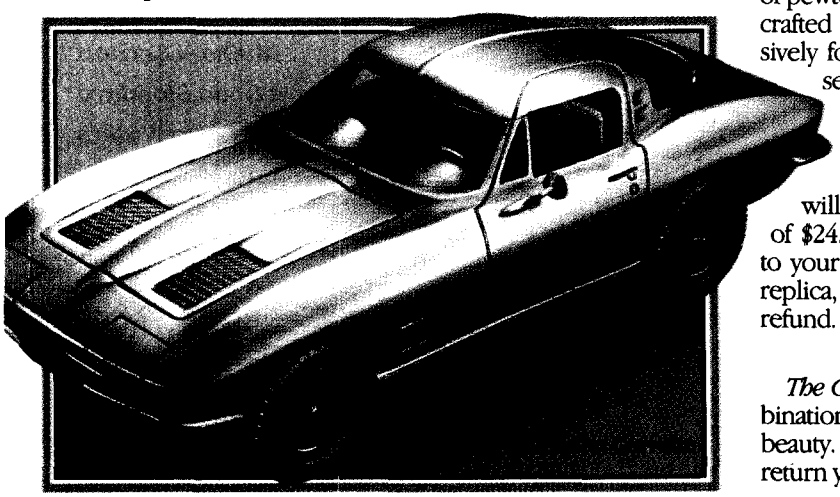
The Classic Sports Cars of the World

A collection of authentic hand-crafted pewter replicas of world famous sports cars

You are invited on an exciting tour through seventy years of sports car history: *The Classic Sports Cars of the World.* Mercedes Benz...Ferrari...Porsche...Alfa Romeo...Jaguar. Come share the mystique and marvels of eighteen internationally famous sports cars — each captured in enduring pewter, hand-crafted in authentic detail, from bumper to bumper, roof to running board. And each polished to a lustrous "showroom" finish!



A breathtaking panorama of great sports cars

The cars selected for this collection are among the most famous ever: Italy's 1931 Alfa Romeo 6C1750 Zagato Spider — legendary for its "seat of the pants" steering and spine-tingling acceleration...the popular 1953 Austin-Healey 100 — rich with traditional British styling and craftmanship...England's 1952 Allard J2X — brutish, noisy, hard-riding and a ferocious competitor...the 1963 Chevrolet Corvette — glamorous and stylish, but boasting a 360 horsepower fuel-injected engine.

The United States, Germany, Italy, France, Great Britain and Sweden will all be represented. The 1914 Ford Model T Speedster...the 1935 Mercedes Benz 500-K Special Roadster...the 1952 Ferrari 212 Barchetta...the 1957 BMW 507...the 1968 Shelby Mustang GT 350...all these sports cars and more are included in this magnificent collection.

Authentic scale masterpieces hand-crafted in fine pewter

Each sports car is an authentically scaled replica, hand-crafted in fine pewter, prized among collectors for its elegance and sculptural precision. Each replica is faithful in every respect to the original sports car.

Generous size allows meticulous detail

It is the replicas' unusually generous size — up to five inches in length and weighing up to twelve ounces — that enables the craftsmen to capture every detail of each car: From spoked wheels to fintails and hood straps...elegant lines of interior upholstery...tire treads...bumper styles...headlight expressions and unique ornamentation.

An exceptional value

The original issue price of each classic sports car is only $49 — an exceptional value when you consider the splendor of pewter, and each replica's generous size and superbly hand-crafted detail. Each replica has been commissioned exclusively for this series by the Danbury Mint. None will be sold separately and none will be available in stores.

Convenient acquisition plan

You need send no money now. The eighteen replicas will be issued at the rate of one every two months. You will be billed for each replica in two monthly installments of $24.50 each, or you may charge each monthly installment to your VISA or MasterCard. If you are not satisfied with any replica, simply return it within 30 days for a replacement or refund. You may discontinue your subscription at any time.

Act now

The Classic Sports Cars of the World offers you the rare combination of authenticity, meticulous detail, generous size, and beauty. Don't let this important opportunity pass you by — return your reservation today!

Reservation Application

T26

THE CLASSIC SPORTS CARS OF THE WORLD

The Danbury Mint
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Norwalk, Conn. 06857

Please return by July 31, 1985.

Please accept my reservation to **The Classic Sports Cars of the World.** I understand this is a collection of authentic hand-crafted pewter scale replicas of eighteen legendary sports cars. During my subscription, I will have the opportunity to acquire at an attractive price, a hardwood display to accommodate my entire collection.

I need send no money now. The collection will be issued at the rate of one replica every two months. I will pay for each replica as billed in two monthly installments of $24.50 each. Any replica I am not satisfied with may be returned within 30 days for replacement or refund, and this subscription may be canceled by either party at any time.

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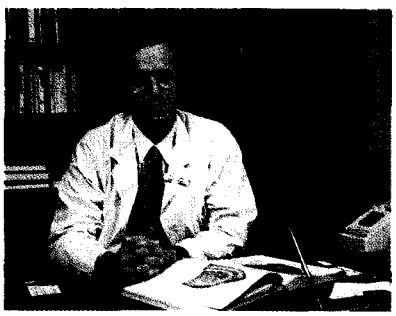

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(Cover photo by John B. Cahoon)

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Split-Screen TV—If two football games at once aren't enough, digital television offers even more. 30

Letters

Staggering Figures

The article "The Surgeon General Is Determined" (April '85) brings out the cost of smoking in early deaths and dollars annually. These figures are quite sizable. Could we have an article on the costs of drinking? These costs from drunken-driver deaths, deaths from alcoholism and the dollar cost of medical repair and work days lost would probably be quite large.

Perhaps the figures would show a greater cost from drinking than from smoking. Smoking usually only affects the person who smokes, while drinking affects so many others besides the one who drinks.

Let's have some figures.

Mitchell Warwick
Aledo, Illinois

It has been estimated that more than 50 percent of all the fires in the country have been started by lighted ciga-

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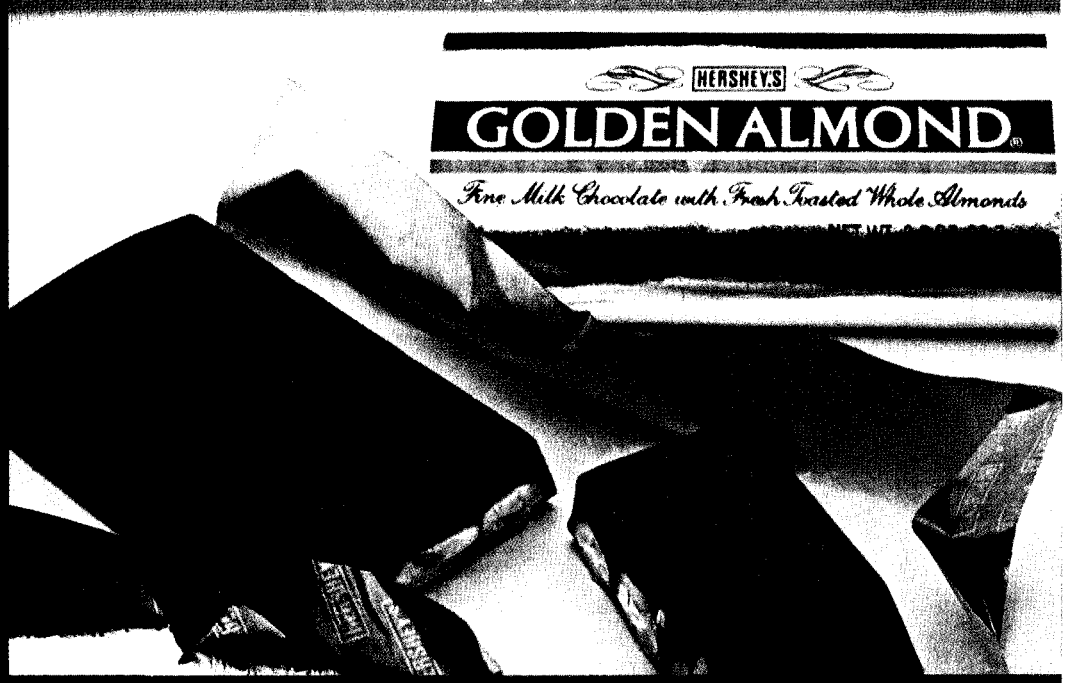
IN 1979 AMERICA'S CHOCOLATIER IMMORTALIZED THE ALMOND.



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THE PECAN.

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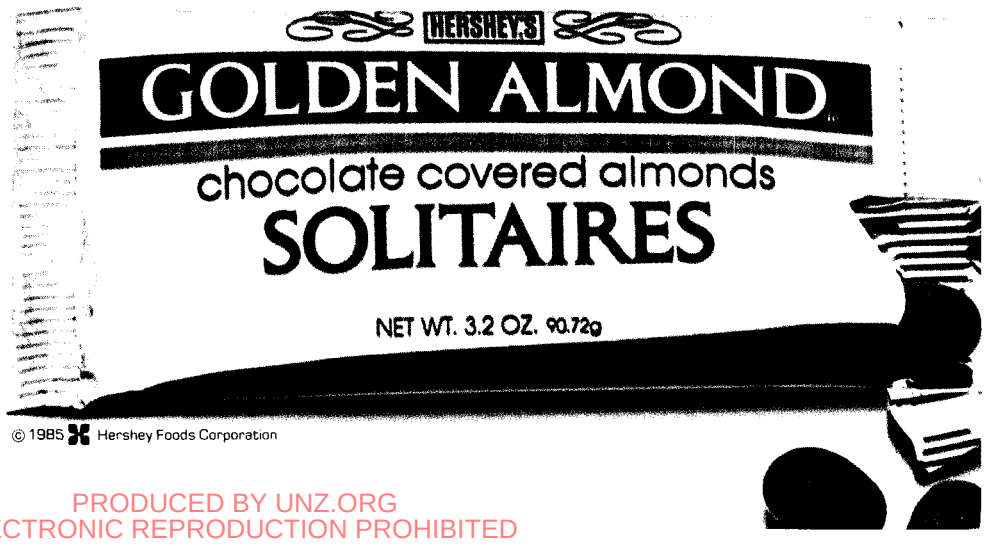
BITE-SIZE IMMORTALITY.



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rettes. Deaths from fires are probably small compared to deaths from passive smoke—children who live with smokers have more upper-respiratory illnesses.

Not to be in defense of liquor—but it is known that liquor in small amounts is a food and in the case of geriatric patients, in nursing homes, a small amount has been shown to improve their sociability, their appetites and their general health.

Cigarettes, even in small amounts, have never been shown to be good for anyone.

The Post *has published many articles about drunk drivers and about MADD (Mothers Against Drunk Drivers), etc. (Jan. 1981). Anyone wishing copies of these articles is invited to write to the* Post.

Smoke Alarm

Your articles on the danger of smoking are so accurate; please keep them up. My wonderful mother died in 1980 and I honestly believe if she had quit smoking, as family, friends and doctors begged her to, she would be alive today.

Eight years ago she developed a severe chronic cough. Once the cough started it was very hard to stop. At night the sound of her sporadic cough would wake the household. Cough drops soon became ineffective and the cough worsened, but still she refused to quit. Instead, she compromised by smoking cigarettes with lower tar and nicotine.

The day she died she was sitting in the car, holding my daughter, who was 1½ years old. She started coughing and couldn't stop, her lungs collapsed and her heart stopped. There were nurses on the scene when it happened, and an ambulance arrived within five minutes, but they couldn't save her. She died choking to death a few minutes after extinguishing her cigarette.

At the hospital, we were told over and over—if she had stopped smoking, her cough would have eventually ceased and she would still be alive.

I hope by writing this letter that maybe someone will be scared. If one person quits smoking because of what I have written, then my mother's story will have a positive ending.

Anne Monteith
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Sinking Schipf

In response to Robert Schipf's ludicrous statement "smoking has very good medical benefits, according to some medical researchers": I would challenge him to provide scientific evidence for his irresponsible statement. I would like to point out how smoking is not "nobody's business but my own." This is what Sara Louise says each time her friends try to persuade her to stop.

It may be her business, but she is asking all of us to pick up the tab for her health.

In February 1983, Sara Louise was rushed by ambulance to the hospital. Her illness required five days treatment in intensive care, followed by nine more days in the hospital. In August 1983, she became ill again, necessitating hospitalization for two weeks. In October of the same year, she again required hospitalization—this time for three weeks. In all, she spent seven weeks of 1983 in the hospital. Her medical costs exceeded $40,000 in 1983 alone. Because she was 65 years old, Medicare was required to pay 80 percent of her bills. This is how much money *one woman's smoking habit cost society in only one year*! It will be this much again in 1984 and probably again in 1985!

Sara Louise is but one of a half-million emphysema victims receiving Social Security disability benefits for emphysema who require extensive hospitalization annually for an irreversible disease that could have been voluntarily prevented by not smoking. There are between 10 and 30 million Americans with varying degrees of emphysema, more than 95 percent of whom owe their illness to smoking. The estimated annual cost of emphysema to our citizens is $10 billion.

Would it not be fair to impose a $1-per-pack tax on cigarettes that would be paid directly into the Medicare fund to offset the staggering costs of smoking-related, self-inflicted diseases?

D. L. Gibbons, M.D.
Indianapolis, Indiana

"So, what seems to be the problem?"

Howl of Rage

If you hear a howl of rage coming from the prairie state of South Dakota, it is a cry of protest from all the male readers of our favorite magazine. We strongly protest all the recipes that take the place of all the good fiction and scientific articles we used to get.

I recently gave away my collection of the *Post* dating back to the '40s. I'm going to ask for it back and reread all those fine stories contained therein. Please. . .forget those recipes. Oh, a wildlife dish might be O.K. Consider it, please.

Emile T. Conley
Columbia, South Dakota

Pat For President?

I just finished reading the article "CBN's Pat Robertson: White House

continued on page 10

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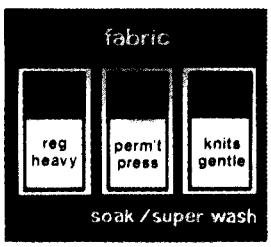
Whirlpool washers and dryers help lighten your work load.

Whirlpool® washers and dryers are designed to make laundry day less of a chore... and make your world a little easier.

Let us tell you how.

A variety of cycles for a variety of fabrics.

Rest assured that every Whirlpool washer is designed to be tough on dirt, yet gentle on today's fabrics. We have a cycle for permanent press that helps prevent wrinkles. A gentle cycle for delicate knits. An adjustable water level control that lets you use *only* the right amount of water and energy. Even controls that allow you to select the right water temperature, and agitation and spin speeds. And on our models with Solid State controls, you can do it all at the touch of a finger.



We have self-cleaning lint filters that do this messy job for you. Even washers that dispense bleach and fabric softeners automatically, at the right time, and in the right way.

Dryers that take it easy on your clothes...and you.

Whirlpool dryers offer a variety of features that can make the other half of laundry day easier, too. There's a Tumble Press® setting that helps cut down on ironing. A special setting for your washable knits. And because there are so many different fabrics, Whirlpool dryers are available with up to four different temperature levels.

Sizes and capacities for any size home.

Different families have different laundry needs. That's why Whirlpool washers and dryers are available in a wide variety of styles. We have washers that can handle *up to 18 lbs.* of heavy fabric and denim. And a Thin Twin® laundry system that's small enough to fit into a standard-sized closet...and still do a big job.

A promise of quality tha we stand behind.

Every Whirlpool appliance is backed by our promise of good, honest quality. It's a promise that we're proud of, and we support it with helpful programs that include our toll-free, 24-hour Cool-Line® service.* To us, it's just another way we can save you some time...and make your world a little easier.

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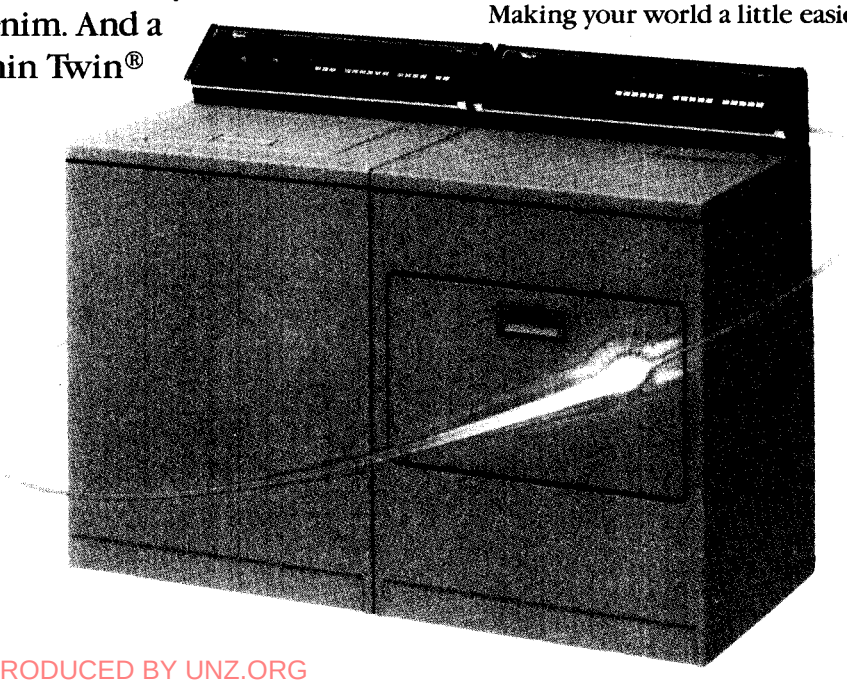

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Introducing

Brides of America

A charming collection of porcelain collector dolls portraying the American Bride from colonial times to the present day

Shown smaller than actual size of 12″ in height.

The Danbury Mint • 47 Richards Avenue • Norwalk, Connecticut 06857

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Now a new chapter is written in the history of porcelain dolls a new, original, and authentic collection of costume dolls devoted to the American Bride...

Collector dolls of incomparable beauty...and meaning!

The *Brides of America* series spans more than two centuries. The costumes are historically accurate and meticulously tailored. The dolls are breathtaking.

Indeed, they should be! If ever there is a day in a woman's life when she looks her most beautiful, joyous, and radiant, that is her wedding day. There is no lovelier costume than a young woman's bridal attire. No other theme could have such enchantment, charm...and fascination.

For bridal attire has a history all its own – a history that will come to life in this collection as never before. Together, the twelve dolls in the collection will portray the different styles in bridal attire from colonial times to the present day.

Each doll's costume will be historically authentic and tailored by hand.

Each bridal gown will be authentic down to the smallest details.

And please note: Each doll will be costumed in *full* attire – gown, veil, petticoat, and pantalets and will be tailored by hand.

Notice the embroidery. The ruffled flounces. The floral appliques and corsages. Whatever is authentic and appropriate to the period is faithfully recreated. And wait until you feel the fabrics. The fine soft satin. The crisp starched linen.

Each doll will be made of fine imported porcelain – individually painted by hand!

Each doll will be expertly crafted of fine imported porcelain – head, hands, and feet – for the same delicate look (and feel!) of the famous collector dolls of the 1800's. Facial features will be exquisitely sculptured. And each doll will be individually hand-painted so that her complexion perfectly complements the color of her hair – which will be coiffed in the style of the period.

Each doll has her very own precious personality.

Each doll is a joy. And each is unique – endowed with a precious personality all her own. There's *Julia: A Victorian Bride,* whose gown features the fine embroidered lace so typical of the Victorian period. *Catherine: A Gibson Girl Bride* is dressed in a gown with high wing collars and leg-of-mutton sleeves. The gown is recreated from an actual Charles Dana Gibson design. *Betsy: A Bride of the Flapper Period* steps straight out of the roaring twenties. Notice the casual bob hairdo, the swept-back veil, and the straight-fitting drop waistline of her gown – all authentic to the period.

From the more distant past comes *Sarah: A Frontier Bride* dressed in an apron-style pinafore gown that's distinctly American in style. The embroidered bonnet, too, is typical of the period – the 1830's and 40's.

When completed, your collection will consist of twelve stunning bride dolls – each beautifully different from one another – representing more than two centuries of American fashion.

Each doll will come with her own display stand and serially-numbered Certificate of Authenticity.

With the display stand, you will be able to display each prized doll wherever you like – on a table or a shelf, on a mantle, or in a cabinet with your other prized collectibles.

Each doll will be accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity bearing your individual serial number – establishing that each doll is part of your registered collection. The Certificate will also provide a biography of each doll – who she is, exciting details about her wedding, and all the distinctive features of her authentic bridal attire.

A remarkable value.

These dolls are available exclusively from the Danbury Mint. When you can find dolls of comparable quality and size in stores, you might expect to pay up to $100. But the Danbury Mint is able to make each doll in the *Brides of America* collection available to you at just $55. And there is no extra charge for the stand! This remarkably low original issue price is payable in two convenient monthly installments of $27.50 each. You may have each monthly installment charged to your VISA or MasterCard. You may cancel your subscription at any time.

To start your collection, send no money. Simply complete the attached postpaid reservation application and return it promptly.

Heirlooms to be handed down with love from generation to generation.

These American Bride dolls will be a source of lifelong pleasure – each doll will be an heirloom – treasured now and treasured for all tomorrows. Do mail your reservation today!

Sarah • Frontier

Betsy • Flapper

Shown smaller than actual size of 12" in height.

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Next?"

During the past presidential campaign, I commented to my wife, "Pat Robertson for president and Ben Kinchlow for vice president." We laughed, and talked about how great it would be to have such a dedicated, Christian man leading our government.

I see now that it may be a possibility. If so, count on me to help gain Pat the nomination and the office of president of the United States.

Ralph A. Cruz, Sr.
Riddle, Oregon

How tragic that the two people who wrote the article about Pat Robertson seemed determined to use "the hook" of the presidency to hang it upon. It would have stood much stronger, and have been more genuinely glowing among the heartaches and shallow things of life, had it just been about him as a man dedicated to God—and above all, what God can do through those of His people who are dedicated to Him.

Nell M. Gaddis
Decatur, Georgia

I loved your article on Pat Robertson. Please, please, please, tell Pat to run for president. I'm just a "little guy," but if more "little guys" would vote for Pat, then he'd think it possible. We need a righteous man in the White House. I'm delighted with the possibility of Pat running for office. That is why I picked up this month's magazine, because Pat was featured in an article.

I also appreciate your position on smoking. I'm an ex-smoker who is now highly allergic to smoke. After 15 years, smoke is bothering me more and more.

I have also used lysine for years now. It has eased my constipation and stopped my canker sores. I heard about lysine on the "700 Club" some years ago, from Dr. SerVaas.

God is doing strange and wonderful things throughout the land, and one of those things just might be to tell Pat to run for president. I for one would be glad.

JoAnn Regets
Okenros, Michigan

May I comment on Margie L. Bolen's letter concerning Pat Robertson and "his" CBN? In the first place, it isn't "his" CBN. It also belongs to me and a lot of other partners.

Second, Ms. Bolen seems to be concerned about preventing starvation in Ethiopia. I would like her to know that individuals can also help these causes. I am helping through CBN's Operation Blessing and World Vision. Is she?

Jan Cross
Winston, Georgia

Begging for More

I am an old fan of yours. We used to have devious methods of grabbing the *Post* when it came to our house, so we could get to read your stories. You have one story, "The Bishop's Beggar" in your March 1985 issue. I really miss those stories, and this is a good one. Surely by this time you have explored all the religious sects, the TV preachers, the evils of tobacco, the great value of the new corn and grains. Now, how about some of those great stories you used to publish? You launched a number of great authors upon their careers. Let's hear it for the *Post*'s great stories.

Frances Slade
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Your March 1985 issue is marked for excellence, if only for the fiction feature "The Bishop's Beggar," by Stephen Vincent Benét. A most intriguing and effective story.

You are to be commended for your discreet selection, especially at this time of the year, with national and world-wide attention on all the ills of modern society. Each of the ills was touched upon with tender sentience.

In the 1938 *Oxford Anthology of American Literature* I note it was edited by William Rose Benét. It also contained the works of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Is Stephen Vincent Benét somehow related to either or both?

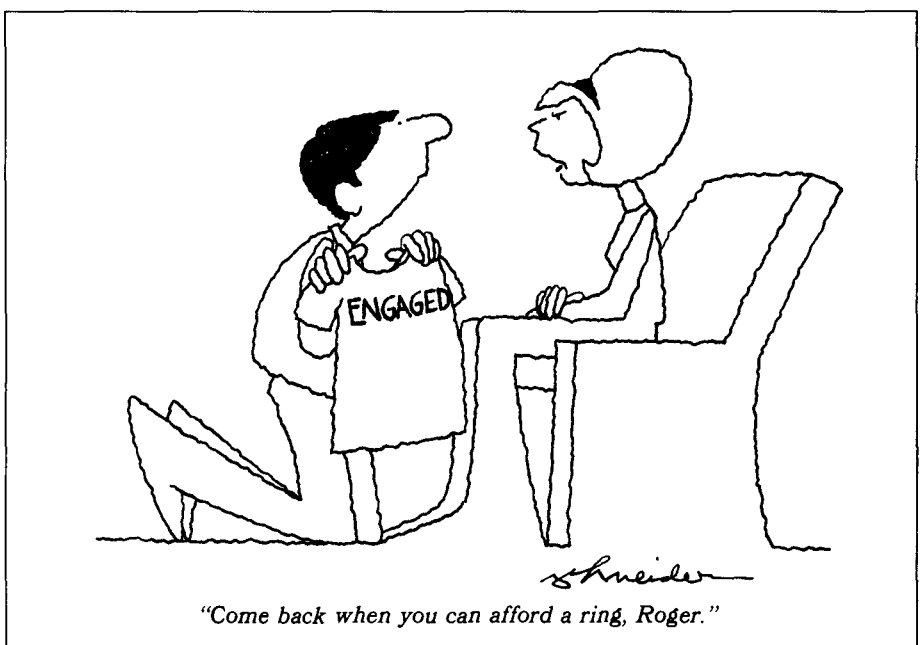
Cyril E. Bresser
Cincinnati, Ohio

Stephen Vincent Benét, a poet, a novelist, a short-story writer and a two-time Pulitzer Prize winner, was the younger brother of the poet and critic William Rose Benét. Both men, now deceased, were regular Post *contributors in the 1930s. Edna St. Vincent Millay (whose poetry was also published in the* Post*) had no blood ties to the Benét brothers.*

Post Toasted

Thank you so much for the quality magazine you put out. The information on medicine and health is always good, and we really appreciate your stand against smoking tobacco. We also appreciate your maintaining high standards and that you give honor to godly men and women. Keep up the good work. You have a publication to be proud of and one that every member of the family could read.

I do have one complaint. I have major frustrations with some of your recipes—in particular an eggplant casserole with molasses. It called for broiling the eggplant first. This made it tough as can be, and the flour was so weird we chucked the remainder of it. And in your Family Cookbook, the



"Come back when you can afford a ring, Roger."

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"Buckwheat Sourdough Pancakes" were thin as leather and about that tender. Also the flavor was awful. Now I am considered a pretty good cook in these parts and have been at it for 25 years. But let's just say it could be just me! What do you do with the "Pumpkin Muffins" in your November 1984 issue that don't have any pumpkin in them? The triticale recipes looked interesting, but nearly two pages of them are useless to those of us who could not find it readily available. In the March 1985 issue, "Jean Farmer's Old-Fashioned Oats" are awfully dry unless you mean for us to "stir in" something (water?). Help!

Anne Sloan
Fayetteville, Arizona

The frost must have been on the pumpkin when our food editor prepared that recipe for Pumpkin Muffins in the November '84 issue. She forgot the instruction to add one cup of canned pumpkin.

Another sin of omission: She should have mentioned that before adding the ingredients to Jean Farmer's Old-Fashioned Oats (March 1985), the oats should be cooked, *as directed on the box of Quaker Oats.*

Because of your letter, our editors are eating crow.

A Schnibble Request

A short note to tell you how much we enjoy the Heinrich Schnibble articles. We would like to read one where Herr Schnibble talks to an IRS agent about his income tax. If such an article has been run in the past, would it be possible to obtain a copy? Will be glad to pay any costs involved. We also enjoy the cartoons—keep them coming.

John Resnar
Pittsburg, Kansas

Misguided Grudge?

In 1968 *The Saturday Evening Post* carried a scurrilous article about George Wallace in which the writer even reported supposed conversations taking place in the Wallace bedroom.

At the time, I wrote the *Post* protesting the obvious untruths and said that if not corrected and apologies made that I would never read *The Saturday Evening Post* again—no, not even in a dentist's waiting room.

You will probably not be pleased to know that you have provided free postage for me to tell you I still haven't changed my mind.

Gordon S. Clark
Eastland, Texas

After a careful reading of Marshall Frady's continued cover story, "The Little Man from Barbour County," in the June 15 and June 29, 1968, Posts, *we find no trace of scurrilousness in this word portrait of George Wallace.*

Your memory being as keen as it is, surely you know that the two articles were reprints from Mr. Frady's book Wallace. *So. . .if the material rankled you, it's Marshall Frady you should have sworn off reading these past 17 years, not* The Saturday Evening Post.

Wheat Whereabouts

In regard to a letter written in the March '85 *Post*, "Where's the Wheat?" I want to respond and say "Here's the Wheat." I have a mail-

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order business that sells unmilled wheat at a reasonable price. I also am promoting nutritious eating and high-fiber diets.

Juanita Dietz
Fort Benton, Montana

You might want to pass on this information to Jan Martin, Marshalltown, Iowa. She wrote concerning where to buy wheat by the bulk.

We have been making our own breads for 15 years. All ingredients are natural: flour, corn meal, stone-ground.

We order from Mountain Mama, Gosar Family, Monte Vista, CO 81144 or El Molino Mills, 3060 W. Valley Blvd., Alhambra, CA 91803.

Kathryn Drummond
El Paso, Texas

Celiac Sprue

Your story in the December *Saturday Evening Post* about "The Girl Who Couldn't Eat Wheat" is a fine contribution to the cause of alerting people to the problem of celiac sprue.

The January *Post* also is of special interest to us because of the feature on amaranth. For some time we have been seeking information about whether this grain is gluten free, because members feel it would give them another option. We'd like to hear about any such information.

Joan Miller
Midwestern Celiac-Sprue Association
Des Moines, Iowa

Mad about Marathon

The "Lilac Bloomsday Run" (April '85) sounds like a lot of fun, and I'd like to try it someday.

But your usually precise editing falls low when both the subhead and the opening paragraph talk about a "marathon" (as the jump head does also).

The term "marathon," used to describe a foot race, has been used exclusively for many years to describe the real thing—a 26-mile, 385-yard race. Having competed in more than 40 "real" marathons, I deplore the term applied to a mere 7.45-mile scamper.

Technically, the term "marathon" can also mean a "long-distance race"—*Webster's*. But long-distance runners don't consider 7½ miles a long distance. I run farther than that every morning.

As Dr. George Sheehan says, "I can run 20 miles anytime, but I have to train for a marathon."

Fred Price
Houston, Texas

Our source—the Random House Dictionary*: "**marathon** n. 1. any long-distance race."*

Then and Now

Enclosed is a copy of a picture taken about 1905 of a delivery boy about seven years old for your publication. The boy, now a sharp 87 years old, still lives in the same town, Iola, Kansas, where he delivered the *Post*. He and his wife of 52 years live in the same house he did then. The house was built in 1900 by his father.

When he was 18 he saw action in France during WWI; after the war he went to college and became a chemist. He taught school in Erie, Kansas, then went to work for Leigh Portland Cement until he retired at age 65. During this time they raised Scott, a doctor; Gary, a patent attorney with a Ph.D. in business; and Kay (that's me), a nurse married to a doctor. Not bad for a town of 7,000. Needless to say, he had something going for him—maybe his wife, Ferne, who was a nurse.

This is a not-so-typical person but very much part of the American dream. He is in good health, except for hearing loss. They live a good retirement in the same home in the same town as the little delivery boy at the turn of the century.

Kay Jordan Campbell
Coffeyville, Kansas

The Eyes Have It

My husband was forced to retire early due to nystagmus, which is an eye defect. When people ask the reason for his retirement, the answer is always received with a blank stare, as this eye problem is not very well known in England.

Your readers are so well-informed regarding medical matters that I am wondering if any of them has any advice to offer us about diet, exercises or anything that would help him.

We would be most grateful to receive any information about nystagmus and would be pleased to hear from anyone suffering from it.

Margaret Murphy
Ashford, Kent, England

Coz for Rejoicing

It was a great article (April '85) about Dr. Bill Cosby. It was good to read about another great person. So many times we have to be reminded of the past life of a lot of "minorities"—black, white, yellow or whatever the creed or religion. Continue the great articles on people, but don't remind me of the past. Let's forget the past. Let's hope we've learned our lesson. Let's get busy with today and the future.

R. J. Ashenfetter
Gresham, Oregon

Likes Lucian

Just a word to say how much I enjoy the *Post*. Your articles are splendid. I want especially to tell you how I admire the front-cover personality portraits by Mr. Lucian Lupinski.

If I may, I would like Mr. Lupinski to tell me if his drawings are in pastel, watercolor or oil. He certainly is good.

Al Couch
Birmingham, Alabama

Lucian Lupinski on portraits: The subject is first blocked in with a wash of burnt umber (a wash from egg tempera or acrylic). Then I paint the highlights with tempera or acrylic. The middle tones are developed with an opaque form of the above-mentioned pigments. Glazes are then applied with oil paint, and the details of the subject begin to take shape. Then with my "dry oil" technique, details are refined.

Missed Maynard

We look forward to the humor articles by Maynard Good Stoddard and felt the omission in the April '85 issue a great one. I hope he hasn't been replaced by someone else.

His serious articles are very good also. He is such a good writer!

Mae Allen
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

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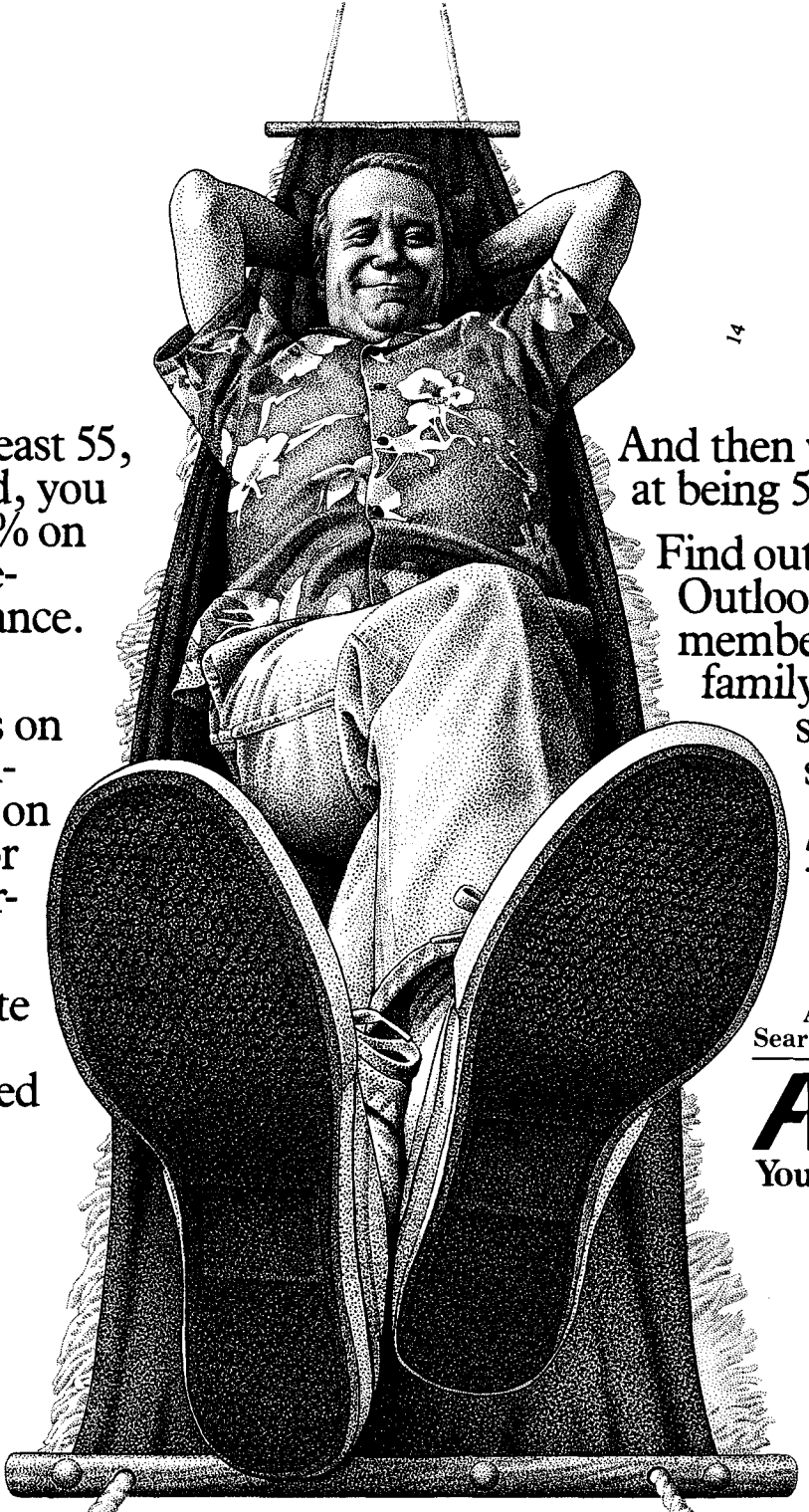

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Post People

Lucie Arnaz (center) has come a long way from those early appearances in the comedy "Here's Lucy," starring her mom, Lucille Ball. There were appearances on other hit TV shows, then stage roles, Broadway and a movie, *The Jazz Singer*. Today, married to Laurence Luckenbill and the mother of a little Luckenbill, she has put it all together in "The Lucie Arnaz Show," a CBS sitcom. Her fans include: father, Desi, and spouse (left); husband, Laurence; and Lucy and her husband, Gary Morton.

In 1948 she won an Oscar for *The Farmer's Daughter*. Her own television show added Emmy awards in

1955, '57 and '59. Now, after 18 years of retirement, ***Loretta Young*** will return to the TV screen to star in the ABC series "Dark Mansions." Her contract with producer Aaron Spelling specifies exclusive use of a chauffeured limousine, an unlimited wardrobe designed by Jean Louis and a three-day workweek.

The scoreboard leaves no doubt about which of the two Swiss skiers came down Aspen Mountain in the

Holly Coors

fastest time. Veteran ***Peter Mueller*** (left) did it with a record-smashing 1:45.74. His teammate, newcomer ***Karl Alpiger***, took 0.17 of a second longer. It could be that Peter's familiarity with the course helped—this is his third World Cup title at Aspen in the past five years.

Months of absence from the limelight would hurt most singers' careers, but not ***Barbara Mandrell***'s. During her long recuperation from an auto accident, her fans' hearts just grew fonder, as evidenced by her double trophy

triumph at the People's Choice Awards, where she took Best All-Around Female Entertainer as well as Favorite Female Musical Performer of 1984. Following the presentation she made her own announcement: She and her husband of 18 years, Ken Dudney, are expecting their third child, in late September.

The 3'4" ***Emmanuel Lewis*** is a towering giant when it comes to talent and popularity. To a career that includes more than 50 TV commercials since 1979, the 13-year-old singer-dancer-actor now adds a second season of "Webster," his hit TV show. He has also found time for such extras as accepting awards, taping a special with Mr. T, performing in TV's "Circus of the Stars," appearing with the Rockettes and acting as grand marshal in Gimbel's Thanksgiving Day parade.

How does he manage it all? "My mom [Margaret Lewis] takes care of everything," he says. "Our deal is for me to *work* and her to *worry*."

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"Gabriella"

First of four original works of art by Francisco Masseria
in an important new series of bone china collector's plates.

Plate shown smaller than actual size.

Diameter: 8¼" Edition Limit: 5,000 U.S.A. 10,000 Worldwide Issue Price: $95

Seldom has an artist burst upon the international art world with the dazzling excitement and spontaneous popularity of Francisco Masseria.

His original oils have skyrocketed 300 percent and now bring $13,000 to $18,000. His prints bring premium prices and dealers command $185 for his first collector's plate—a 247 percent increase over its issue price.

Now, Masseria marks his triumphant return with "Gabriella," first issue in his eagerly awaited *Encore* series. Each plate is handcrafted in Royal Doulton bone china, prized by connoisseurs for 170 years.

"Gabriella" will be limited to a worldwide edition of 10,000 plates, of which 5,000 have been allocated to the U.S. That's less than one plate for every two established Masseria collectors in the U.S.

Dealers bought out the entire U.S. edition in one day. Our limited allocation is now in stock. Perhaps not for long.

The issue price of $95 is guaranteed for the entire series, and a hand-signed color photo of Masseria, suitable for framing, is included with all reservations postmarked by May 31, 1985. Your prompt consideration is advised.

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Please enter my reservation for Masseria's "Gabriella," to be handcrafted for me in Royal Doulton bone china. I understand my plate will be ornamented in 24 kt. gold, individually numbered and gift boxed.

Please check one:

☐ I am enclosing a $25* deposit. I will be billed for the balance in two equal monthly installments of $35* each prior to shipment.

☐ I am enclosing $95,* please have my plate signed by the artist during his appearance at your gallery.

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ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

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**California residents please add sales tax.*

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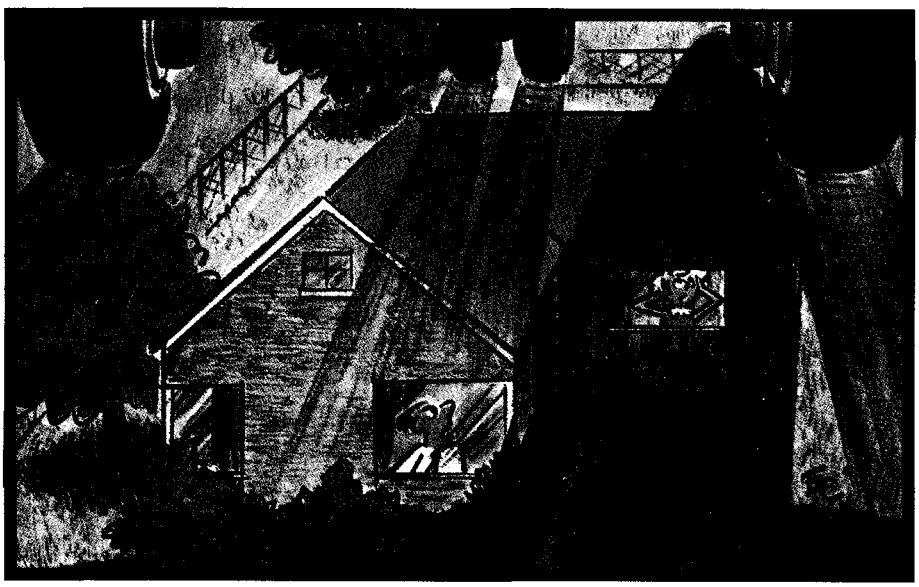
SUNKEN LIVING ROOM—SOUNDS GREAT

But the poet who wrote the ad for real estate doesn't explain—the room sank only recently after the last heavy downpour.

by Judy Jehn

Illustrated by Ed Cortese



"Boy, have I got a house for you," the realtor said, thumbing through the *Homes* book. "This Mrs. Clean with Earth Tones throughout has Curb Appeal plus. It's definitely not a Drive-by."

Since my confused start into house hunting, I have become knowledgeable on realtor's lingo and translating the descriptions in the *Homes* book. Let me put it this way—we have had our realtor so long that we have had to put her on retainer. I have seen her entire wardrobe for every season of the year, and my kids now call her "aunt."

On the day the doorknob on a Cream Puff home fell off in my hand, I decided realtor terms needed to be defined and translated for the whole world. So, to help you in any house hunting, I have composed a list of these terms and their translations.

Starter house—Makes good kindling, an arsonist's dream.

Estate—Expensive.

Near transportation—It's on the glide path.

Charming—Cheap.

Must see to appreciate—Inside of the house is nice, but it looks like the house from *Psycho* outside.

Doll house—It's only big enough for Ken and Barbie.

Builder's own house—The first house he ever built—his practice house, which he is living in temporarily until his real house is built.

Prestigious address—The house is nothing, but it's in a good part of town.

Won't last long—First puff of wind will knock it over.

Convenient to school—The school band marches in back of the house.

Handyman's special—Ten kids proficient at terrorist tactics lived there, and the house needs complete restoration.

Wooded lot—Two trees, at least five feet tall.

Heavily wooded lot—Three trees, one of which is good-sized.

Owner motivated—Wants to unload his Amityville horror.

Rustic beauty—Old farmhouse in the country, ten miles from nowhere.

Rustic log—No inside plumbing.

Restored farmhouse—Has indoor plumbing.

Country atmosphere—Downwind from the barns.

Old World charm—An old heat gobbler in the city.

Stately Victorian—Former funeral home.

Mint condition—They didn't have any kids.

One of a kind—It was so ugly, the neighbors wouldn't let them build another one.

On the water—Has a basement full of water.

Owner anxious—The termites are on the march.

Nature lover's delight—Many skunks in the area.

Decorated by the lady of the house—Everything is either pink or yellow.

Overlooks golf course—Picture window is broken frequently.

Decorated in earth tones—The mudslide marks are still on the walls.

Quiet location—Next to a cemetery.

Sunken living room—Not originally sunken—a recent event.

Exclusive area—Near the stockyards.

Wooded privacy—In mudslide area.

Country charm—Near Three Mile Island.

Wooded retreat—Near waste-treatment plant.

Victorian beauty—Just vacated by a madam, and next to a motorcycle gang's hideout.

Water lover's special—In the flood plain.

Handyman's special—Near the dump.

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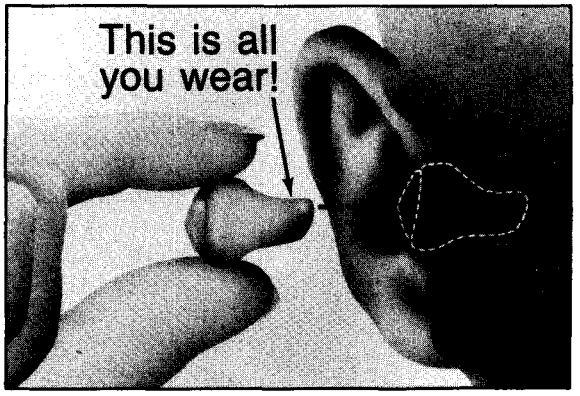

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NUTS OVER ALMONDS

By going a little nutty, you can work wonders with a variety of recipes—from salads and soups to side dishes and casseroles.

by Allen Simon

The almond may be America's favorite nut. The U.S. Department of Agriculture reports yearly consumption at half a pound per person, and the trend is upward. Nutritionally, that's good news, because almonds are high in protein, riboflavin, niacin and vitamin E; locked inside that crunchy kernel are minerals, too: phosphorus, copper, magnesium, iron and calcium.

Although plain almonds are just plain good for munching, they are also the nuts most widely used for cooking. Over the centuries, the Chinese have articulated the mild, nutty flavor and the crispness of almonds in an array of tasty stir-fry dishes, and many American chefs recommend them highly for use with fish and vegetables. Almonds are also a favorite palate cleanser among wine testers, who wisely spit out the wine after tasting it but swallow the almonds with gusto.

Almonds can enhance the flavor, the appearance and the texture of a variety of dishes. They can even transform a side dish into a main dish. The following classic—Italian Risi-Bisi (rice and peas) Casserole—is just one example. Generally served on the side, it has become a protein-packed, easy-to-prepare central dish with the addition of almonds and cheese.

Almonds can dress up chicken, too. Simmered in a sauce of rosemary, lemon, apricots and wine and sprinkled with crisp, toasted almonds, Lemon-Apricot Chicken is a delicious and unusual party pleaser; and in Japanese Chicken Salad, almonds and cabbage combine to create a new salad sensation that's healthful, crisp and colorful.

And don't miss our almond enchiladas and our crunchy, tangy Zucchini-Pesto Soup.

For optimum flavor, toast almonds by spreading them in a single layer on a cookie sheet. Place them in an oven, turn to 375° F. and bake six minutes until they are lightly browned. Remove and cool. The almonds will continue to toast slightly during cooling.

Almonds came to the United States from Mexico, and they are right at home sprinkled with cheese over delicious Almond/Sour-Cream Enchiladas.

Almond/Sour-Cream Enchiladas
(Serves 6)

½ cup sliced almonds
1 medium onion, coarsely chopped
½ cup bell pepper, finely chopped
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 can (15 oz.) tomato sauce
¼ cup green chilies, chopped
1½ cups dairy sour cream
½ teaspoon salt
Few dashes Tabasco
12 tortillas
6-8 oz. Cheddar cheese, shredded

Toast almonds. Sauté onion and bell pepper in saucepan in 2 tablespoons oil until tender. Stir in tomato sauce and 3 tablespoons chilies; set aside. Mix all but 2 tablespoons almonds with sour cream, salt, Tabasco and remaining chilies. Sauté tortillas lightly in oil. Spoon about 1 tablespoon *each* tomato mixture and sour-cream mixture into center of each tortilla; top with some shredded cheese. Roll up. Place rolled tortillas in shallow baking dish. Pour remaining tomato mixture over. Spoon remaining sour-cream mixture in row on top of tomato. Sprinkle with remaining almonds and cheese. Cover with aluminum foil. Bake at 375° F. about 20 minutes or until enchiladas are hot.

Roman Ground Almond Soup/Stew
(Serves 6)

2½ pounds chicken parts
4 cups water
1 branch celery, halved
1 carrot, sliced
3 parsley sprigs
1 bay leaf
2 teaspoons seasoned salt
1 can (16 oz.) stewed tomatoes
½ cup onion, chopped
1 can (4½ oz.) cooked shrimp
½ cup ground almonds, lightly toasted (see 2nd column)
1 eggplant (about 1 lb.), sliced ½" thick
1 medium green pepper, seeded and cut into strips
⅛ teaspoon ground pepper
Hot steamed rice
Almonds, toasted and sliced, for garnish

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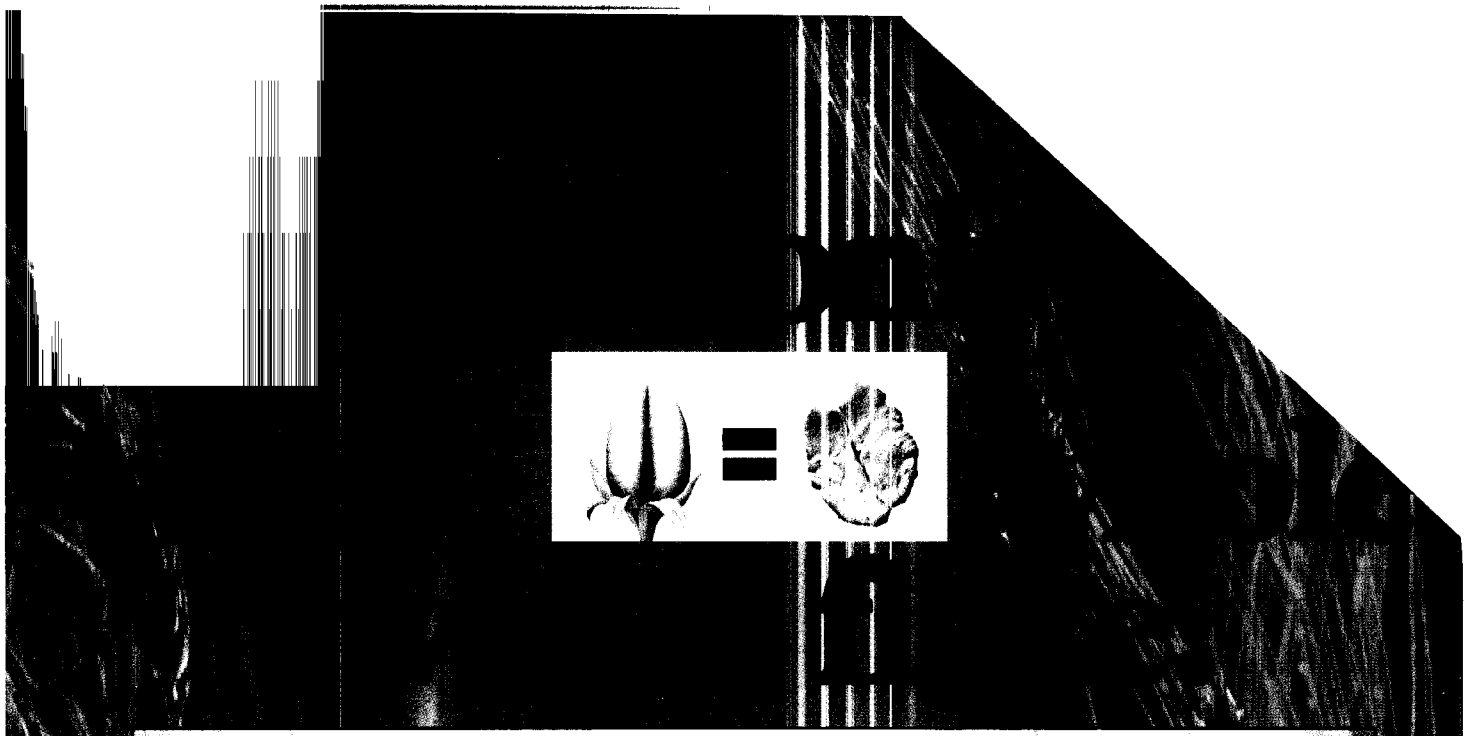

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You can see it for yourself. The natural line of the whole wheat grain is still there on every Grape-Nuts® Flake. We're the only flake that doesn't process it out. One whole wheat grain becomes one naturally delicious whole wheat flake.

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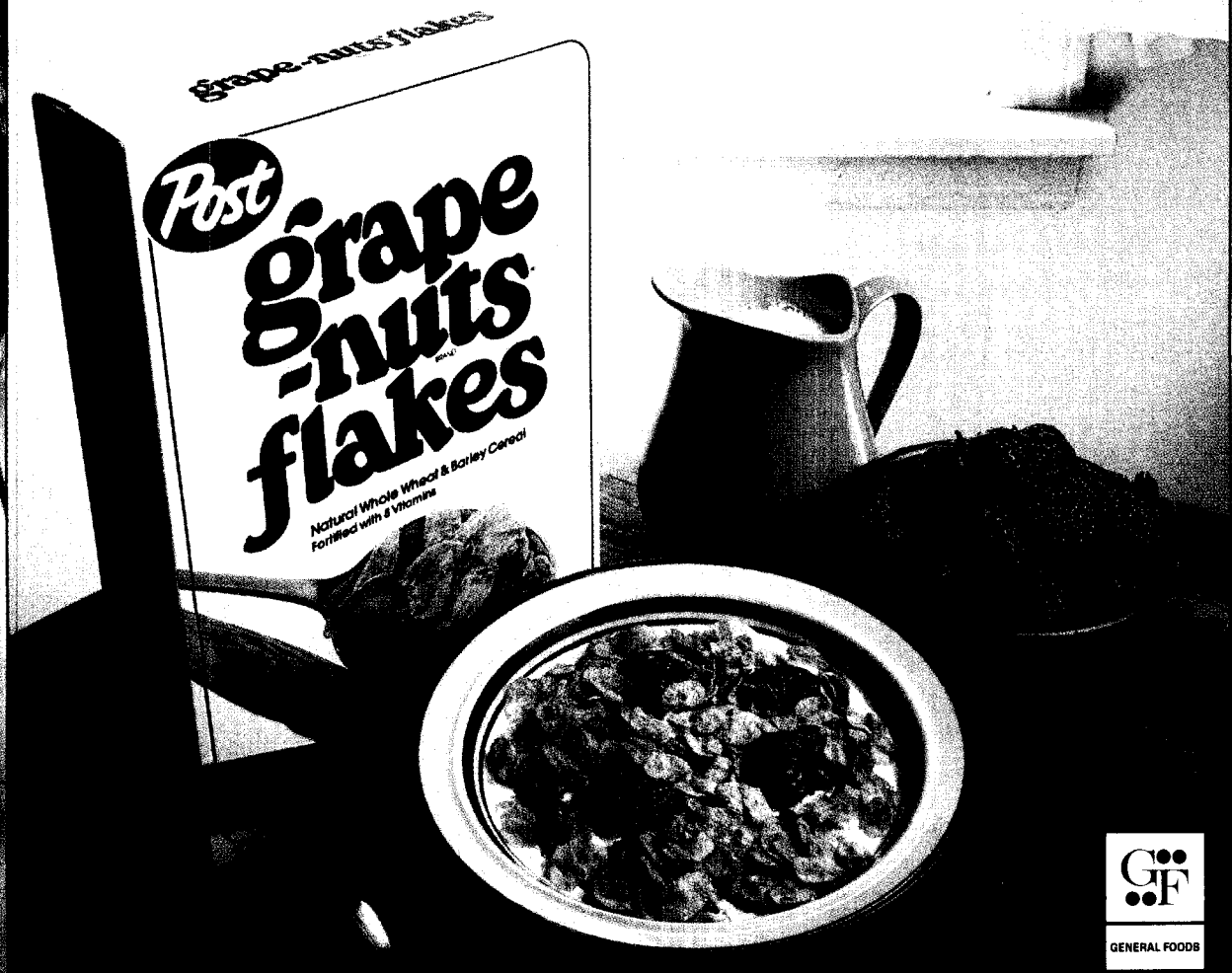

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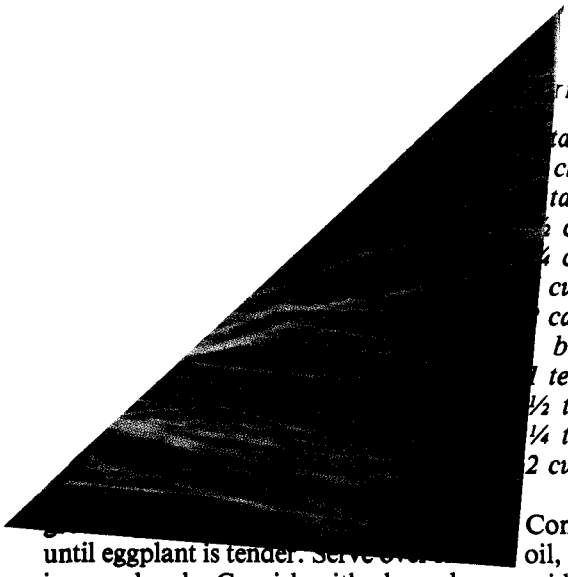


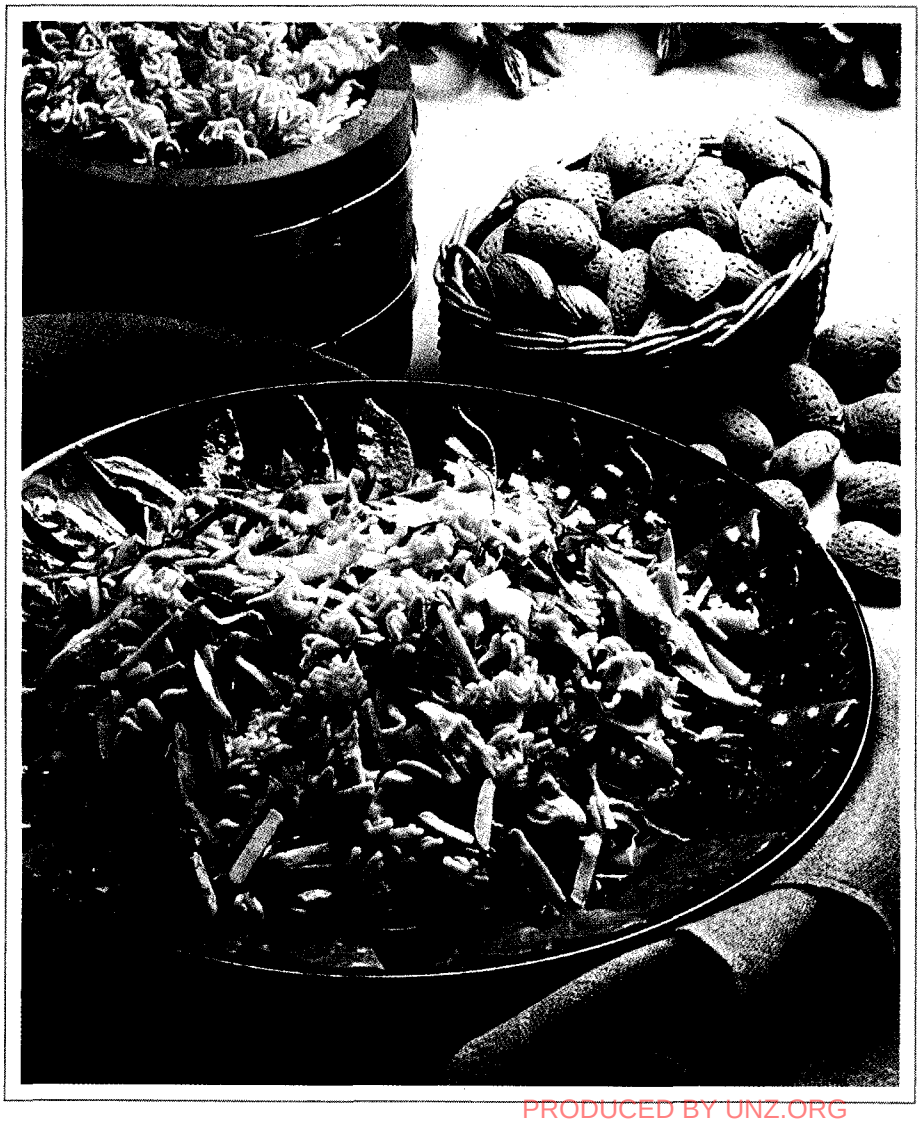
tablespoon fresh parsley, chopped
tablespoon lemon juice
cup onion, chopped
cup margarine
cups zucchini, sliced
cans condensed chicken broth
teaspoon seasoned salt
½ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 cups heavy cream

until eggplant is tender. Serve over … in soup bowls. Garnish with almonds.

Zucchini-Pesto Soup
(Serves 4)

1 container (4 oz.) frozen pesto, thawed
½ cup roasted almonds, diced
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup olive oil

Combine pesto with almonds, cheese, oil, parsley and lemon juice; set aside. Sauté onion in margarine until wilted. Add zucchini and sauté 3 minutes. Add chicken broth, salt, thyme and white pepper; heat through. Purée zucchini mixture in blender or food processor. Return to saucepan and blend in heavy cream. Heat gently. To serve, spoon soup into bowls and top with pesto-almond mixture. Makes about 1½ quarts of soup.



Summer's Bounty Salad
(Serves 4)

1 cup bananas, sliced
2 cups orange segments
1 cup strawberries, sliced
1 cup honeydew melon pieces
2 cups bite-size watermelon wedges
1 cup nectarine slices
1 cup seedless green grapes
1 cup sliced almonds, toasted
Wedges of Brie, Camembert, Dill Havarti and Cheddar cheese
Dill-Parsley, Lemon-Mint and Chutney-Yogurt dressings

Chill prepared fruit. Just before serving, toss or arrange on plate with almonds and wedges of cheese. Drizzle with choice of dressings.

Dill-Parsley Dressing
Combine 1 cup plain yogurt, 1 teaspoon dill weed, ½ teaspoon lemon juice and 1 teaspoon chopped parsley. Mix well.

Lemon-Mint Dressing
Combine 1 cup plain yogurt, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley and 2 teaspoons mint flakes. Mix well.

Chutney-Yogurt Dressing
Combine 1 cup plain yogurt, 4 tablespoons chutney (watermelon based) and 4 tablespoons honey. Mix well.

Almond-Chicken Valenciana
(Serves 6 to 8)

2-4 tablespoons salad oil
3-4 tablespoons slivered almonds
3-4 whole chicken breasts or large halves
6-8 chicken thighs or drumsticks
Salt and pepper to taste
¼ cup onion, chopped
1 package (7½ oz.) Spanish-rice mix
2-3 tablespoons pimiento, chopped or slivered
1-1½ cups frozen peas
1 cup cooked ham, slivered
8 raw shrimp, cleaned (optional)
Cilantro, parsley or watercress for garnish

Heat 2 tablespoons oil in heavy frying pan over medium heat; add almonds. Roast and stir until golden brown. Lift out and drain on paper towels.

An unusual combination of red and green cabbage, pea pods and Chinese noodles, Japanese Chicken Almond Salad will make a colorful addition to a spring buffet.

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Meanwhile, split chicken breasts or cut each large half into two pieces. Wipe all chicken pieces with a damp paper towel and pat dry; brown them in hot oil in frying pan and add more oil if necessary. Season with salt and pepper. When chicken is well browned, cover and cook for about 10 minutes; then lift pieces out and set aside. Pour off all but about 2 tablespoons oil. Add onion and cook until lightly browned. Stir in rice from Spanish-rice mix; combine envelope of seasonings with liquid as directed on package but omit any additional butter or oil. Pour over rice and onion; bring to a boil and stir. Lower heat; cover and cook about 10 minutes. Stir in pimiento, peas, ham and all but 1 tablespoon of the roasted almonds. Arrange pieces of chicken and shrimp on top, cover and continue to cook for another 10 to 15 minutes or until chicken is tender. When time to serve, stir lightly and spoon onto a large serving platter; arrange the pieces of chicken on top. Sprinkle with remaining almonds. Garnish with sprigs of cilantro, parsley or watercress.

Japanese Chicken Salad
(Serves 4 to 6)

Dressing
¾ cup vegetable oil
3 tablespoons Oriental sesame oil
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 teaspoons light soy sauce
1 teaspoon ginger, grated

Salad
1 package (3 oz.) Ramen® soup noodles, uncooked
7 cups green cabbage, thinly sliced
2 cups red cabbage, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons green onion, thinly sliced
2 cups chicken, cooked and shredded
1½ cups slivered almonds, toasted
2 cups pea pods, blanched

Combine dressing ingredients and mix well. Reserve seasoning package for future use. Marinate noodles in dressing until tender (about 1 hour). Combine remaining salad ingredients, except pea pods, in large bowl. After noodles are tender, pour noodles and dressing over salad; toss to combine. To serve, arrange pea pods on large serving plate and spoon salad into center.

Risi-Bisi Casserole
(Serves 4)

½ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
½ cup rice
½ cup onion, chopped
¼ cup margarine
1 package (10 oz.) frozen peas
1 teaspoon basil, crumbled
½ teaspoon thyme, crumbled
¼ teaspoon rosemary, crumbled
1⅓ cups slivered almonds, toasted
2 cups Cheddar cheese, grated

In large saucepan, bring 1 cup water to boil. Add salt, rice and onion. Cover and cook over very low heat for 20 minutes or until rice is "barley tender." Stir in margarine, peas, basil, thyme, rosemary, 1 cup of cheese and one cup of almonds. Heat thoroughly. Turn into 1½-quart baking dish. Top with the remaining cheese and almonds. Bake at 375° F. 25 minutes or until hot in center.

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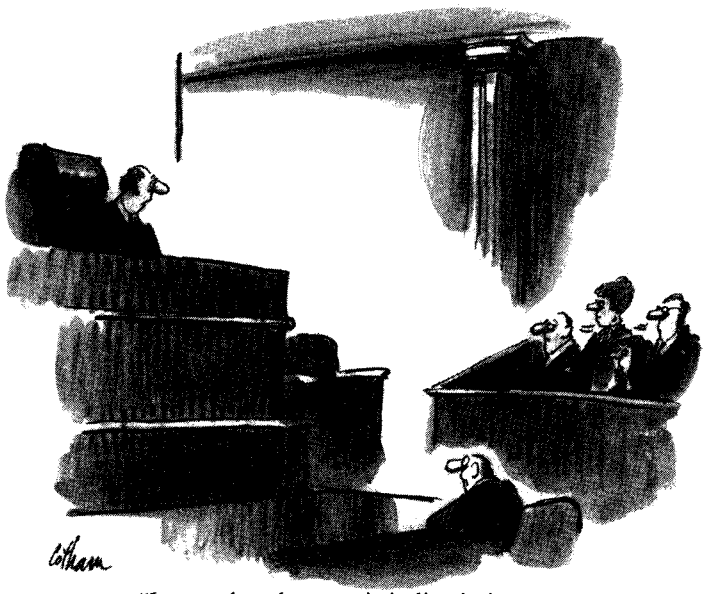
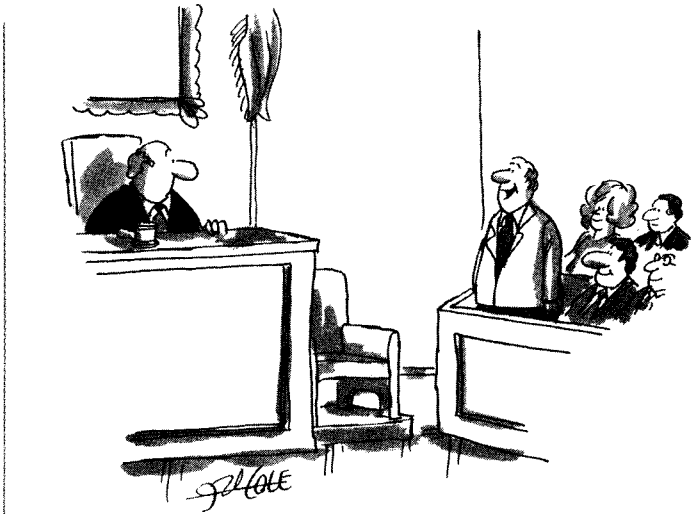
TORTS AND RETORTS

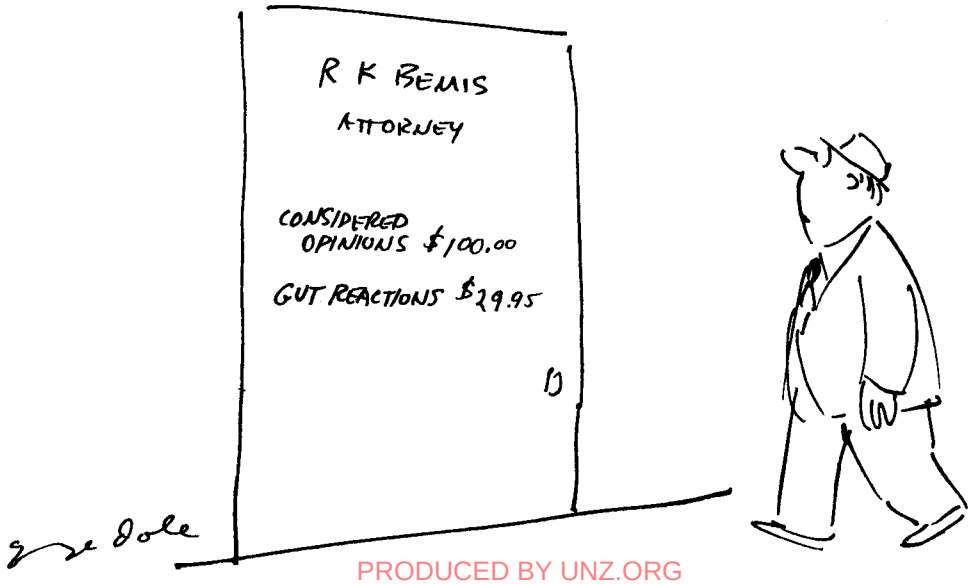


"I trust that the court's indiscriminate use of the phrase 'scum of the earth' will not unduly influence the jury in reaching a decision."

"Well, Your Honor, if a televised 1969 Perry Mason case isn't 'proper legal precedent,' I don't know what is!"



"We find the defendant guilty, but not as guilty as a lot of people."



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If you want to

for good... Your doctor can help

4 out of 5 people fail.

Fifty-six million Americans are smokers, and the majority of them want to quit. Thirty million Americans have tried... and failed. In fact, 4 out of 5 smokers who try to quit fail even short-term, and many of those who succeed short-term eventually return to smoking.

Why is it so difficult to quit smoking... for good?

There are three factors—social, psychological, and *physical*—that work together to continually reinforce the smoking habit. Social factors include the need to feel part of a peer group of smokers. Psychological factors include smoking cigarettes in stressful situations. These two factors must be addressed for smoking cessation to be successful. However, nicotine dependence is a third, often unrecognized factor that can undermine a smoker's willpower during attempts to quit.

Nicotine dependence is a powerful reinforcer of the smoking habit.

The average smoker gets more than 120,000 "nicotine jolts" in a year, as nicotine travels to the brain within 7 seconds of a puff from a cigarette. Recent studies confirm that many smokers develop a physical dependence on the nicotine derived from smoking cigarettes. Because the body becomes accustomed to the effects of nicotine, smokers trying to quit often experience withdrawal symptoms. These include craving for tobacco, irritability, anxiety, difficulty concentrating, restlessness, headache, drowsiness, and gastrointestinal disturbances.

How your doctor can help...

Treatment programs are now available to help smokers who genuinely want to quit. Your doctor can advise you on ways to overcome the physical symptoms of smoking withdrawal while dealing with your social and psychological motivations for smoking.

How a program can help...

If you sincerely want to quit and are determined to succeed, you have to confront all three factors of the smoking habit. You shouldn't expect to overcome your problem by dealing with only one factor. Your doctor can help you with all three factors by providing you with medication to overcome nicotine withdrawal, materials that address the social and psychological aspects of smoking, and valuable counseling and follow-up. Your doctor will determine what treatment is right for you.

Your doctor is the key.

Merrell Dow has conducted research in the field of smoking cessation and is providing support to health professionals to increase their effectiveness in helping patients who really want to quit for good achieve smoking cessation.

If you want to quit smoking, your chances are now better than ever before. See your doctor. Follow your doctor's advice. Once you start a quitting program, check back with your doctor to keep him or her informed of your progress. Patients who follow a program for 3 months are much more successful than those who follow one for shorter periods of time.

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will you bake with the Ezekiel's flour or high-lysine, high-fiber corn meal?

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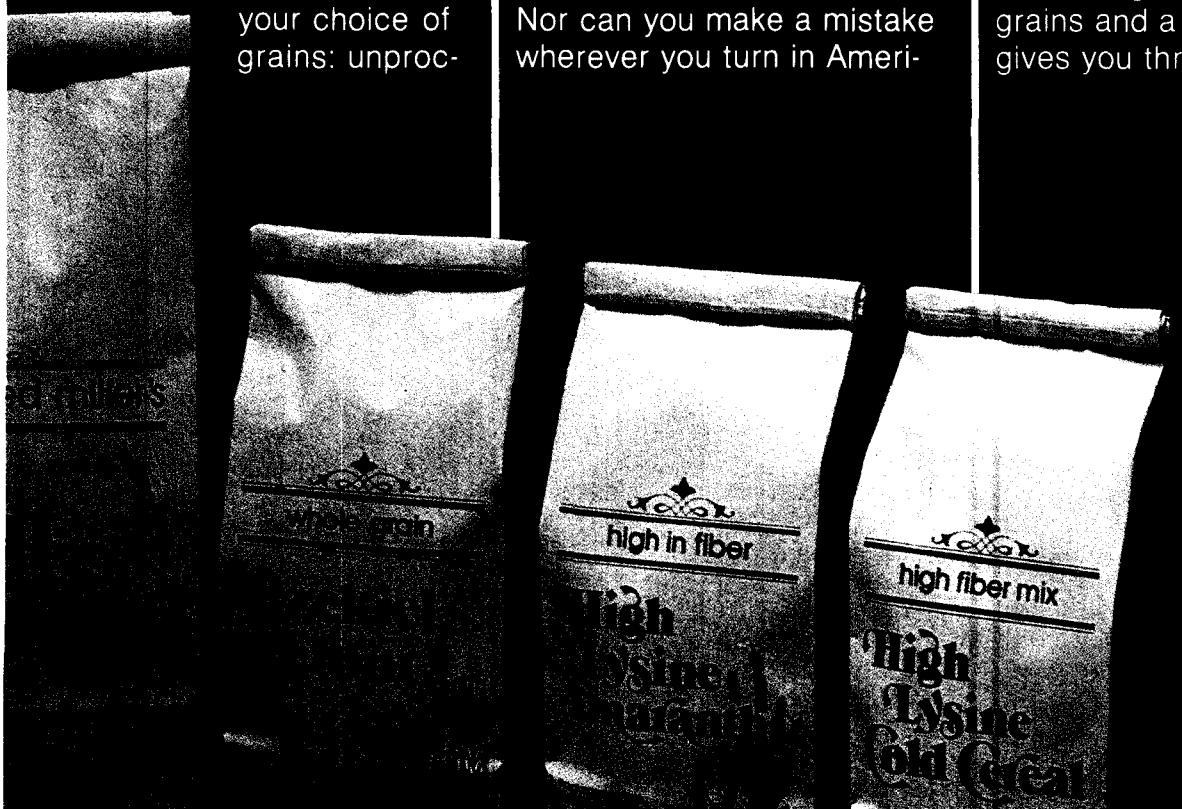

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VETS ON PETS

MONKEY BUSINESS

Did she throw Mrs. Mullin's wig to the floor and yank the soda out of Hiram's hand because she was depressed—or was she just making a monkey of herself?

H. Ellen White, D.V.M.

One winter afternoon in New Orleans, I met Judy, a patient I'll never forget. The staff at the veterinary clinic that day was Richard, the kennel man, Hiram, a 12-year-old helper, and me. Because the waiting room was empty and the telephone had not rung in more than an hour, we decided to take a cola break in the comfortable chairs of the waiting room.

Suddenly, the door opened with a gust of wind, and a chubby, middle-aged woman with red, curly hair entered. She was carrying a medium-size, brown monkey dressed in yellow corduroy rompers. The monkey was Judy and her owner, Mrs. Mullins.

Apparently, the sight of me in a white coat and Hiram, strawberry soda in hand and leaning against the wall, was too much for Judy. She reached up and grabbed Mrs. Mullins' red wig and threw it to the floor. She then leaped from Mrs. Mullins' arms halfway across the room, jumped to the magazine rack and yanked the soda from Hiram, whose eyes seemed to fill at least half his face. Hiram quickly retreated behind the reception desk, while Judy drank one swallow from the soda and poured the rest on the floor. Richard and I stood by silently, uncertain of what to do.

Mrs. Mullins took Judy by the hand and scolded her. Then she turned to me to explain that Judy had been sick for several days. I opened the door to the exam room and followed Mrs. Mullins and Judy into the room. I left the door open as an avenue of escape for Richard and me. Hiram had not moved from behind the reception desk.

I nervously watched Mrs. Mullins as she let go of Judy's hand. Mrs. Mullins seemed intent on tucking her hair into the hair net she wore.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I asked her.

"Judy's been depressed, inactive and just not herself lately."

"Why don't you put her on the exam table?" I suggested.

As Mrs. Mullins reached down to pick up Judy, Judy pulled away, jumped to the counter top and threw all the instruments and drugs to the floor. She paused then to look at us.

"Poor baby, she just hates doctors' offices. Come here, baby," Mrs. Mullins coaxed.

Mrs. Mullins finally enticed Judy down into her arms and settled her on the exam table. I glanced toward Richard, but he had moved to the safety of the waiting-room door, where he and Hiram stood looking in, poised for flight.

I approached apprehensively; Judy snapped at me with her small, sharp teeth. "Uh, what makes you think Judy is depressed, Mrs. Mullins?" I asked, keeping a safe distance.

"Well, she won't play with any of her toys, and she's congested at night."

"She doesn't appear seriously ill to me," I said. "I would suggest a cough syrup with a decongestant—and perhaps a new toy. Why don't you take her home and keep her warm for the rest of the afternoon?"

With relief, we watched Mrs. Mullins and Judy get into the car. Then I noticed that Mrs. Mullins' red wig still lay on the waiting-room floor. I appealed to Richard and Hiram, but their expressions said, "No way!" I ran to the window of the car and handed the wig to Mrs. Mullins.

I saw Judy several more times, and I honestly can't remember having touched her. Judy's ailments were always minor, and I could usually dispense medication or reassure Mrs. Mullins over the telephone. "I hate for you to cross the Huey P. Long Bridge with Judy when she has a minor cold, Mrs. Mullins. Let me phone in a prescription."

Then Mrs. Mullins called to tell me that Judy had been hit by a car while she was playing ball one afternoon. She had been killed instantly. With a lump in my throat, I expressed my sympathy to Mrs. Mullins. I knew Judy had been the substitute child Mrs. Mullins never had.

Several months later Mrs. Mullins arrived at the clinic with two small squirrel monkeys dressed in matching pink-and-blue coveralls. She told me their names and, with tears in her eyes, said, "Of course, there will never be another Judy."

I most certainly agree.

Questions for the Vet

Dear Dr. White:

In response to the letter of Joyce Groves published in the Jan./Feb. '85 issue of *The Saturday Evening Post*: In regard to the use of a collar or a leash around the neck of a poodle

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cross, we encountered a similar problem with a Highland terrier-silver poodle cross. He could not tolerate any pressure on his throat. It caused an irritation that could last for several days. We solved the problem with the use of a harness that fits across the chest in front and around the back, under the upper abdomen behind the forelegs. A leash may be attached to a ring provided on the back strap of the harness—thus there is never any stress on the throat of the animal. This worked perfectly for us. We found there are such harnesses available in various sizes at pet shops and some hardware and department stores here in Alberta.

Yvonne Paul
Etzikom, Alberta, Canada

Dear Dr. White:

I love animals and, as of a few months ago, decided to put that "love" to some use. I decided to be a veterinarian. I am very interested, and the more I read about it, the more I would like to be one. I have read a lot on the subject and enjoy "Vets on Pets." I would like still more information on the subject.

Michelle Fordham (age 11)
Waycross, Georgia

Dear Ms. Fordham:

I am delighted you want to put your "love of animals" to use by becoming a veterinarian. At 11, you still have a way to go before you enter veterinary school. I suggest you work at developing good study habits with an emphasis on math, science and communication skills, both written and oral. Most students accepted by the College of Veterinary Medicine at the University of Georgia at Athens have an average of four years of preveterinary college training before entering veterinary school, which is also four years. Make an effort to work after school or during the summer for a veterinarian. Much of what we do is *not* glamorous and might be perceived by some to be "gross" or "dirty."

A brochure, "Today's Veterinarian," is available by writing the American Veterinary Medical Association, 930 N. Meacham Rd., Schaumburg, IL 60196. You may also be interested in an alternative career in animal technology, a good choice for a young person not able to spend the eight college years required to become a veterinarian. An animal technician works as a veterinary assistant and takes a two-year college program in most instances. Best wishes to you in your career pursuit. Today's graduate veterinarians, I'm pleased to say, are 50 percent women.

H.E.W.

Dear Dr. White:

We have a very fine 3½-year-old purebred miniature schnauzer male dog that has a severe allergy problem resulting in continual eruption on his skin. It starts like a pimple and results in a crusty area. He has much discomfort, of course. Three vets have examined him. They feel it is an allergy and have prescribed steroids in shots and pills, which he is on now. The last shot resulted in a severe reaction of frequent urination and thirst —also a depression that made him unlike himself (not playful and rather grouchy).

We give him vitamins and have tried alfalfa pills, yeast, zinc, etc., hoping it would help. Can you? Any suggestion would be so appreciated.

Barbara Guldberg
Flagstaff, Arizona

Dear Ms. Guldberg:

When I treated allergic dogs in Louisiana, I often suggested (with tongue in cheek) that the dog move to Arizona to escape the abundant Louisiana foliage to which so many dogs are allergic. There is always something to cause allergies, from nylon carpet to food to cactus. Therein lies the problem; it is so hard to determine what the dog is allergic to and easier to treat the clinical signs with steroids. The side effects of steroids that you describe occur occasionally.

Allergy testing may or may not reveal the cause of your dog's allergies. I would encourage you to seek a specialist. Ask your local veterinarian for the name of the closest veterinary dermatologist or write to the American College of Veterinary Dermatology, c/o Dr. Robert Kirk, College of Veterinary Medicine, Ithaca, NY 14850.

H.E.W.

Send your questions for the vet to: Vets on Pets, *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. Because of the volume of response, the editors regret we cannot reply personally to all letters.

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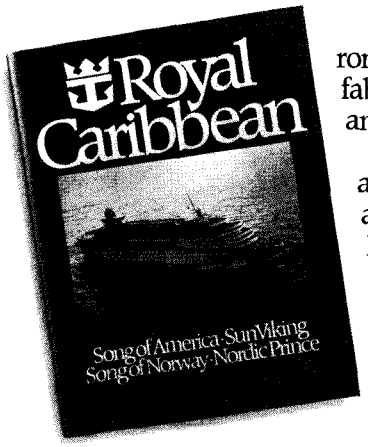

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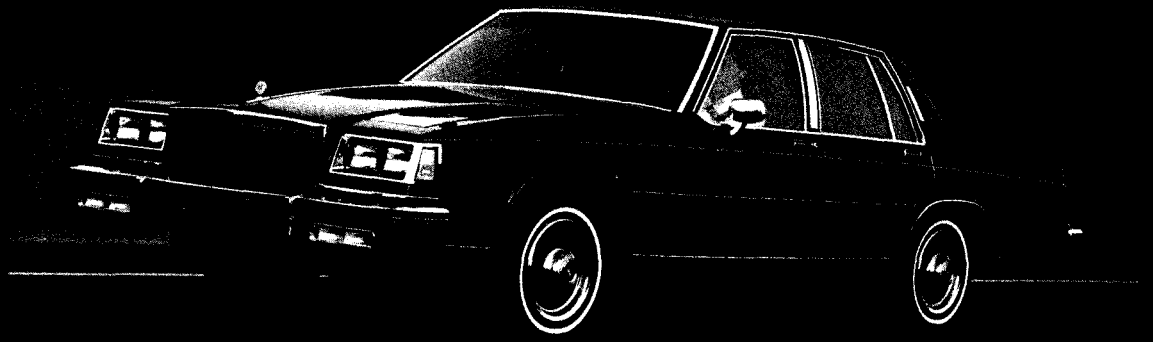

Buick LeSabre Collectors Edition.

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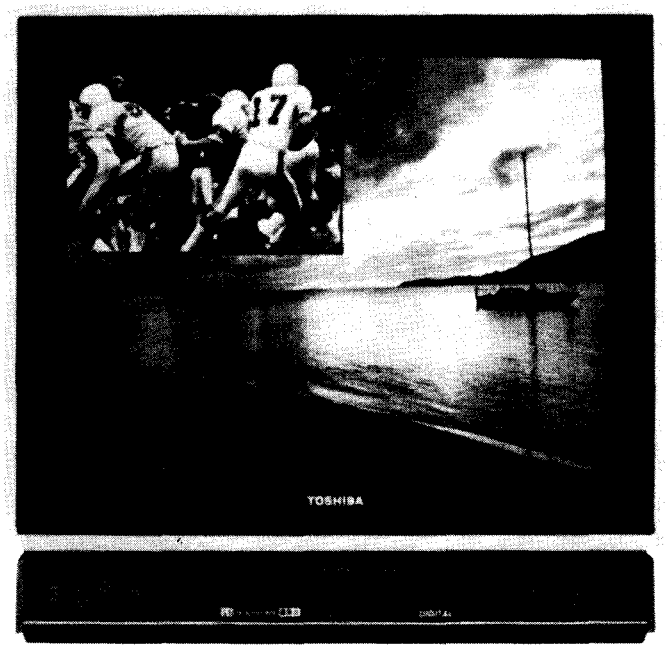
GET SET FOR DIGITAL TV

New televisions with "split personalities" will allow dad to watch two football games at once—or mom to view a soap opera and watch the baby in the crib—all on a single screen.

by Ted Dyer

Because television is a major American passion, any technological advance in home hardware stirs the American heart. One such development—one that will irrevocably alter everyone's viewing habits—is now making its debut in video showrooms. Though the fanfare has been minimal, the era of digital television has begun.

This "fast lane" television set is almost identical to the solid-state unit now cherished by nearly every American family—with one all-important difference: Digital television is powered by microprocessed chips, not transistors and capacitors. A digital television is, in essence, a computerized television. The family tube, no longer a passive reception box for network programing, will be the command center for a host of functions—only one of which is entertainment. Suddenly a whole new world of video possibilities has opened.



The novelty of the split screen is not all digital TV has to offer. The new technology will be able to make pictures so fine they will appear almost three-dimensional.

Consider, for example, the plight of a football fan forced to choose between two equally exciting games, broadcast simultaneously. Often the solution is frenzied channel flipping; a digital television offers an alternative. The one digital set currently available, made by Toshiba (other major manufacturers will introduce models within the next 18 months), has a feature known as "picture-in-picture," or PIP. The wireless remote orders the television to pluck the second program from the tuner of your videocassette recorder. This second picture, without sound, is then placed in a corner of the screen. You can put the PIP window in any quadrant you choose and switch the program between the larger and the smaller screens as needed. The Toshiba set offers window sizes either one-quarter or one-eighth of the 20-inch screen. It also offers digital readout that can be moved back and forth on the large screen to avoid interference with the PIP window.

The uses of this split-screen feature alone are many. Digital sets can be plugged into a wide array of other equipment; viewers can then wrestle with income-tax forms on a home computer and watch soap operas at the same time. With the proper camera equipment, a viewer can check on the baby's crib in another room or scan the yard for intruders. Because the signals are digital, you will eventually be able, using telephone lines, to transmit home movies to relatives in other parts of the country. A particularly compelling shot can be captured by using the freeze-frame command, then stashed in a PIP window for further perusal. With digital television, the signal is not just received, but manipulated. A little imagination and an ample budget for auxiliary equipment make the uses of the digital split screen virtually limitless.

Besides its new features and its ability to work in conjunction with other equipment, a digital television performs standard tasks, such as providing a quality picture, more efficiently. Reception is improved because of the way a digital television processes the incoming signal. When it enters the set, the signal—known among the technically inclined as an analog or a wave signal—is routed to the processing circuits for transformation in computer language. In the process, much noise and interference is eliminated. (Because they possess analog-to-digital converters that clean up signals, digital televisions have been touted as a means to defeat the signal-scrambling system employed by cable companies. A digital set will not reform a scrambling signal, however, without considerable modification. Models with descrambling capabilities—probably foreign made—may appear, however.) Besides cleaning the signal, digital sets automatically perform such functions as automatic flesh-tone correction and saturation or contrast control. For adjustable color and tint functions, imprecise knobs have been replaced by on-screen displays the viewer can call up in

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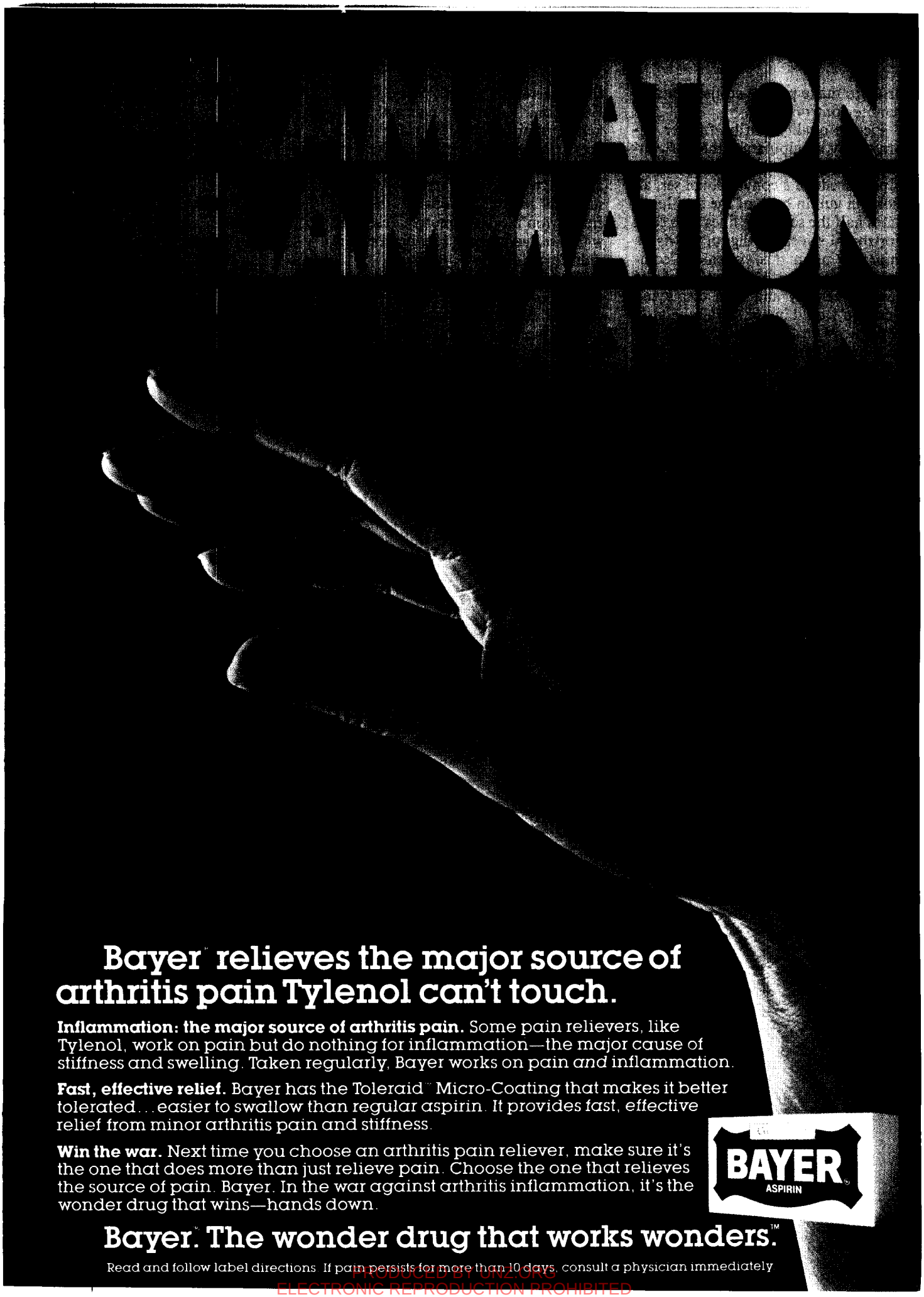

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order to make precise adjustments by remote control.

Picture quality can be further improved by manipulating the horizontal scanning lines on which the picture is produced. In a conventional set, an electron gun in back of the set illuminates half the scanning lines with each horizontal sweep. A digital television improves upon this system by committing the left-to-right sweep of the gun to memory and then displaying this chip-stored image simultaneously with the right-to-left sweep. All 525 scanning lines are thereby used at once. The result is a much sharper picture.

"High-definition" screens, with tubes containing as many as 1,100 scanning lines, are being developed to create a nearly three-dimensional picture. Eventually, the networks will improve picture quality even more by broadcasting digital rather than analog signals. Twenty years hence, we will wonder how we tolerated such lousy reception, just as we now look back in dismay on the murky images produced by the black-and-white models of the 1950s.

A condescending chuckle or two will escape us as well when we look back on the first digital sets now hitting the market. Industry spokesmen assert that the surface of their potential has barely been scratched. "This [the Toshiba model] is phase one, first-generation digital," says David Patterson, Toshiba's national marketing coordinator for video products. "In phase two, we're talking about things like a color photocopier and maybe a 26-inch screen. And the sets that will come out in years to come won't even remotely resemble what we have now. The potential is unbelievable."

Digital televisions will be the brains of tomorrow's home-entertainment centers, and the potential for home surveillance and communication is not yet tapped. As digital technology proliferates, all home appliances will be interconnected; for example, the progress of the Thanksgiving turkey will be monitored without leaving the comfort of the recliner.

The most promising feature of the digital revolution is something called videotext, a generic name for two-way computer communication. People will be able to bank, shop for groceries, scan air-travel schedules or play the stock market from home. When teletext services reach the market several years from now, TV sets will perform functions we now associate with other devices. "It will be the focal point around which everything will work," says Patterson.

Drawbacks to digital TV? One is the hefty price tag. Toshiba wants $1,200 for its digital unit, and the Panasonic model, soon to hit the market, will cost about the same. Prices will doubtless drop as more manufacturers enter the marketplace, but the main problem—getting quality chips in sufficient quantity—may actually worsen as competition heats up. "It is a very complex TV to design and build," says Jerry Surprise, the national product manager for Panasonic Television.

Industry spokesmen say the retail cost of digital televisions will eventually drop into the $600 to $800 range—but not lower for some time. Because of the cost and all the recent audio and picture-tube innovations on solid-state televisions—stereo sound is all the rage and picture-tube design is constantly being refined—many companies have adopted a cautious attitude.

"Digital is the wave of the future, no question about it," says Frank McCann, vice president of public affairs for RCA consumer electronics. "But consumers are going to pay more for a digital TV without getting that many more features. There is not that much to be gained over conventional TV in the first and second phases, and you're going to pay a big premium just to be digital. We are not rushing into it. I'd recommend that the consumer wait and see." McCann says the market should be safe by the late 1980s. Patterson, however, says the consumer who shops in the high end of the price spectrum may just as well go digital, for the top-of-the-line solid-state sets are in the same price range.

Whatever the short-term problems, all agree that the long-term outlook for digital television is excellent, for the manufacturer as well as the consumer. Once the chip-scarcity problem is solved and production methods are refined, manufacturers will find digital sets easier to produce than solid-state—there is less hardware to install, which in turn cuts production costs. Chips are less prone to malfunction, and the consumer will ultimately find digital sets more durable. Picture tubes will still wear out and remotes can be lost or stepped on, but digital circuitry should deteriorate little with age.

With their new features, their improved quality and their futuristic potential, digital televisions will be a temptation that videophiles in this TV-crazed nation will find hard to resist.

"He must have sniffed a bomb!"

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POST SCRIPTS

Sunday Supper

The conversation like silverware,
dull but useful.
My napkined mask
blots out your spills.

—Sheila Hellman

Give Me a Brake!

Many discoveries come about by accident—like finding out that your brakes aren't working.

—Arnot L. Sheppard, Jr.

Insult Added to Inquiry

A cabdriver was overheard complaining to a woman passenger: "This 25¢ tip is an insult."

"Oh?" she asked. "How much should it be?"

"Another 25¢, at least," said the cabbie.

"My dear fellow," she said, "I wouldn't *dream* of insulting you twice!"

—Henry E. Leabo

The Slip of a Lip

On the deck of a sinking ship,
Two men stand side by side.
One is a sinner; the other a saint.
Both are terrified.

The ship begins to list,
So the sinner falls to his knees;
To the Almighty, he cries aloud,
"O Lord, save me, please!"

The saintly one, consumed with fear,
At the praying man looks down;
"Hush," he whispers, "if He knows
you're here,
All of us will drown!"

—Muriel Kovinow

Quiet, Please

Raising a kid by yelling
Breeds disaster, frustration
and scorn.
You might as well drive a car
Just by honking the horn!

—Lynn Hartsell

Presidential Protocol

In the year 2010, by an odd coincidence, the pope and the president expired simultaneously and went to heaven.

After a few days the pope became miffed when he realized the president was receiving preferential treatment. He voiced his complaints to Saint Peter, who nodded knowingly and replied, "Please understand. We have many popes up here, but this is the first time we've ever had a president of the United States."

—Jack Dunlap

Weather or Not

"You are charged with physically assaulting the plaintiff because he had a different opinion than you about the weather," the judge said.

"Yes, Your Honor, but the man is an idiot."

"I fine you $500 plus costs," the judge declared. "Next time you will remember that idiots are human beings, just like you and me."

—A.H. Berzen

A Pretty Fishy Story

A man stopped at the local fish market after an unsuccessful fishing trip. Asked by the dealer what he wanted, the man said, "Just stand over there and throw me the five biggest fish you have."

"Throw them?" the dealer asked. "What for?"

"So I can tell my wife I caught them," the man said.

—F.E. Killian

Total Recall

God created mankind, all right,
But mankind's not here to stay;
With all of man's flaws and
malfunctions
He'll be recalled someday.

—Olga McCoy

A Real Dog

Agent: "I have some good news for you and some bad news."

Writer: "Let's have the good news first."

Agent: "Paramount loved your script. Ate it up."

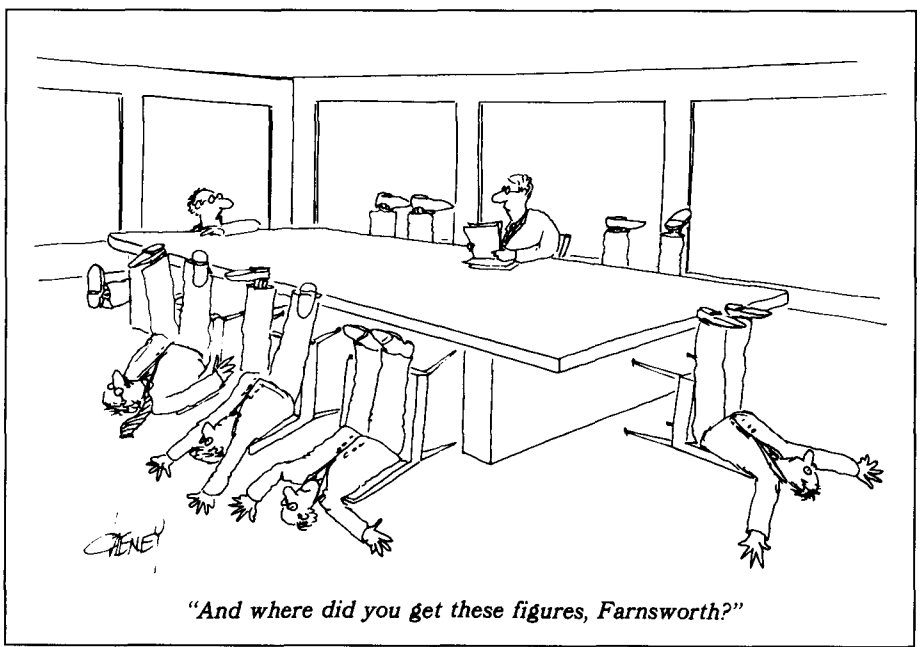
Writer: "So what's the bad news?"

Agent: "Paramount is my cocker spaniel."

—B. Bader

Shoe-in-Mouth Disease

Two successful, self-made businessmen, who hadn't seen each other



"And where did you get these figures, Farnsworth?"

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since their poverty-stricken childhood, met at a party. One of the men smugly began to remind the other about his humble origins.

"Remember when you had only one pair of shoes to your name, Harry?" he asked.

"I sure do," the second man replied slowly. "You asked me what they were used for."

—J.L. Kuo

Babyish Attitude

The baby cries at two o'clock,
And I know I am a fool
To think I won't have to get up,
But you'll.

—William E. Morgan

Stare Trek

Whenever I plan a world-wide trip
To countries colder or hotter,
The photo on my passport looks
As if I've already drunk the water.

—Thelma Beckler

Beached?

A lady who's ample
When seen with a dress on
Is bound to be ample
(And more so) with less on.

—Maureen Cannon

Cutting It Too Close

A professional wrestler, famous for his long, blond locks, was getting a neck trim at the barbershop. "You know," said the barber, "I'll bet no one would recognize you if I cut all those curly locks off."

"I got news for you, buddy," said the wrestler. "I'll bet no one would recognize *you*, either."

—Lloyd Byers

Mussel Development

Fish are remarkable creatures,
With numerous outstanding features.
Without any hands, and no feet,
They manage to find food and eat.
But because they are innately curious,
They frequently bite something spurious,
And then to their utter dismay,
They are no longer fish—they're fillet!

—Bill Schaffstall

Vacant Expression

"What are the dinner hours at this club?" the applicant asked.

"From six to eight for all except the directors," the member answered.

"Why the exception?"

"Because Article 5 of the bylaws states: 'The board may at any time fill any vacancy in their bodies.' "

—John A. Johnston

Playing Solitaire

If you think this is a small, crowded world, you have never run out of gasoline on a lonely road.

—Thomas LaMance

Feck More, Make Less

If you hire a worker who's feckless, expeck less.

—Timothy J. Wiest

Deft-initions

Joint account: Checkmate.
Plagiarism: Paragraft.
Portly perspirer: Bulky sweater.
Tired joke: Jest lag.
Negative generation: Nope for the future.

—Hank Billings

The Hide of Honesty

"If you found an expensive billfold on the street containing a lot of money, would you return it to the owner?"

"Yes, as long as my name wasn't on it."

"Naturally. By the way, what is your name?"

"Genuine Leather."

—Al Batt

Say Cheese, Everyone!

We shouldn't complain about the rat race
Interfering with our ease. . .
After all, in this country,
At least we get free cheese!

—Ruth M. Walsh

Wood You Trust This Man?

A man charged with robbing a sporting-goods store asked an attorney to defend him. "I'll take your case," the lawyer said, "if you'll assure me of two things: that you're innocent and that you'll pay me $200."

The client thought for a moment, then asked, "Will you do it for $50 and a nice set of matched woods?"

—Eileen P. Dirkman

Get Down

Abe: How do you get down from an elephant?

Gabe: You don't get down from an elephant. You get down from a goose.

—Mel T. Downe

Shall We Dance?

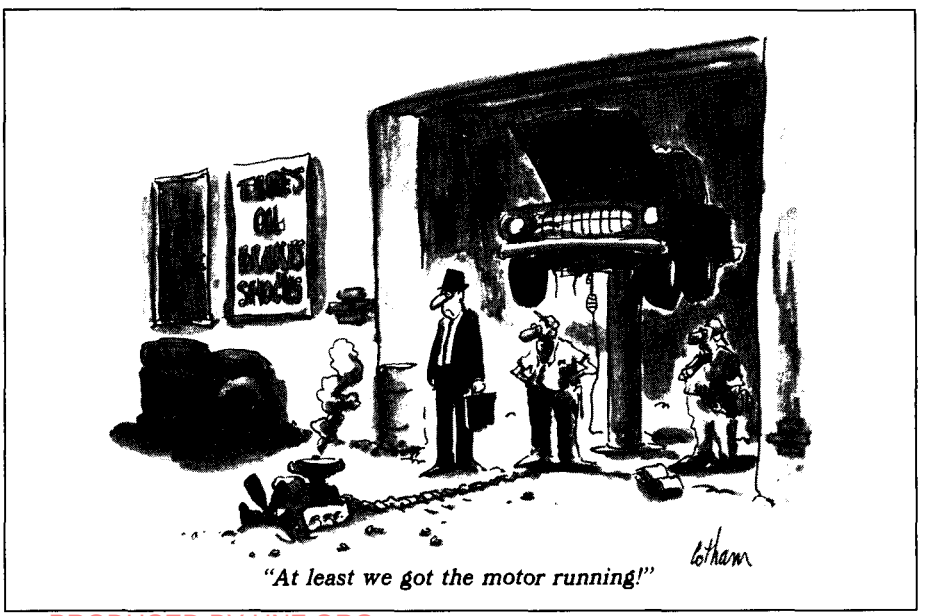
A minister firmly opposed to all dancing was having a lively discussion with a member of his congregation.

"Just what's wrong with dancing?" the member wanted to know.

"Well, for one thing," said the minister, "the proximity of the bodies. Let's suppose that you came home from work and found me holding your wife in that way. What would you think?"

"I'd think, preacher," the fellow replied, "that you'd better be dancing."

—B.W. Clifton



"At least we got the motor running!"

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THE UNFLAPPABLE NELLE REAGAN

A tiny woman, full of spunk and self motivation, Nelle Wilson Reagan taught the meaning of the word "rugged individualism" to her son, the President of the United States.

by John McCollister

She called the future President of the United States "Ronnie" and "Dutch." But mothers can get away with things like that.

Nelle Wilson Reagan was a spunky, Scotch-Irish woman whose philosophy of self-determination left a mighty impact on many people, including the younger of her two sons, the 40th President of the United States. Nelle believed that no matter what a person had done, he should be given the chance to pick himself up again.

Her friends from the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church in Los Angeles, where she worshiped from 1937 until her death in 1962, still delight in spinning yarns about this tiny, auburn-haired, blue-eyed optimist.

"She made weekly visits to the Lincoln Heights jail to meet with the prisoners, encouraging them to rebuild their lives," says Thelma Gosney, a longtime friend and fellow church member of Mrs. Reagan's. "Soon after their release, some of the former inmates stopped by her apartment on Phyllis Avenue just to say, 'Thank you for caring.' " Her sons reportedly worried about her safety when they learned about these visits.

In his autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*, Ronald Reagan described his mother as a "natural, practical do-gooder." "She was all that and more," says Mrs. Cleveland Kleinhauer, the widow of Mrs. Reagan's longtime pastor at the Hollywood church. "She was a genuinely good woman who cared for those who needed someone to talk to. You might say she showered love on those whom society wanted to forget."

Nelle and John Edward with their sons, Neil and Ronald, in a Reagan family portrait, around 1914. Ronald is the one leaning slightly to his left.

In addition to her visits to the prison, Mrs. Reagan made weekly trips to the Olive View Tuberculosis Sanatarium with gifts of food, candy, pens and pencils for patients. Mostly, however, her visits encouraged the sick to maintain hope and to do all they could to help the doctors cure them.

Nelle Reagan cared for those who shared her home as she had for the downtrodden in prisons and in hospitals. Her husband, John Edward Reagan, was a tall, handsome Irishman whose outward confidence belied the torment of a man with an uncontrollable weakness.

The young Ronald Reagan discovered firsthand what his mother had already endured for years. One night after playing basketball with his friends, 11-year-old Ronald returned home to find his father lying drunk and unconscious, flat on his back on the front porch. Smelling the unmistakable odor of cheap whiskey, the boy grabbed a fistful of his father's overcoat, dragged him inside and managed to get him safely into bed.

Later that evening, Nelle spoke heart-to-heart with Ronald and his older brother, Neil. "We should love and help your father," she said, "and never condemn him for something that is beyond his control." Her

continued on following page

Social gatherings were more lively and community projects more successful with the presence of Nelle Reagan. In this church group she sits second from the left.

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Sponsor a Child for Only $10 a Month.

At last! Here is a $10 sponsorship program for Americans who are unable to send $16, $18, or $22 a month to help a needy child.

And yet, this is a full sponsorship program because for $10 a month you will receive:

- a 3½″ × 5″ photograph of the child you are helping.
- two personal letters from your child each year.
- a complete Sponsorship Kit with your child's case history and a special report about the country where your child lives.
- quarterly issues of our newsletter "Sponsorship News".

All this for only $10 a month?

Yes—because the Holy Land Christian Mission International believes that many Americans would like to help a needy child. And so we searched for ways to reduce the cost—without reducing the help that goes to the child you sponsor.

For example, unlike some of the other organizations, your child does not write each month, but two letters a year from your child keeps you in contact and, of course, you can write to the child just as often as you wish.

Also, to keep down administrative costs, we do not offer the so-called "trial child" that the other organizations mail to prospective sponsors before the sponsors send any money.

We do not feel that it is fair to the child for a sponsor to decide whether or not to help a child based on a child's photograph or the case history.

Every child who comes to Mission International for help is equally needy!

And to minimize overseas costs, our field workers are citizens of the countries where they serve. Many volunteer their time, working directly with families, orphanages, and schools.

You can make a difference!

$10 a month may not seem like much help to many Americans, but to a poor family living on an income of $1.50 or $2.00 a day, your sponsorship can help make all the difference in the world.

Will you sponsor a child? Your $10 a month will help provide so much:

- emergency food, clothing and medical care.
- a chance to attend school.
- help for the child's family and community, with counseling on housing, agriculture, nutrition, and other vital areas to help them become self-sufficient.

A child needs your love!

Here is how you can sponsor a child for only $10 a month immediately:

1. Fill out the coupon and tell us if you want to sponsor a boy or a girl, and check the country of your choice.
2. Or mark the "emergency list" box and we will assign a child to you that most urgently needs to have a sponsor.
3. Send your $10 in right now and this will eliminate the cost of a "trial child."

Then, in just a few days you will receive your child's name, photograph, and case history.

May we hear from you? We believe that our sponsorship program protects the dignity of the child and the family and at the same time provides Americans with a positive and beautiful way to help a needy youngster.

3-year-old Michelle was abandoned by her father. Soon after, her mother was forced to leave her in order to find work. She now lives with her grandmother in a hut with dirt floors and a grass roof.

K5LY

Holy Land Christian **Mission International**
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2000 East Red Bridge Road
Box 55, Kansas City, Missouri 64141

☐ Yes. I wish to sponsor a child. Enclosed is my first payment of $10. Please assign me a ☐ Boy ☐ Girl

Country preference: ☐ India ☐ The Philippines ☐ Thailand ☐ Costa Rica ☐ Chile ☐ Honduras ☐ Dominican Republic ☐ Colombia ☐ Guatemala ☐ Africa

☐ **OR, choose a child that needs my help from your EMERGENCY LIST.**

☐ Please send me more information about sponsoring a child.

☐ I can't sponsor a child now, but wish to make a contribution of _____.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

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understanding, coupled with John Reagan's mostly sober, hard-working life, convinced young Ronald—he never spoke ill of his father.

John Reagan earned no more than $55 a week as a shoe salesman, but the family never sought or accepted outside assistance. Nelle was always there, offering hope and encouragement. When her husband lost his job in the middle of the Depression and the months ahead looked bleak, Nelle Reagan reassured her sons with a promise: "The Lord will provide."

The Lord provided the Reagans with decidedly unglamorous opportunities to earn money. Her friends at church tell of how Nelle, in order to augment the family income, became a seamstress in a dress shop for $14 a week. "The boys learned from childhood that if they had a need, it was up to each individual to fill that need for himself," says another family friend. Nelle also taught them to help others whenever they saw a need.

Dorothy Ketcham of Los Angeles knew Mrs. Reagan as well as anyone. "We know why the President is the kind of man he is," she says. "Because of Nelle's refusal to accept handouts, we're not surprised at her son's suspicion of any 'big brother' role for the federal government."

Ronald Reagan's creed of "rugged individualism," undoubtedly rooted in his mother's actions during these financially troubled years, was only one legacy he received from her: Nelle gave her son his first acting lessons.

Her favorite escape from the gnawing problems of the day was performing for her local church and community theatrical groups. "She was the 'dean of dramatic recitals for the countryside,' " wrote Ronald Reagan in his autobiography. Whether reciting passages from melodramas such as *East Lynne* or interpreting poetry, she threw herself into the roles "with the zest of a frustrated actress." Her enthusiasm for the stage rubbed off on her son, who often joined her in church pageants—reluctantly at first, because it pried him away from sports. The first step on the road to Hollywood had been taken.

Nelle Wilson Reagan died on July 25, 1962, one day after her 76th birthday. At her funeral, held in the sanctuary of the church she loved so much, her sons and close friends paid their tearful last respects to this spry soul who had touched so many lives.

The spirit of Nelle Reagan may be imagined gazing down on the whole affair from the angels' point of view and chiding her son: "Ronnie, stop that this very instant. You've got no time to waste feeling sorry for me. Besides, you have plenty of work ahead of you."

If he heard her, Ronald Reagan didn't argue the point. Mothers can get away with things like that.

ANOTHER GIANT LEAP

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MONEY TALK

by Art Williams

Whenever I talk to people about beginning to build for financial freedom, their very first response is this: "Building your financial estate is a great idea, but my family doesn't have any 'extra money' to invest each month. We do well just to pay the bills and keep our heads above water." You're probably thinking the same thing right now. Even families with above-average incomes are feeling the pinch of inflation and the tax bite.

But don't give up too easily. If you're serious about building financial security for you and your family, there *are* ways to arrange your present income (what you are actually earning *now*) to free up funds for investment.

Let's look at some options:

1. Pay yourself first. This is one of the most important concepts in my program. Briefly, paying yourself first means putting yourself and your family before any other demands on your money. Deposit a set amount each and every month into an investment program, no matter what other financial obligations you have. It's amazing how fast your money will build if you invest even a small amount regularly, at a good rate of return.

2. Adjust your priorities. If you're like most people, you spend money on things you don't really need. Or, you don't really manage the money you do have; you just spend as expenses come up. Don't feel bad about this—we've all done it. It takes a little more time to develop a management attitude about your spending habits, but it's essential that you "get control" of your spending.

Probably the best way to do this, at least at first, is by budgeting. Determining what you will spend on certain items, and sticking to that plan, can make a world of difference in where your money goes.

Budgeting is also a great way to determine where you're wasting money. As a family exercise, keep a budget for one month. Don't make it so much trouble you won't keep it up; just a rough record will do. Whenever family money is spent, jot it down on a budget sheet or even a legal pad.

"I wish you'd learn to control your impulse buying!"

I promise you at the end of the month you'll have a real eyeopener. You'll be amazed at how the little things add up to big dollars!

After you've done this exercise for one month, sit down with your family members and try to prepare a rough budget for the future. Allow for items like gifts, and put a dollar-amount limit on what you will spend for each. Having a definite figure in mind helps you avoid rushing to the store and spending more than you can afford.

The main purpose of a budget is this: It gives you control of your own money. You actively decide what will be spent and where your money can best be put to good use. There's nothing quite as good as the feeling that *you* control your money, rather than your activities and expenses controlling you.

3. Adjust your lifestyle. Along with controlling your money comes the matter of priorities. And along with setting priorities comes one tough rule of life: You can't have everything. If you want to achieve financial independence, you may have to make sacrifices for an extended period.

A part of the budgeting process is distinguishing between what you need and what you want. For example: you might need a second car, but you might want a Cadillac.

Too often, purchases, even major ones, are made on the basis of want. If you're ready to get serious about your financial future, you may have to postpone some of your desires and wants. It's a kind of trade-off—do without something now so you can have more later. If you usually stay a week on out-of-town vacation trips, trim the time away to three days and plan enjoyable family activities at home for the balance of time.

I know it's tough. But, in most cases, it simply has to be done. And oftentimes, it can be done in basic ways that eliminate extravagance without any decrease in enjoyment!

4. Earn additional income. If your family income is very modest, things may still be so tight that it's tough to invest more than $10 to $20 a month. If you want to make significant progress, consider taking a part-time job to get the extra income for starting your investment program.

5. Realign your assets. Another way to free up additional income for savings and investment is to realign your assets. This simply means that you move assets you have around to produce cash. You may be able to "free up" money to get your invest-

continued on page 87

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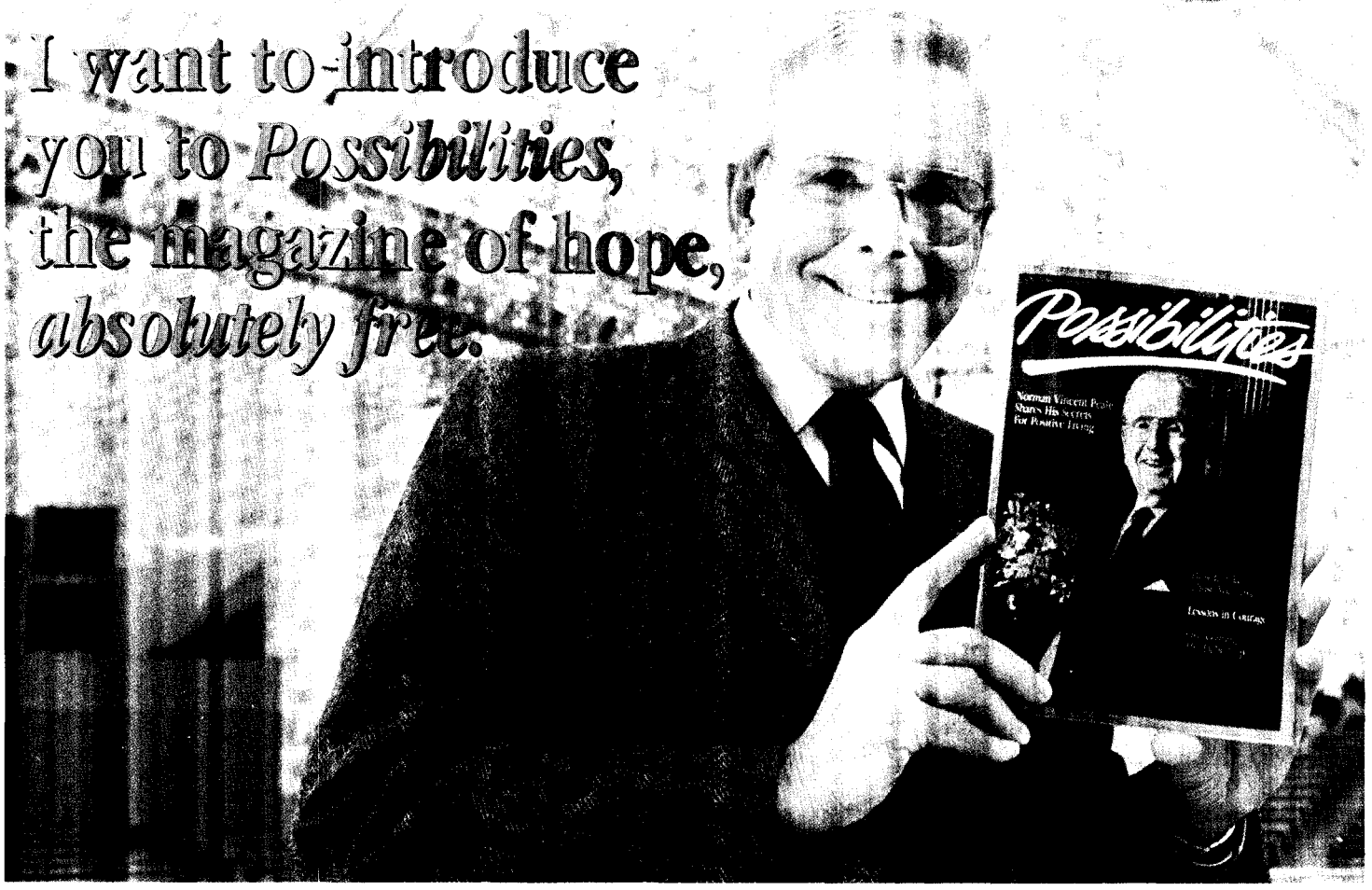
I want to introduce you to *Possibilities*, the magazine of hope, absolutely free.



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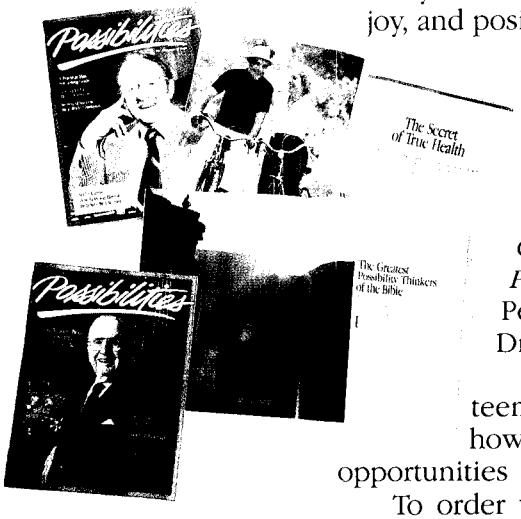

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ON THE ROAD WITH MISS AMERICA

Halfway through her reign, Sharlene Wells defends her squeaky-clean image, comments on "the Vanessa thing" and anticipates the future as a Little League coach.

by Holly G. Miller

Long before the borrowed white limo delivered its very important passenger to the entrance of the Bowling Green, Kentucky, Holidome, word went forth to expect Someone Special. The clue was Room 168. Flowers had arrived at 11:00; a fruit basket followed at noon. By 12:30, green punch, wheat thins and a cheese ball under plastic were arranged smorgasbord-style on the boguswood credenza.

But the *pièce de résistance* was the Christmas tree, bedecked in ribbons and red cardinals and pushing up from an arch of red- and green-wrapped Christmas packages. All this in February. An envelope, laced into the straw of a woven welcome wreath on the door, named the honored guest: Sharlene Wells.

Who?

She also answers to Miss America. Halfway through her reign she's used to such preferential treatment and the if-it's-Tuesday-this-must-be-Scranton schedule. She estimates she travels 20,000 miles a month, a day in transit following every day and a half in a host city. Two paid companions, commissioned by the Miss America headquarters in New Jersey, rotate 30 days on the road, 30 days off, each acting as big sister, mother hen, confidante, sentinel and watchdog. "I take the heat," explains Midge Stevenson, a Miss America companion for four years. "Miss America can't watch the clock; I can. Miss America can't say, 'No autographs today'; I can."

And she does. After all, Miss America can neither be late for her next obligation nor be allowed to wilt from exhaustion, and she's never permitted to work more than four hours a day. At least that's what her contract dictates.

"But those 4 hours don't count pulling clothes out of suitcases and ironing them, going to press conferences and eating meals that turn into 2-hour luncheons," Sharlene says. "Sometimes 4 hours can stretch into 12. Everybody thinks this is so glamorous, but it's really not. If only I had someone to do my hair—I wouldn't look like this!"

She's grown accustomed to the pace, yet she is determined not to let it become ho-hum. "I don't want this to be a routine year," she says. "Each place should be very different, and I've got to enjoy it and remember

The harp won Sharlene talent honors at the Miss America pageant and made up 50 percent of the judges' final tally. On tour, she prefers her more mobile vocal chords. At right, she hugs baby sister Elayne.

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that the people who invite me are thrilled to have me, not because I'm Sharlene Wells, but because I'm Miss America. It's still hard for me to see my position; it kind of throws me. Why do they want my autograph? Why do they take so many pictures? I don't see 'Miss America' all over me. Others do; I don't."

She arrives at the Holidome amid a flurry of excitement and a plethora of plum luggage. Is there a music store nearby? she asks. Could the 3:30 press conference be pushed back to 4:00? Midge assumes check-in duties while a delegation from the sponsoring group—if this is Saturday, these must be Jaycees—hoist luggage over their shoulders and wink at each other in anticipation of the big surprise: Wait till she sees the Christmas tree. They suggest that she follow their leader.

Onlookers feel a responsibility to pass judgment as she passes. Yes, she's pretty. Even *very* pretty. Not glamorous, mind you, not borderline gorgeous—but very pretty. Definitely Miss America-ish.

"I never thought I was beautiful or anything," she says. "After I won the title, I almost felt I had to look the part all the time so people wouldn't make fun of me and ask, 'How did you win?' Now I've gotten to the place where, sure, I want to look nice, but I don't have to prove anything any more. If I look funny in a newspaper photo, that's O.K. If my nose looks three feet long, fine."

Credit the thick skin to experience. A few days after winning the title in Atlantic City, she was interviewed and photographed by a words-and-pictures duo from *People* magazine. She had the sniffles, her eyes were bleary and, besides that, her feet hurt. The photographer assured her that the picture he wanted was the head-and-shoulders variety—she had no reason to put her shoes on. She acquiesced, secured the crown to her blonde hair, arranged the folds of her reptile-patterned dress and assumed a regal pose.

Imagine her shock the next week when the picture was published full frame—her stocking feet revealing a full complement of Dr. Scholl's medicated disks. Ouch. The California designer Mr. Blackwell promptly named her to his infamous worst-dressed list and said she looked like an armadillo in corn pads.

"Wasn't that cute?" she asks with a groan. "I learned never to trust a photographer."

With or without disks, she's prettier in person than in pictures. She has no weight problem beyond the enviable chore of keeping enough pounds on her 5'8" frame. When she competed for her title—eat your heart out, America—she was told to do just that. . .eat her heart out. Her father, an executive administrator with the Mormon Church, fed her malted milk shakes to prevent her from appearing *too* thin. She blames this pleasant dilemma partly on her metabolism ("I have a high rate") and partly on her lifelong fitness regimen ("I grew up with a football in one hand and a soccer ball in the other"). The confining Miss America travel schedule threatened to cramp her athletic lifestyle until she worked out a compromise.

"I can't run because they won't let me out on my own," she explains. ("And your traveling companion sure isn't going to run with you," Midge interrupts.) "I've never been an aerobics person," Sharlene continues. "I like a sport where there's an end result—I want to win or lose. So, I've found racquetball is the best way to exercise my upper body, my legs—everything."

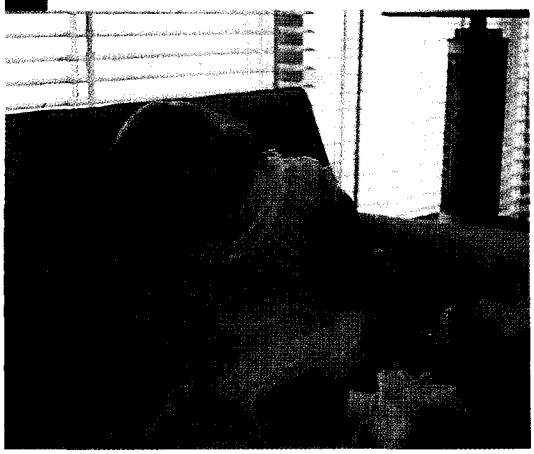
It might also be a way for her to socialize with people closer to her age—but no, even Miss America's opponents are carefully chosen for her.

"The sponsors who invite me to their city usually decide that I need to compete against one of their vice presidents or some other executive. I'd like to be able to associate more with college kids—this can be pretty lonely—but I go along with the plans because the sponsors are the ones who hire me."

And the price is right. Sharlene has been told her earning potential for the year is about $125,000, not counting the $40,000 in scholarship money. "Which is kind of nice for a 20-year-old," she quips.

The opportunity for scholarships was what caused her to compete for the crown in the first place. "I was always the one who said, 'You'll never get me into one of those contests.' Then when I was a senior in high school I began to worry—how am I going to pay for my books? Where will the tuition money come from? One of my friends was involved in the Miss America program and convinced me it was a scholarship pageant, not a beauty contest. Actually, it's the largest scholarship foundation for women in the world.

Robert G. Wells was an international banker when called by his church to supervise missionary work in South America. Both parents were on hand for the big moment on September 15, 1984.



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More than 4½ million dollars are given out every year. And that's a lot of money to consider."

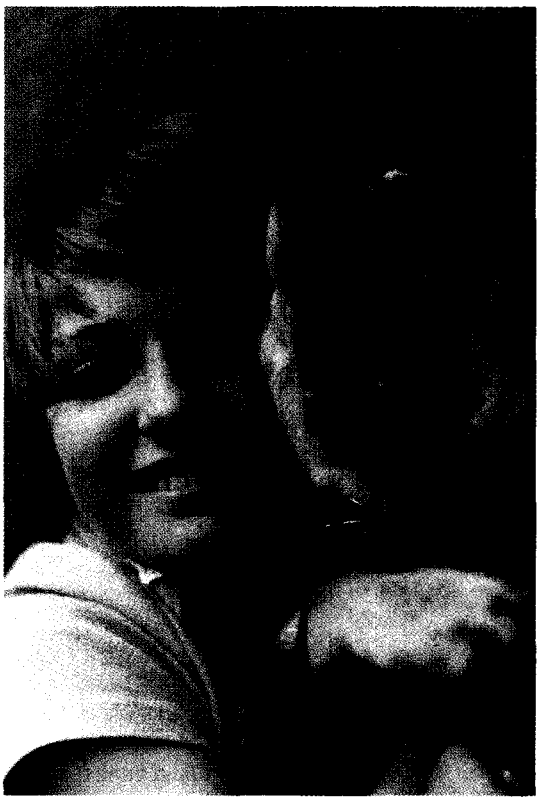
She combats occasional bouts of loneliness on the road with telephone calls to classmates at Brigham Young University. Although she attended only two years of classes before the Miss America crown imposed a temporary hiatus, her allegiance to her alma mater remains intact. In hotel rooms along the regal route, she tracks BYU via its televised basketball games and squints to find a familiar face whenever the cameras pan the bleachers or the bench. She cheers her team on and issues armchair tips on how to thrash the opponent. In Bowling Green, it was Brigham Young vs. Notre Dame.

"You shouldn't have told me it was on," she says, reaching for the television's on-off button. "I'll keep the volume low, O.K.? I'm their biggest fan. I used to know every player on the team, but since I wasn't there this year. . . ."

BYU was the logical place for her to enroll in 1982 because of its Mormon affiliation. The church has played a major role in her life ever since she was a little girl; her dad's missionary duties caused her to spend more than 11 years in South America. She jokes that the Wells clan is like a model U.N.—each of her six brothers and sisters was born in a different country. Paraguay influenced her greatly, although most of her time in South America was spent in Argentina and in Chile.

The lure of BYU eventually brought her to Provo, Utah, where she competed successfully in scholarship-beauty pageants that led her to the Miss America contest. In Atlantic City, judges were impressed with her performance—she played a medley of ten songs on the Paraguayan harp—and her ability to speak Spanish fluently. Both talents were throwbacks to her South American experience. At no time, she stresses, did anyone delve into her personal life in search of a Miss America scandal of the variety that plagued the 1984 winner, Vanessa Williams.

"During the seven-minute interview with the judges I was asked absolutely nothing about my religion, my morals or my background. We talked about my wanting to coach a Little League team someday, about the development of soccer in the United States and about my being bilingual. My religion wasn't discussed."

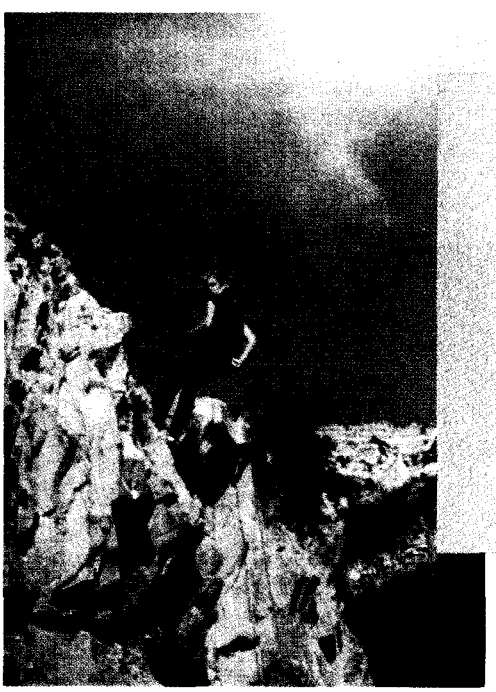


Sharlene, 11, accepts TLC from her favorite pooch, Pupsie, her gift when she turned 7. Her advice on pageants: Go for the scholarship, not the title.

The press pressed, however, to find a skeleton in her closet. The best it could produce: buried tales of a squeaky-clean ex-tomboy with a long history of saying "no" to such temptations as coffee, alcohol and cigarettes. What's more, she's always been a low-key advocate of virginity; early in her reign, she went on record as saying that other girls could do what they pleased—but she'd wait for the wedding vows, thank you. Those words caused pageant officials who were still smarting from "the Vanessa thing" to heave a collective sigh of relief.

"Somebody's got to stick up for this stuff," says Sharlene. "I want to wait until marriage not because I think I'm better than anyone else; it's just a personal value. I have to be happy with myself. I'm the one who has to look in the mirror in the mornings. I'm the one who has to live with myself, so I need to be honest with myself. What do I really believe? What are my goals? I can't let the whims of everyone else influence what I say or do."

Still, she's cheerfully tolerant of people who don't share her views. At her Bowling Green performance she's expected to sing ballads above the din of after-banquet conversation, look bright eyed through the heavy haze of cigarette smoke and not be offended by guests who slip out mid-performance in the direction of the pub. It's Min-



Rapelling and snowmobiling aren't traditional hobbies for a Miss America, but the young Sharlene wasn't a typical beauty-queen contestant.

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nesota one day, Tennessee the next and Oklahoma coming up. In the first half of her reign she's learned a lot not only about the country and its people but also about herself.

"I've learned I can handle more than I thought I could," she admits. "I've learned to be cheerfully flexible. I've always been a very scheduled person. And at first I was frustrated by an itinerary that kept changing. Obligations would be added to my day to the point that I found I had very little time for myself. It's like a concentrated public-relations job for a whole year, and it requires a lot of mental preparation. But now I've learned to utilize an hour here and an hour there more to my advantage. When I'm riding on a plane, for instance, I write in my journal and keep up with thank-you notes and letters. Also I picked up an English honors reading list at school and am trying to catch up with the classics."

She recognizes that the Miss America title offers her a forum to promote whatever "cause" she might champion. She's less interested in touting her vocal talent—she anticipates a career in management, not music—than in sharing serious thoughts on current issues. Take education, for instance.

"I'm disappointed our government doesn't spend more energy and money on it," she says. "After living outside the U.S., I saw the contrast between the discipline other countries have and what we have here. Their kids are learning foreign languages, and here we barely know English. Teachers don't demand enough from their students, and students don't demand enough from their teachers."

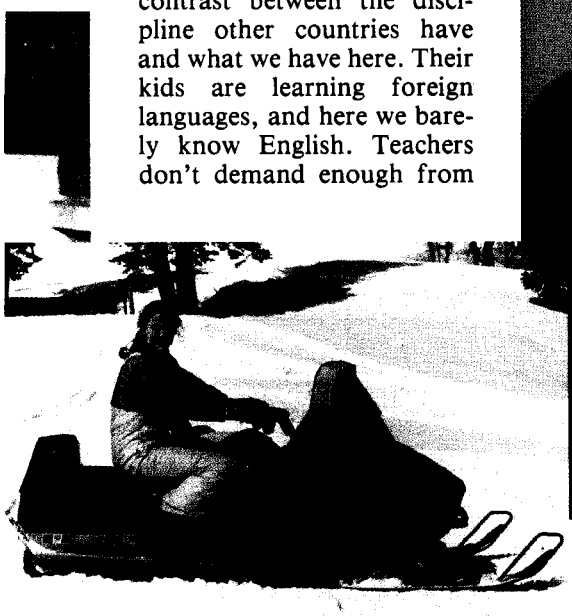
Sharlene claims she never owned a doll and always preferred being "one of the boys." In 1981, she was a star hurdler on her high-school track team.

Determined as she is to enjoy her tenure as Miss America, she's eager to get back to her own education. She's had second thoughts about a career in broadcast journalism after dealing with the media for nearly a year, and now she favors recreation management. An MBA degree from Harvard is her dream; she recently completed the necessary application forms. Her academic honors were given priority and her Miss America title was listed toward the bottom. But first she must complete her bachelor's degree and, before that, take a well-earned vacation.

Between the time she passes the baton to her successor in September and the day she moves back to her tiny Brigham Young apartment in October, she plans a month of unscheduled, carefree R and R. "It sounds crazy, but my sister and I are going directly to England to spend a week or two," she says. "Neither of us has ever been there, but we'd both like to take classes at Oxford or Cambridge someday, so we're going to check it out."

The notion of traveling without a schedule, a companion or a chauffeur to pick her up and deliver her to the next airport delights Sharlene, whose driver's license was only a year old when the Miss America title prompted her to trade new freedom for even newer fame. Before long, the fame will be assumed by her successor. And as for Sharlene, well. . .

"I'm looking forward to getting back into the driver's seat."



Among Sharlene's fans is her 92-year-old grandmother. Others include Ronald Reagan, whose inauguration she rates as a highlight of her reign. A visit backstage at the Grand Ole Opry and a hug from Muhammad Ali are top memories too.

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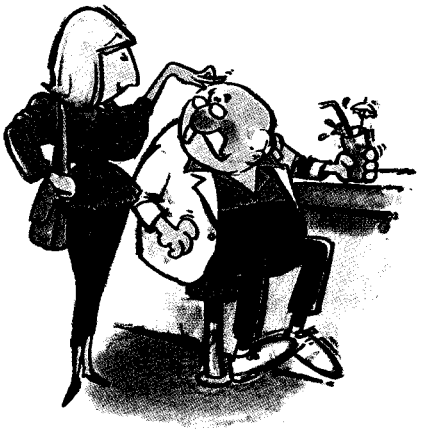
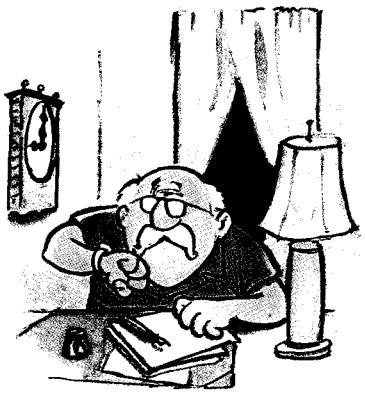
You know you're getting older when...

Illustrated by Jerry Pressler



You're still chasing women but can't remember why.

You regret all those mistakes resisting temptation.



You burn the midnight oil at 9 p.m.

Your favorite part of your newspaper is 25 years ago today.

You sit in a rocking chair and can't get it going.

You know all the answers, but nobody asks you the questions.

The best part of the day is over when the alarm goes off.

Everything hurts, and what doesn't hurt doesn't work.

The gleam in your eyes is from the sun hitting your bifocals.

A dripping faucet causes an uncontrollable bladder urge.

Your knees buckle, but your belt won't.

The little gray-haired lady you help across the street is your wife.

You look forward to a dull evening.

You sink your teeth in a steak, and they stay there.

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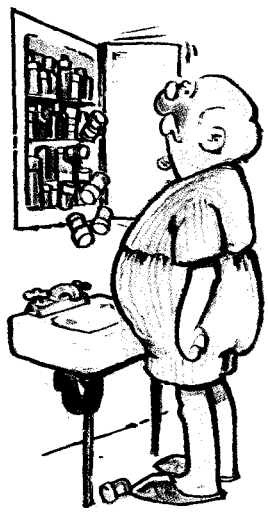

You have too much room in the house and not enough in the medicine cabinet.

You get your exercise acting as pallbearer for your friends who exercise.

Your pacemaker makes the garage door go up when you watch a pretty girl go by.

You get winded playing chess.

Dialing a long-distance call wears you out.

You walk with your head held high trying to get used to your bifocals.

Your little black book contains only names ending in M.D.

You feel like the night before, and you haven't been anywhere.

Your mind makes contracts your body can't meet.

Your children begin to look middle-aged.

You begin to outlive enthusiasm.

You just can't stand people who are intolerant.

You decide to procrastinate but then never get around to it.

After painting the town red, you have to take a long rest before applying the second coat.

You finally reach the top of the ladder and find it leaning against the wrong wall.

You stop looking forward to your next birthday.

You're 17 around the neck, 42 around the waist and 96 around the golf course.

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THE APRIL WITCH

She wanted to be a woman in love, wear a long, rustly gown, dance all night—even though she'd be looking at the world through the eyes of a cricket before dawn.

by Ray Bradbury

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

Into the air, over the valleys, under the stars, above a river, a pond, a road, flew Cecy. Invisible as new spring winds, fresh as the breath of clover rising from twilight fields, she flew. She soared in doves as soft as white ermine, stopped in trees and lived in blossoms, showering away in petals when the breeze blew. She perched in a lime-green frog, cool as mint by a shining pool. She trotted in a brambly dog and barked to hear echoes from distant barns. She lived in new April grasses, in sweet, clear liquids rising from the earth.

It's spring, thought Cecy. *I'll be in every living thing in the world tonight.*

Now she inhabited neat crickets on the tar-pool roads, now prickled in dew on an iron gate. Hers was an adaptably quick mind flowing unseen upon Illinois winds on this one evening of her life when she was just 17.

I want to be in love, she said.

She had said it at supper. And her parents had widened their eyes and stiffened back in their chairs.

"Patience" had been their advice. "Remember, you're remarkable. Our whole family is odd and remarkable. We can't mix or marry with ordinary folk. We'd lose our magical powers if we did. You wouldn't want to lose your ability to travel by magic, would you? Then be careful. Be careful!"

But in her high bedroom, Cecy had touched perfume to her throat and stretched out, trembling and apprehensive, on her four-poster, as a moon the color of milk rose over Illinois country, turning rivers to cream and roads to platinum.

Yes, she sighed, *I'm one of an odd family. We sleep days and fly nights like black kites on the wind. If we want, we can sleep in moles through the winter, in the warm earth. I can live in anything at all—a pebble, a crocus or a praying mantis. I can leave my plain, bony body behind and send my mind far out for adventure.*

Now.

The wind whipped her away over fields and meadows. She saw the warm spring lights of cottages and farms glowing with twilight colors.

If I can't be in love myself, because I'm plain and odd, then I'll be in love through someone else, she told herself.

Outside a farmhouse in the spring night, a dark-haired girl, no more than 19, drew up water from a deep stone well. She was singing.

Cecy fell—a green leaf—into the well. She lay in the tender moss of the well and gazed up through dark coolness. Now she quickened in a fluttering, invisible amoeba. Now, in a water droplet! At last, within a cold cup, she felt herself lifted to the girl's warm lips. There was a soft night sound of drinking.

Cecy looked out from the girl's eyes. She entered into the dark head and gazed from the shining eyes at the hands pulling the rough rope. She listened through the shell ears to this girl's world. She smelled a particular universe through these delicate nostrils, felt this special heart beating, beating. Felt this strange tongue move with singing.

Does she know I'm here? thought Cecy.

The girl gasped. She stared into the night meadows. "Who's there?"

No answer.

Only the wind, whispered Cecy.

"Only the wind." The girl laughed at herself but shivered.

It was a good body, this girl's body. It held bones of finest slender ivory, hidden and roundly fleshed. This brain was like a pink tea rose hung in darkness, and there was cider wine in this mouth. The lips lay firm on the white, white teeth, and the brows arched neatly at the world, and the hair blew soft and fine on her milky neck. The pores knitted small and close. The nose tilted at the moon and the cheeks glowed with small fires. The body drifted with feather balances from one motion to another and seemed always singing to itself. Being in this body, this head, was like basking in a hearth fire, living in the purr of a sleeping cat, stirring in warm creek waters that flowed by night to the sea.

I'll like it here, thought Cecy.

"What?" asked the girl, as if she'd heard a voice.

What's your name? asked Cecy carefully.

"Ann Leary." The girl twitched. "Now why should I say that out loud?"

Ann, Ann, whispered Cecy. *Ann, you're going to be in love.*

As if to answer this, a great roar sprang from the road, a clatter and a ring of wheels on gravel. A tall man drove up in a rig and held the reins high with his monstrous arms, his smile glowing across the yard.

"Ann!"

"Is that you, Tom?"

"Who else?" Leaping from the rig, he tied the reins to the fence.

"I'm not speaking to you!" Ann whirled, the bucket in her hands slopping.

No, cried Cecy.

Ann froze. She looked at the hills and the first spring stars. She stared at the man named Tom. Cecy made her drop the bucket.

"Look what you've done!" Tom ran up.

"Look what you made me do!"

He wiped her shoes with a kerchief, laughing.

"Get away!" She kicked at his hands, but he laughed again, and gazing down on him from miles away, Cecy saw the turn of his head, the size of his skull, the flare of his nose, the shine of his eye, the girth of his shoulder and the hard strength of his hands doing this delicate thing with the handkerchief. Peering down from the secret attic of this lovely head, Cecy yanked a hidden copper ventriloquist's wire, and the pretty mouth popped wide: "Thank you!"

"Oh, so you have manners?" The smell of leather on his hands, the smell of the horse rose from his

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clothes into the tender nostrils, and Cecy, far, far away over night meadows and flowered fields, stirred as with some dream in her bed.

"Not for you, no," said Ann.

Hush, speak gently, said Cecy. She moved Ann's fingers out toward Tom's head.

Ann snatched them back. "I've gone mad!"

"You have." He nodded, smiling, but bewildered. "Were you going to touch me then?"

"I don't know. Oh, go away!" Her cheeks glowed with pink charcoals.

"Why don't you run? I'm not stopping you." Tom got up.

"Have you changed your mind? Will you go to the dance with me tonight? It's special. Tell you why, later."

"No," said Ann.

Yes, cried Cecy. *I've never danced. I want to dance. I've never worn a long gown, all rustly. I want that. I want to dance all night. I've never known what it's like to be in a woman, dancing; father and mother would never permit it. Dogs, cats, locusts, leaves, everything else in the world at one time or another I've known, but never a woman in the spring, never on a night like this. Oh, please, we must go to that dance.*

She spread her thought like the fingers of a hand within a new glove.

"Yes," said Ann Leary, "I'll go. I don't know why, but I'll go to the dance with you tonight, Tom."

Now inside, quick, cried Cecy. *You must wash, tell your folks, get your gown ready, out with the iron, into your room.*

"Mother," said Ann, "I've changed my mind!"

The rig was galloping off down the pike, the rooms of the farmhouse jumped to life, water was boiling for a bath, the coal stove was heating an iron to press the gown, the mother was rushing about with a fringe of hairpins in her mouth.

"What's come over you, Ann? You don't like Tom!"

"That's true." Ann stopped amid the great fever.

But it's spring, thought Cecy.

"It's spring," said Ann.

And it's a fine night for dancing, thought Cecy.

". . .for dancing," murmured Ann Leary.

Then she was in the tub and the soap creaming on her white-seal shoulders, small nests of soap beneath her arms, and Cecy moving the mouth, making the smile, keeping the actions going. There must be no pause, no hesitation, or the entire pantomime might fall in ruins. Ann Leary must be kept moving, doing, acting, wash here, soap there, now out. Rub with a towel. Now perfume and powder.

"You!" Ann caught herself in the mirror, all whiteness and pinkness, like lilies and carnations. "Who are you tonight?"

I'm a girl 17. Cecy gazed from her violet eyes. *You can't see me. Do you know I'm here?*

Ann Leary shook her head. "I've rented my body to an April witch, for sure."

Close, very close, laughed Cecy. *Now, on with your dressing.*

The luxury of feeling good clothes move over an ample body. And then the halloo outside.

"Ann, Tom's back!"

"Tell him to wait." Ann sat down suddenly. "Tell him I'm not going to that dance."

"What?" said her mother in the door.

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Cecy snapped back into attention. It had been a fatal relaxing, a fatal moment of leaving Ann's body for only an instant. She had heard the distant sound of a horse's hoofs and the rig rambling through moonlit spring country. For a second she thought, *I'll go find Tom and sit in his head and see what it's like to be in a man of 22 on a night like this.* And so she had started, quickly, across a heather field, but now, like a bird to a cage, flew back and rustled and beat about in Ann Leary's head.

Ann.

"Tell him to go away!"

Ann, Cecy settled down and spread her thoughts. But Ann had the bit in her mouth now. "No, no, I hate him!"

I shouldn't have left, even for a moment. Cecy poured her mind into the hands of the young girl, into the heart, into the head, softly, softly. *Stand up,* she thought.

Ann stood.

Put on your coat.

Ann put on her coat.

Now, march.

No, thought Ann Leary.

March.

"Ann," said her mother, "don't keep Tom waiting another minute. You get on out there now and no nonsense. What's come over you?"

"Nothing, mother. Good night. We'll be home late."

Ann and Cecy ran together into the spring evening.

A room full of softly dancing pigeons ruffling their quiet, trailing feathers, a room full of peacocks, a room full of rainbow eyes and lights. And in the center of it, around, around, around, danced Ann Leary.

Oh, it is a fine evening, said Cecy.

"Oh, it's a fine evening," said Ann.

"You're odd," said Tom.

The music whirled them in dimness, in rivers of song, they floated, they bobbed, they sank down, they arose for air, they gasped, they clutched each other like drowning people and whirled on again, in fan motions, in whispers and sighs, to "Beautiful Ohio."

Cecy hummed. Ann's lips parted and the music came out.

"Yes, I'm odd," said Cecy through Ann.

"You're not the same," said Tom.

"No, not tonight."

"You're not the Ann Leary I knew."

No, not at all, at all, whispered Cecy, miles and miles away. "No, not at all," said the moved lips.

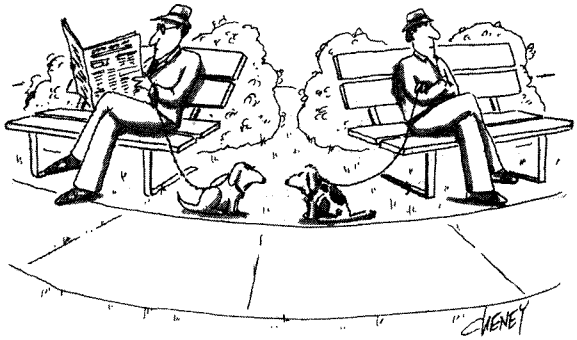
"I've the funniest feeling," said Tom.

"About what?"

"About you." He held her back and danced her and looked into her glowing face, watching for something. "Your eyes," he said. "I can't figure it."

Do you see me? asked Cecy.

"Part of you's here, Ann, and part of you's not." Tom turned her carefully, his face uneasy.



"Is that so? Well, the guy on the other end of this leash happens to be J. Winthrop Kettleson III, and a butler fetches his slippers!"

"Yes."

"Why did you come with me?"

"I didn't want to come," said Ann.

"Why, then?"

"Something made me."

"What?"

"I don't know." Ann's voice was faintly hysterical.

Now, now, hush, hush, whispered Cecy. *Hush, that's it. Around, around.*

They whispered and rustled and rose and fell away in the dark room, with the music moving and turning them.

"But you did come to the dance," said Tom.

I did, said Cecy.

"Here." And he danced her lightly out an open door and walked her quietly away from the hall and the music and the people.

They climbed up and sat together in the rig.

"Ann," he said, taking her hands, trembling. "Ann." But the way he said her name, it was as if it wasn't her name. He kept glancing into her pale face and now her eyes were open again. "I used to love you, you know that," he said.

"I know."

"But you've always been fickle, and I didn't want to be hurt."

"It's just as well; we're very young," said Ann.

No, I mean to say, I'm sorry, said Cecy.

"What do you mean?" Tom dropped her hands and stiffened.

The night was warm and the smell of the earth shimmered up all about them where they sat, and the fresh trees breathed one leaf against another in a shaking and rustling.

"I don't know," said Ann.

Oh, but I know, said Cecy. *You're tall and you're the finest-looking man in all the world. This is a good evening; this is an evening I'll always remember, being with you.* She put out the alien cold hand to find his reluctant hand again and bring it back, and warm it and hold it very tight.

"But," said Tom, blinking, "tonight you're here, you're there. One minute one way, the next minute another. I wanted to take you to the dance tonight for old times' sake. I meant nothing by it when I first asked you. And then, when we were standing at the well, I knew something had changed, really changed, about you. You were different. There was something new and soft, something——" He groped for a word. "I don't know, I can't say. The way you looked. Something about your voice. And I know I'm in love with you again."

No, said Cecy. *With me, with me.*

"And I'm afraid of being in love with you," he said. "You'll hurt me again."

"I might," said Ann.

No, no, I'd love you with all my heart, thought Cecy. *Ann, say it to him, say it for me. Say you'd love him with all your heart.*

Ann said nothing.

Tom moved quietly closer and put his hand up to hold her chin. "I'm

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going away. I've got a job a hundred miles from here. Will you miss me?"

"Yes," said Ann and Cecy.

"May I kiss you good-by, then?"

Yes, said Cecy, before anyone else could speak.

He placed his lips to the strange mouth. He kissed the strange mouth and he was trembling.

Ann drew back, then, and sat like a white statue.

Ann, said Cecy, *move your arms, hold him again.*

Ann sat like a carved wooden doll in the moonlight. Again he kissed her lips.

I do love you, whispered Cecy. *I'm here, it's me you saw in her eyes, it's me, and I love you if she never will.*

He moved away and seemed like a man who had run a long distance. He sat beside her. "I don't know what's happening. For a moment there——"

Yes? asked Cecy.

"For a moment I thought——" He put his hands to his eyes. "Never mind. Shall I take you home now?"

"Please," said Ann Leary.

He clucked to the horse, snapped the reins tiredly and drove the rig away.

They rode in the rustle and slap and motion of the moonlit rig in the still early, only 11 o'clock, spring night, with the shining meadows and sweet fields of clover gliding by.

And Cecy, looking at the fields and meadows, thought it would be worth it, it would be worth everything to be with him from this night on. And she heard her parents' voices again, faintly, "Be careful. You wouldn't want to lose your magical powers, would you—married to a mere mortal? Be careful. You wouldn't want that."

Yes, yes, thought Cecy, even that I'd give up, here and now, if he would have me. I wouldn't need to roam the spring nights then; I wouldn't need to live in birds and dogs and cats and foxes; I'd need only to be with him. Only him. Only him.

The road passed under, whispering.

"Tom," said Ann, at last.

"What?" He stared coldly at the road, the horse, the trees, the sky, the stars.

"If you're ever, in years to come, at any time, in Green Town, Illinois, a few miles from here, will you do me a favor?"

"Perhaps."

"Will you do me the favor of stopping and seeing a friend of mine?" Ann Leary said this haltingly, awkwardly.

"Why?"

"She's a good friend. I've told her of you. I'll give you her address. Just a moment." When the rig stopped at her farm, she drew a pencil and paper from her small purse and wrote in the moonlight, pressing the paper to her knee. "There, I'm finished. Can you read it?"

He glanced at the paper and nodded, bewilderedly.

"But enough about me—let's talk about football."

"Cecy Elliott, 11 South Saint James Street, Green Town, Illinois," he said.

"Will you visit her someday?" asked Ann.

"Someday," he said.

"Promise?"

"What has this to do with us?" he cried savagely. "What do I want with names and papers?" He crumpled the paper into a tight ball and shoved it in his coat.

Oh, please, promise, begged Cecy.

". . . *promise,*" said Ann.

"All right, all right! Now let me be!" he shouted.

I'm tired, thought Cecy. *I can't stay; I have to go home. I'm weakening. I've only the power to stay out a few hours like this, in the night, traveling, traveling. But before I go——*

". . . before I go," said Ann.

She kissed Tom on the lips.

This is me kissing you, said Cecy.

Tom held her off and looked at Ann Leary and looked deep, deep inside. He said nothing, but his face began to relax slowly, very slowly, and the lines vanished, and his mouth softened from its hardness, and he looked deep again into the moonlit face held here before him.

Then he put her off the rig and without so much as "good night" was driving swiftly down the road.

Cecy let go. Ann Leary, crying out, released from prison, it seemed, raced up the moonlit path to her house and slammed the door.

Cecy lingered for only a little while. In the eyes of a cricket she saw the spring-night world. In the eyes of a frog she sat for a lonely moment by a pool. In the eyes of a night bird she looked down from a tall, moon-haunted elm and saw the lights go out in two farmhouses, one here, one a mile away. She thought of herself and her family, and her strange power, and the fact that no one in the family had ever married any one of the people in this great, wide world out here beyond the hills.

Tom? Her weakening mind flew in a night bird under the trees and over deep fields of wild mustard. *Have you still got the paper, Tom? Will you come by someday, some year, sometime, to see me? Will you know me then? Will you look in my face and remember then where it was you saw me last, and know that you love me as I love you, with all my heart for all time?*

She paused in the cool night air, a million miles from towns and people, above farms and continents and rivers and hills. *Tom?*

Tom was asleep. It was deep night; his clothes were hung on chairs or folded neatly over the end of the bed. And in one silent, carefully up-flung hand upon the white pillow by his head was a small piece of paper with writing on it. Slowly, slowly, a fraction of an inch at a time, his fingers closed down upon the note and held it tightly. And he did not even stir or notice when a blackbird, faintly, wondrously, beat softly for a moment against the clear moon crystals of the windowpane, then, fluttering quietly, stopped and flew away toward the east over the sleeping earth.

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HALLEY'S COMET IS COMING

Scientists and T-shirt makers are getting ready for the arrival late this year of Earth's most famous visitor from outer space.

by Michael Kernan

Halley's Comet is back, and once again the human race is starting to skitter around like a drop of water on a hot griddle.

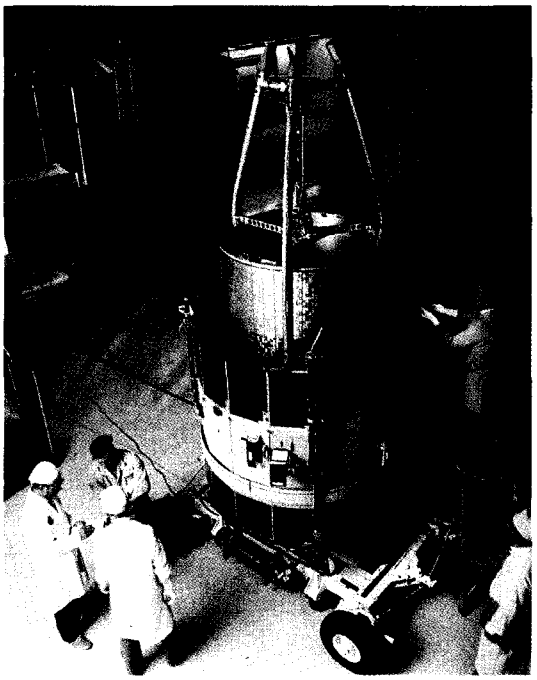
Entrepreneurs are popping out of the ground and spieling as they come. Already 16 different Halley's T-shirts are being sold. An adman named Owen Ryan has founded a General Comet Industries. At least a dozen new comet books will come out this year and next, not to mention comet cocktails, comet stamps, comet medals, hats, posters, gag pills, stock certificates and bumper stickers ("Halley's Comet Watchers Do It Every 75 Years").

Waiting in a New Jersey warehouse are stocks of "Halleyscopes," relatively simple refractors retailing for about $200 and "especially designed for first-time telescope users." Cruise lines are booking passages for trips to South America, Australia and other points in the Southern Hemisphere, where the comet will be brightest. Somebody is campaigning to get American cities to turn out their lights after midnight so people can see the thing better.

And Halley's is still on the far side of Jupiter, almost a billion miles away, a dirty, 6-billion-ton snowball three miles wide, idling along at 20,000 miles an hour.

The 200-inch Palomar Observatory telescope claims the first sighting during the current visit—October 15, 1982—of what was then a speck of light in Canis Minor. But by late November 1985, shortly after it begins its eight-month rush around the sun at 140,000 mph, it should be visible to anyone who looks hard enough in the right place at the right time.

By then the front end, the coma, blossoming brightly in the sun as it sublimates from solid to gas, will be 100,000 miles in diameter. It will be followed by a tail 50 million miles long and a history that goes back 3,000 years.



ICE, a comet-spotting satellite built by the European Space Agency, will rendezvous with the comet Giacobini-Zinner in September, then swing around for a long-distance appraisal of Halley's next March.

Who Saw It First?

The conventional best bet for the first sighting of Halley's (pronounced as in "alleys") seems to be a Chinese report of 240 B.C., making this visit the 29th recorded appearance—though many stargazers are happier with a Han dynasty record, "a comet appears in the east," in the fall of 87 B.C.

In any case, the comet has had plenty of publicity over the years. It is woven into the Bayeux tapestry because it appeared in 1066, the year of the Norman Conquest. It shines above a Giotto Nativity fresco disguised as the Star of Bethlehem and painted after Giotto saw it in 1301. (Was it indeed the Star of Bethlehem? Probably not, because its nearest relevant appearance was in 12 B.C., just outside the period in which Jesus' birth has been bracketed.)

The visit of 1456, surely seen by a couple of European kids named Christopher Columbus and Leonardo da Vinci, was described by Leonardo's tutor: "Its head was round and as large as the eye of an ox, and from it issued a tail fan-shaped like that of a peacock. Its tail was prodigious, for it trailed through a third of the firmament."

It worried people. The very word "disaster" means "evil star," as Nigel Calder points out in his most entertaining and useful book, *The Comet Is Coming!* Time and again, the experts predicted famines, wars and plagues. Queen Elizabeth's people tried to keep her from even looking at the comet of 1577, but she marched straight to the window and fixed it with her cold gray eye. Nothing happened, either to her or to the comet.

In the Dark Ages comets were thought to be the work of the devil, and some insisted they could actually smell a sulfurous odor in the night skies ("Halleytosis," says Calder). The 1664 comet inspired this dreadful prediction from one Englishman: "These Blazeing Starrs! Threaten the World with Famine, Plague & Warrs, to Princes, Death; to Kingdoms, many Crofses; to all Eftates, inevitable Loffes! to Herdsmen, Rot; to Plowmen, haples Seafons, To Saylors, Storms; to Cittyes, Civill Treafons." The following year, bubonic plague struck down a fifth of London's population.

Old-time fears seem quaint to us. But in 1910, when it was learned the Earth would pass through Halley's tail, many people were panicked by the announcement that comet tails could contain poisonous cyanogen gas. Some citizens went around in surgical masks. Some took comet

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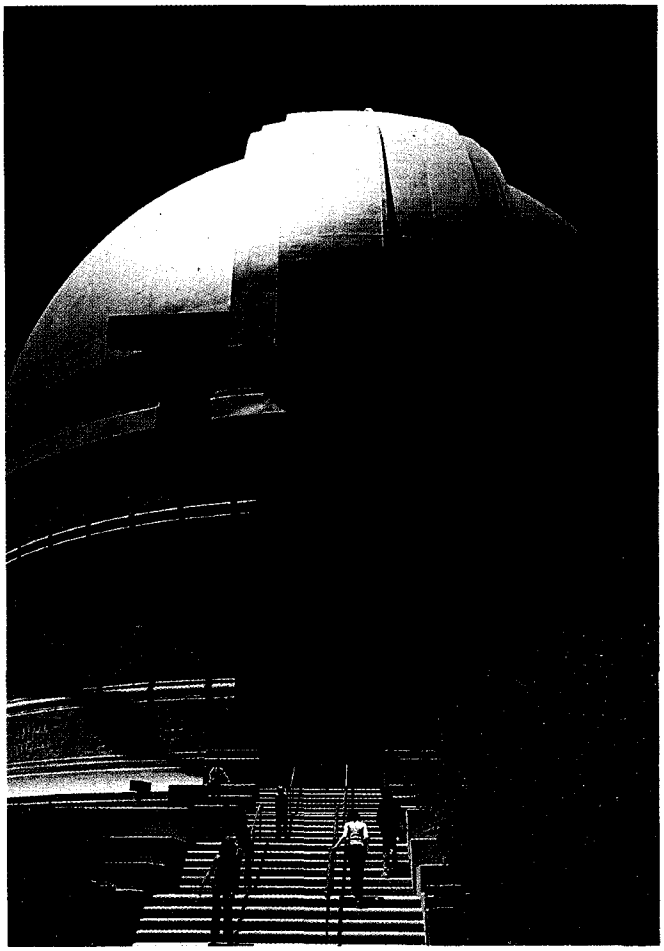
pills that serendipitously appeared on the market.

Edmond Halley got excited about comets in 1682, when a spectacular one blazed over Britain. He had already devoted some thought to the subject and concluded that they may well have caused Noah's Flood. The comet of that year became Isaac Newton's experimental proof of his theory of gravity, and the notion that a comet might be riding an extremely elongated, gravity-controlled orbit rather than a straight line made Halley famous.

Because they seem to fly in a straight line, comets had puzzled observers for centuries. Besides, Aristotle had encouraged generations to assume that comets were very close, like rainbows.

Halley was the first to work out the comet's correct path on a 76-year orbit and identify it as the same one that had passed through in 1531 and 1607. To dramatize his achievement, he told the world it would return in early 1759.

It did. Unfortunately for Halley, he was by then 16 years in his grave.



Astronomers at Palomar Mountain Observatory welcomed Halley's Comet back into our sphere of view in October 1982. By December this year, it will be visible to the naked eye—at least to those with 20-20 vision.

How to See Halley's Comet

Scientists, perhaps burned a little by the Kohoutek fiasco of 1973-74, have been warning that Halley's won't be as flamboyant this time as in 1910—it will go behind the sun rather than in front of it.

But now comes word that the core is vaporizing into a coma much sooner than expected, making it up to 100 times brighter than it was supposed to be at this point. It will shine its brightest in February 1986, when it closes on the sun. By March and April, the best viewing period, the tail should be 25 degrees, or 50 moon diameters long.

From the eastern seaboard one should look low to the southeast in the predawn sky, and to the sunset area in the late evening. "The lightness can vary," says David De Vorkin of the Smithsonian—where, as you might expect, a planetarium show called "Comet Quest" has opened at the Air and Space Museum—"because, for instance, there could be an explosion in the nucleus. I think November '85 is a good guess for the earliest naked-eye sightings."

Earthlings will be studying every move Halley's makes, of course. The Japanese will send up two spacecrafts to measure its hydrogen halo, the European Space Agency's craft *Giotto* will meet the comet March 13, 1986, and the Soviet Union plans two space shots that will be aided by American antennas, in their at-

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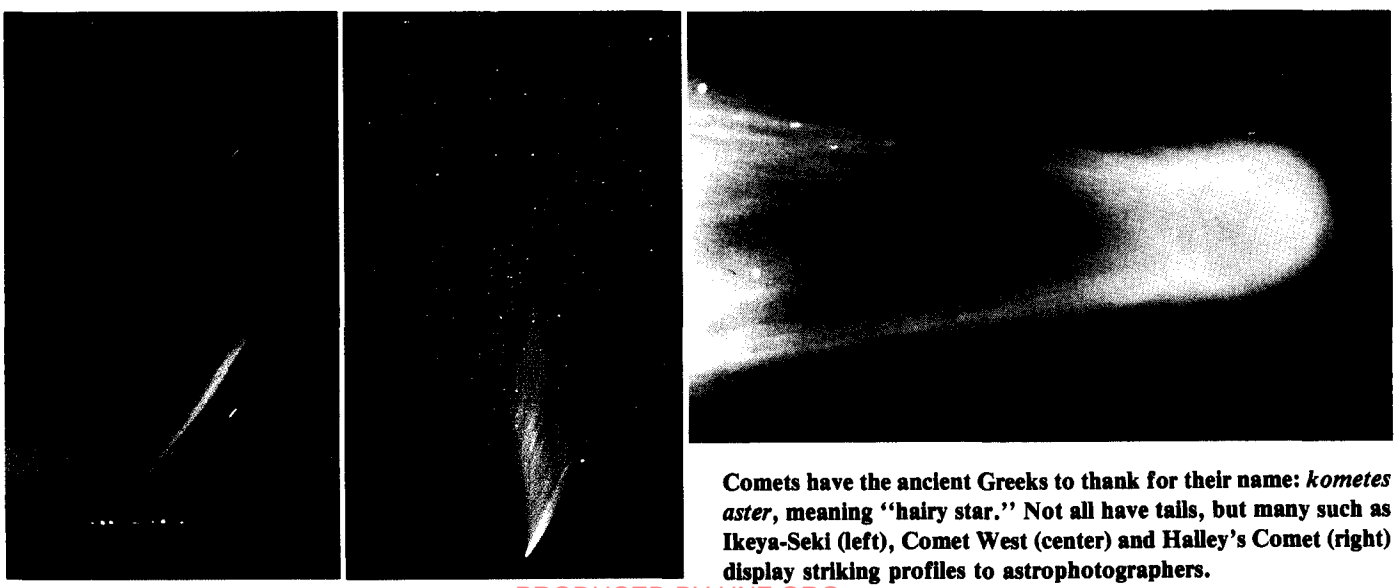

Comets have the ancient Greeks to thank for their name: *kometes aster*, meaning "hairy star." Not all have tails, but many such as Ikeya-Seki (left), Comet West (center) and Halley's Comet (right) display striking profiles to astrophotographers.

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RELIGION

BEHIND BARBED WIRE: THE MOST UNUSUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL IN AMERICA

Many churches have written off the inner city as hopeless, but in a bleak New York ghetto, two young men with a dream are making a difference.

by Peter Johnson

Every weekend in the Bushwick section of Brooklyn something curious happens. Two large gates swing open and 20 yellow school buses slowly pull out of a compound guarded by razor-ribbon concertina barbed wire. The buses are out to pick up precious cargo—3,600 black and Hispanic children—to the most unusual Sunday school in America.

This very unconventional Sunday school is run by Bill Wilson and Chris Jones, the pastors of Metro Assembly of God church, located about five miles east of midtown Manhattan in Brooklyn. Each day Wilson and Jones put their lives on the line to help ghetto kids find hope. Jones says, "We came to reach kids before the needle hits their arms and the bottle hits their lips." Instead of a fine cathedral with stained-glass windows, their church is a renovated former beer brewery fortified with steel doors and heavy-duty locks.

Ghetto children eagerly pouring from one of the 20 Sunday-school buses is a familiar sight in Brooklyn. Nearly 4,000 kids are now attracted to this inner-city ministry.

Bushwick and nearby neighborhoods—Brownsville, Bedford-Stuyvesant and South Brooklyn—are typical New York ghettos, noted for poverty and high crime rates. Bushwick spans a little more than two square miles. About 93,000 people call Bushwick home. The population is 56 percent Hispanic, 24 percent black and the rest mixed. The area is a collection of brownstones and tenement houses, vacant lots, boarded-up stores and burned-out buildings. Children play on streets and lots littered with garbage and broken wine bottles. Teen-agers wearing designer jeans and $40 sneakers hang out on corners, drink beer and listen to loud music on giant portable radios. Stray dogs with protruding ribs forage for scraps in garbage cans. Unemployment is high, and many families need welfare to survive.

The neighborhood has a moderate-to-high crime rate, but certainly not the highest in New York City. There were 41 homicides in 1983. Robberies average 100 to 110 monthly. Violence is mostly family related. The dropout rate for high-school freshmen is 83 percent. Welfare cheating is rampant, and children can buy beer and cigarettes with food stamps. It's not unusual for children to begin smoking marijuana or drinking at 11 or 12. Hard drugs come later.

Bill Wilson came to Brooklyn from Davenport, Iowa, where he was youth director of a very large Assembly of God church. A product of a broken home, he developed a compassion for problem children. Both his parents were alcoholics.

Wilson became curious about New York City's crushing social problems. Could something be done to turn the tide of rampant drug addiction, teenage alcoholism, child abuse and senseless violence? For a while he flew into New York once a month to look around. He rode subway trains and walked the streets of tough neighborhoods. He saw youngsters in deep trouble, their needs not met by re-

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ligious organizations or government programs. Many churches had written off the inner city as a hopeless cause.

In 1979 Wilson took advantage of an opportunity to rent space, in a Spanish church in Brooklyn, for a special Sunday school aimed at ghetto children. Right from the start there was trouble. Staff workers were attacked and turnover was high. Finances were low and Wilson suffered his second heart attack at 31. A worker in her 20s was savagely raped by three men on a rooftop. (Wilson recalls her asking, "I was doing God's work. Why did I get raped?") Other staffers were mugged, and the program was forced to move four times before finally being burned out. Everything ground to a halt for 15 months.

Burned-out buses blend with an atmosphere in which children play in vacant lots with broken wine bottles, and a baby discarded like an old newspaper is found in a trash bag.

Metro started up again in August 1982 with ten buses. This time Wilson was joined by an assistant pastor, Chris Jones. Churches and concerned people from Texas, California, Washington, Oregon and Florida caught the vision and donated buses and money to buy the former beer brewery at 403 Evergreen Avenue.

No one knew what to expect for the reopening. Workers and volunteers took to the streets and passed out 30,000 fliers announcing the program. A boy wearing no shoes or shirt asked Jones what he was doing. When Jones told him, the boy asked, "What's a Sunday school? Who is Jesus?" Jones knew they must stay this time—no matter what the opposition.

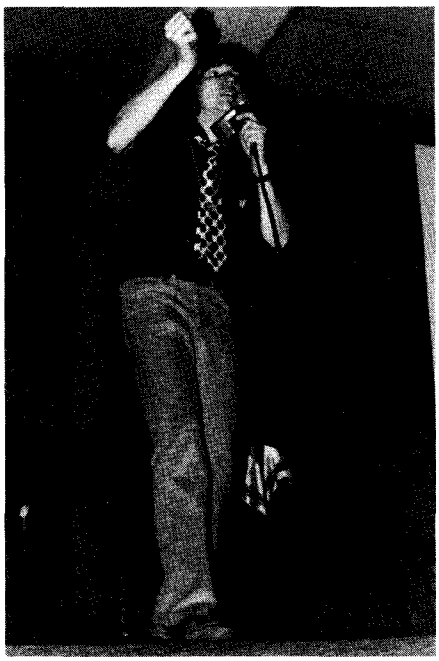
The first weekend 2,425 children were bused in. Everyone was shocked. (Metro's growth has now zoomed to almost 4,000 children.)

Chris Jones' compassion for children mirrors Bill Wilson's. He had a mixed-up family life too. His father was an alcoholic, and his parents divorced when he was six.

Jones grew up in Los Angeles. He was invited to a Methodist Sunday-school bus program when he was 11. While there he became a born-again Christian. After graduating from Oregon State University, Jones entered the ministry. He crossed paths with Bill Wilson at several conferences, where he caught Wilson's dream of an inner-city children's program in Brooklyn.

The men complement each other. Wilson, 35, is string-bean tall with long hair reminiscent of the '60s. He

Chris Jones, a "fire and brimstone" preacher, put his life on the line to establish the Metro Assembly of God church, a renovated former beer brewery fortified with steel doors.



Bill Wilson, "a visionary in blue jeans and jogging shoes," had the dream of offering ghetto children an alternative to drugs, crime and inner-city despair.

appears quiet but has a street-smart determination to tough out impossible circumstances. He's a visionary in blue jeans and jogging shoes. The kids love him.

Jones is 29, a "fire and brimstone" preacher. Glasses and a boyish face mask a readiness to battle Goliath himself.

These men and Metro's seven other full-time staffers want no sympathy for putting their families through the hardships of living in the inner city at barely subsistence wages. They have a deep love of God and their mission to help needy children. Wilson says: "This is the life for me."

The program looks easy, but it's hard work. Every week more than 70 teen-agers and the staff make more than 5,000 visits. Twenty buses pick up kids on different routes for three 75-minute services on Saturdays and two on Sundays. The children range in age from 5 to 12. In addition to a driver, each bus has a captain who greets the children as they enter and checks attendance. Every child gets a piece of candy. Buses slowly pass along their routes and honk horns at designated pickup spots, crowded with eager children. The farthest route

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HER CAT, MY DOG

HER stray cat can cuff the Christmas-tree balls to smithereens, and it's the cutest thing. But if the dog HE has raised from a pup so much as gnaws on the kindling, dog gone.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Don Trawin

Going out on the patio the other morning I got slapped across the forehead by a slab of suet hanging from one of the 2x6s that support the fiberglass canopy. I didn't hesitate to go back inside to inquire of my bride of 40 odd (and I choose the word carefully) years, "How come?"

"It's for the birds," she said.

"I agree," I replied, looking for a spatula to scrape the tallow off my noble brow.

"The cat likes to lie in the sun by the patio door and watch them," she explained. "The poor thing gets bored . . . ."

The cat! Of course! And here we had been doing so well. It had taken more than a few of those odd years of being locked in holy matrimony, or martyred in holy wedlock, whichever—but Lois and I had by now become reconciled to the other's shortcomings. She accepts that, beyond replacing a burned-out light bulb and installing a new roll of tissue in the bathroom, I am to the house what a bottle of prune juice is to the American tourist in Mexico. I, on the other hand, expect natives of the African jungle to drop by just to dip their arrows in her chili. Every Valentine's Day I fight the temptation to present her with a pair of safety shoes to wear in the kitchen when she's baking biscuits. Thus we arrived at the cat-dog controversy pretty well even.

Now I'm willing to concede that Brutus is a tad large. Not exactly a horse of a different color, as Lois contends, but we do occasionally get him confused with her miniature ponies. Except at mealtime—Brutus doesn't care for hay or oats. As she doesn't mind reminding me, that's all "that dog of mine" ever turns down.

The bone of contention lies right there. When visitors compliment us on having such a good watchdog (or as our minister put it, a dog big enough to plant its feet on his shoulders) Brutus immediately becomes "our" dog. But let him chew up a throw rug or throw up on the braided rug, and he is all mine. Consequently, Brutus is more my dog than our dog.

Now enter "her" cat.

This is not a cat we have raised in sickness and in health from kittenhood or promised to cherish until her nine lives have been exhausted. This is a stray that one morning greeted Lois as she opened the shed door to wheel out the self-propelled mower and show me how to start the thing.

Instead of jumping at the cat and yelling "Scat! Go back where you came from!" her motherhood genes instinctively came out of hibernation, and she brought the little beast into the house. There, she gave it the chicken thigh from my lunch. The battle line was drawn.

"She even said good morning to me," Lois lied. "Listen to her purr!"

"Brutus can rattle his ears," I said, for lack of something better. Brutus, I should have reminded her, is no stray; Brutus is family, selected carefully from a litter of two before he was even old enough to say good morning. Or I could have said he's smart enough to communicate without having to talk: When we step on his tail he lets us know right off that he doesn't care for it. And when his water dish is empty, he expresses himself very clearly by drinking out of the toilet. To go out, all he has to do is scratch on the door, just once, and he's out—about ten feet out, in fact, if Lois gets there before I do.

Her cat isn't required to go out, of course. Oh, she may, if the weather is right. This she checks by turning our front door into a scratching post as she climbs up to look out the window. She could easily jump up on one of the window sills, but she has raked them so thoroughly she can't sit down without risking a splinter in her dear little derrière.

Lois complains that my dog smells. Sure he smells—just like a dog. I surely wouldn't want him to smell like a camel, I tell her. And your cat's litter box is not exactly Chanel No. 5, I'm going to tell her—when my health is better.

I'll concede that *my* dog does chew up *my* kindling with which *I* start the morning fire in the Franklin stove.

It's good for his teeth. To hear "cat lover" complain, you'd think he was chomping on a dinosaur skeleton from the Smithsonian. And such a mess! All the time her cat is prowling the living room and smashing Christmas-tree balls that were not packed away because watching her belt them to smithereens is "the cutest thing."

The cutest thing of all, of course, is when she has cuffed one into the bedroom and, in leaping out of bed at night, I come down on it with a bare foot. The reason I have leaped out of bed is to grab my dog's hind leg before it hits the floor again and awakens Lois. My dog, you see, has fleas.

My dog has fleas because Lois bought flea powder for her cat, and her cat's fleas migrated to my dog. "Why didn't you get a can of *dog* flea powder for Brutus while you were at

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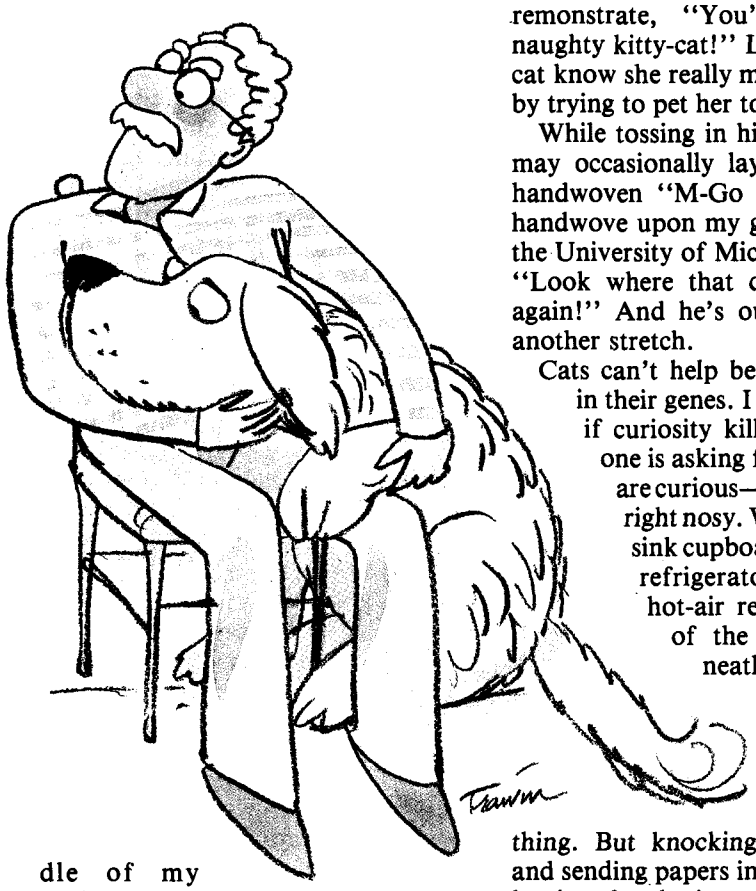
it?" was my reasonable question. "You know I never think of things like that."

"Fleas give him something to do," she said. "Only he doesn't have to do it at night."

"In other words, what this country needs is fleas that will sleep at night like the rest of us."

Although I wouldn't want Lois to know it, I don't mind a cat, in its place. But its place is not in the mid-



dle of my back at 4 a.m. I can't turn over, and if I so much as move my feet or wiggle my ears from 4 until 6, they are immediately impaled on what has to be the longest, sharpest set of claws in all catdom. The night I risked cervical acupuncture by rising up and suggesting we take her cat to a sawmill and have her talons pruned, you'd have thought I was a direct descendant of the Marquis de Sade. "The poor thing couldn't climb trees," Lois mumbled . . . "or catch mice . . . or dig holes . . . ." Or improve the value of our china closet and cedar chest by giving them the appearance of genuine Early American orange crating, I wanted to add. But she was already back to sleep.

Brutus has leaped onto my back at 4 a.m. but once, when lightning hit the locust tree outside our window. He wouldn't have found me in my bed if I'd been able to squeeze under it.

That's another thing. Her cat could sleep on the kitchen table—it would be just another of her "cute" cat tricks. She does sleep on the quilt Lois is crocheting—or whatever it is women do with quilts—for which Lois continually threatens the cat with loss of life, for starters. Furthermore, she doesn't hesitate to grab her up and remonstrate, "You're a naughty, naughty kitty-cat!" Later she lets the cat know she really means it this time by trying to pet her to death.

While tossing in his sleep, my dog may occasionally lay a paw on the handwoven "M-Go Blue" rug Lois handwove upon my graduation from the University of Michigan. Then it's "Look where that dog of yours is again!" And he's out the door for another stretch.

Cats can't help being curious; it's in their genes. I realize that. But if curiosity killed the cat, this one is asking for it. Other cats are curious—this cat is downright nosy. What's inside the sink cupboards? Behind the refrigerator? Down the hot-air registers? On top of the television? Beneath the papers on my desk? If she were on the prowl for mice, that would be one thing. But knocking down pictures and sending papers into the wastebasket just for the joy of seeing pictures tumbling and papers cascading is another thing.

My proposal that we name the thing "Curiosity" so we could call her "Curio" for short lost by a landslide vote of 1 to 1. "Calling Brutus 'Brute' would make more sense," Lois retorted. So, being all white, the cat was named—you guessed it—"Snowball." At least for originality it beats "White Cat," but not by much.

Brutus pays for his keep by being curious, especially when it comes to sounds—like the night our neighbor, Gail Abrell, fell over the trash container on our patio while he tried to reach our back door with a watermelon and a dozen eggs. Brutus' bark told us right off that something was going on back there. (Perhaps this isn't a fair example: Gail's wife said she heard the commotion from their front porch, and that was several hundred yards down the road.)

More positive proof of my dog's efficacy as a watchdog is the "Beware of Dog" sign we have posted at the foot of the drive, at our lawyer's suggestion. Lois argued that we'd run less chance of a lawsuit if we changed it to "Beware of Dog's Owner." Luckily this annual smart mood of hers only lasts a few minutes.

A dog can't survive on visitors' ankles alone, however. Nor can he bag a moose, as some people think, every time his stomach rumbles. The one time a little bunny came hopping through our back yard and made a wrong turn into his mouth, Lois confined Brutus to the clothesline and wouldn't speak to either of us for the rest of the day. It was wonderful.

Her cat, of course, is too hoity-toity to earn her keep by hunting—at least not for anything as plebeian as the common mouse. She *will* stoop to bringing in a bird on occasion, but only to place at the feet of her mistress, who revels in the stern reprimand, "That's a bad kitty-cat! Don't you ever do that again!" Then, certain that nothing but stark hunger could have driven her angelic cat to do such a thing, the mistress feeds her a can of cat tuna, about the size of a hockey puck, that cost us 39¢. On Brutus' birthday I gave him a can of 39¢ Alpo, twice the size of the cat's tuna, and the mistress was quick to remind me that children are starving in Ethiopia.

I won't elaborate on other differences. (I have to be fed too, you know.) But I will mention that when we go on vacation, my dog goes to the kennel—her cat gets a cat-sitter. Her cat has already had five shots; every time she turns around, you might say. The only shots my dog has had in his eight years with us came from the neighbor kids' BB gun. While I was away on a writing assignment she had my dog neutered. How come? Because she wouldn't wish his pups on anyone. Then how about a spay job on her cat?

"Kittens are so much fun," was the answer. "Can't you just see them . . . ?" Yes I can. And if they are anything like their mother, our house will be ready for the demolition

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WHERE UMPIRES LEARN TO CALL'EM

Major-league umpires are not born; they're made. A unique school in Ormond Beach, Florida, has trained most of them.

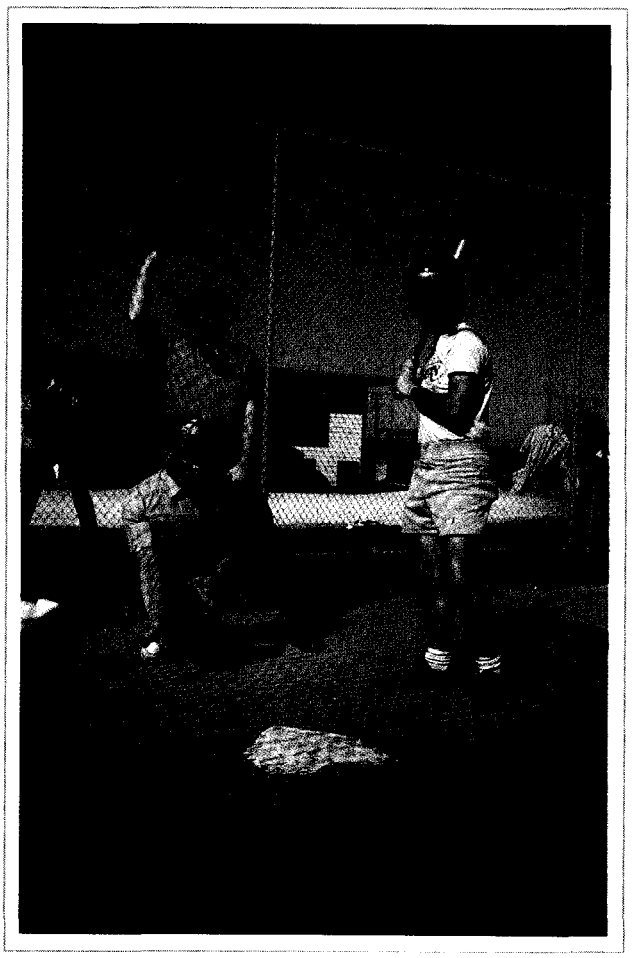
by John McCollister

"*Help Wanted:* Young athletes needed to fill a few positions open from April to September. Applicants must, within approximately two hours, make more than 300 instant decisions without error, maintain order among 50 professional athletes who often allow their emotions to dictate their actions and be judged by as many as 60,000 vocal onlookers who think they can do a better job than you. Beginning salary—$300 per week. Training period—six to seven years. Must be willing to travel."

Sound ridiculous? Not to nearly 200 students at Harry Wendelstedt's School for Umpires in Ormond Beach, Florida. Each student invests $800 for tuition and room rent, plus at least that much for meals, entertainment and other expenses, during a five-week, intensified umpiring course.

Why are these students willing to sacrifice so much of their time and their hard-earned money? Most hope to be among the 17 to 30 selected to enter a development program that prepares them for placement with Class A baseball in the minor leagues. For the next six to seven years, the selected graduate will travel from one small town to another in hopes of promotion to the big leagues—an honor enjoyed by only 60 men.

The headmaster at this unique academy is Harry Wendelstedt, who has more than once been named the No. 1 umpire in the National League. The 20-year veteran of the National League has assembled a staff of umpires from the major and the minor leagues. Throughout five weeks of lectures and daily on-the-field training, Wendelstedt, a 6'2", 245-pound former marine, runs his school with the discipline of a drill sergeant and the empathy of a psychologist. His methods often result in hero worship by the students and have garnered unqualified loyalty from his instructors. "When Harry speaks during the morning classroom-instruction period, the entire class sits at attention," says Brian Gorman, a staffer and the son of a former National League umpire, Tom Gorman. John Hirschbeck, an American League umpire and another instructor at the school, says Wendelstedt's influence reaches beyond the skills of umpiring. "He compels each of us to examine the quality of life we're molding for ourselves," he says. "Both instructor and student receive a good baptism in character building."



Students learn not to make a call until the play is completed. Notice that the catcher has already removed the ball from his glove before the umpire yells: "Strike!"

With evangelistic fervor, Wendelstedt continually stresses the three ingredients essential to any good umpire: "It's alertness, anticipation and attitude that make all the difference in the world. Watch the good umpire on the field. He's alert to everything that's happening; he anticipates the play in order to be in the proper place to make the right call; he's got a mature attitude in that he renders an on-the-spot decision without second-guessing himself."

The most important quality Wendelstedt looks for in a prospective umpire? "Above all," he says, "a student must be honest with himself. He has to make each call as he sees it, without any thoughts as to whether or not it will be a popular decision. If an umpire knows in his heart he made the right call, he has nothing to fear from the objections by the players, the fans or the manager."

The glaring weakness of the typical beginning student, Wendelstedt says, is making a call too quickly. "He's got to learn to relax," he says, "wait until the play is completed, then make the call." Even then, does the trained umpire still make errors in judgment? "Certainly," confesses Randy Marsh, the chief instructor at the Wendelstedt school and four-year National League umpire. "Any umpire is bound to make a few mistakes along the way. When that happens, he must make up his mind that he will profit from them."

Wendelstedt preaches accuracy

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rather than theatrics on the field. He agrees with the former American League president Ben Johnson, who once noted: "A good umpire is the umpire you don't notice. He'll be there all afternoon, but when the game is over, you don't recall his name."

No one is promoted or guaranteed a job by attending the school, yet some 70 percent of today's major-league umpires are alumni. The list includes Joe Brinkman, Frank Pulli, Jerry Crawford, Jim Quick, Dick Stello, Larrey Barnett and Marty Springstead.

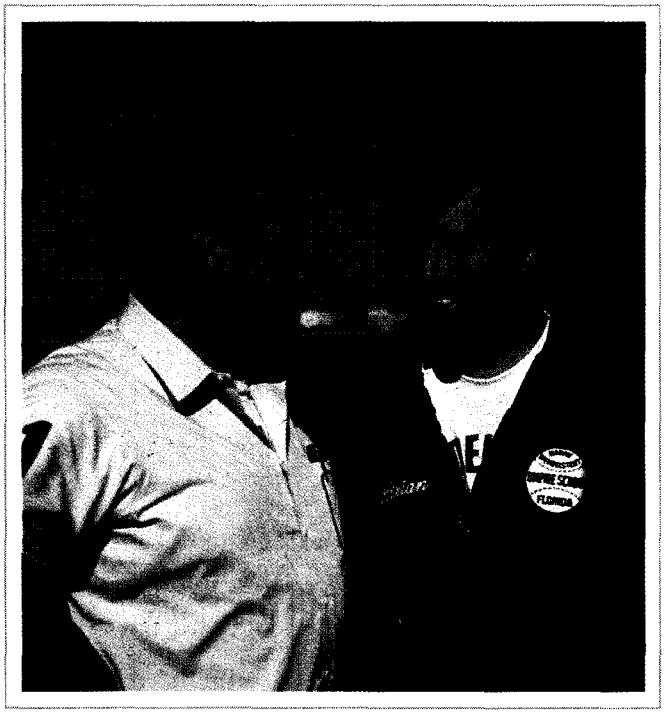
Students from all over the country choose the school for many reasons—some of which involve more than just baseball. The veteran National League umpire Ed Sudol, who lasted 24 seasons, 20 as a major leaguer, is one example. Sudol began his career during the winter of 1941, when he was a construction worker in Passaic, New Jersey.

"One wintry night I got home, opened up the newspaper and was reading the sports page. It was like a divine inspiration," he recalls. "I saw a large ad for the umpire school. There was a picture of a beautiful girl in a bathing suit leaning up against a palm tree, and I decided that was for me. I answered the ad and went to the school in Ormond Beach. I met my wife there, started my career there, and that's where I live now."

Umpires were not always so thoroughly trained in the finer points of the profession. In the 1930s, Jocko Conlan, a so-so outfielder with the Chicago White Sox, became an umpire by accident one afternoon. Emmett Ormsby, one of the regular umpires, was overcome by heat; Conlan—who was out of the line-up with a broken finger—was drafted into service. Still wearing his White Sox uniform, he assumed the role of impartial arbiter and called his own teammate Luke Appling out on a close play at third. The next year, American League president William Harridge named Conlan a big-league umpire.

The Harry Wendelstedt umpire school actually began several years before Wendelstedt was even born. In 1932, the major-league umpire Bill McGowan started offering formal classes for those who wanted to don the chest protector, mask and familiar short-billed blue hat. The school was later directed by Al Somers. Wendelstedt, himself a graduate of the school and formerly the chief instructor under Somers, assumed the leadership in 1975.

Wendelstedt's students have a variety of backgrounds. The 1985 class, for example, included a Baptist minister from New York, a law-school professor from British Columbia, a chemical engineer from Chicago and a gourmet chef from Saint Petersburg.



Umpire school owner Harry Wendelstedt (left) touches bases with staff member Brian Gorman. An ex-marine, Wendelstedt runs his school by the corps philosophy—only a few good men (and occasionally women) will make the grade.

Professional umpiring was once an occupation "for men only." Not any more. Several women have graduated from the school. One, Pam Postema, is bucking the original 100-1 odds against a woman umpire in the National or the American leagues. She has moved up the ladder from the Florida State League (Class A) to the Texas League (AA) and finally, in 1983, to the Pacific Coast League (AAA)—one step below the big leagues themselves.

Concluding five weeks of training is the most difficult moment for Wendelstedt and his staff—"judgment day" for those who have dedicated themselves to hard work, endless study of baseball rules and demanding discipline. During this one day, each student meets individually with Wendelstedt and his staff for an evaluation of exams and of performances on the field.

About half the students are told they "just don't have it" for umpiring. Another 30 percent are urged to receive more training. Only 17 to 30 are told they have a definite future in professional baseball; these few are selected for the Umpire Development Program at the Pittsburgh Pirates' training camp in Bradenton, Florida. From there they will be assigned to umpire in Class A minor-league ball.

"This is a difficult time for both the staff and the students," says Larry Vanover. Larry, a minor-league umpire and one of Wendelstedt's instructors, continues, "Some realize what's going to be told them before the meeting. Others can't bear to be told that they haven't made it. I understand that one or two have even wondered if life was worth it when they found out that they were not selected for assignment. That's scary, brother."

Good umpires aren't born; they're made. Big-league umpires, especially, must subject themselves to the perils of partisan fans, irate ballplayers, grandstanding managers and slow-motion video replay. Yet, as stadium instant replays bear out, the men in blue are on the money the vast majority of the time.

Players, managers and fans have disagreed and will continue to disagree with certain judgment calls, but they can agree on one thing: The Wendelstedt school in Ormond Beach ensures them that high-caliber umpires will continue to maintain the integrity of the greatest game in the world—baseball.

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CRYSTAL GAYLE SINGS UP A STORM

After 12 gold or platinum albums, TV specials, international tours and top honors in both popular and country-and-western singing, she's no longer crying the blue right out of her eyes.

by Craig Waters

As soon as Crystal Gayle enters the living room of her suite in Harrah's at the Trump Plaza Hotel Casino in Atlantic City, she spots the cigars—long, elegant items, compliments of the hotel. "Are these yours?" she asks the interviewer, the warmth of her voice edged with concern; assured they are not, she puts the offending items out of sight.

Crystal Gayle—known to millions as the younger sister of Loretta Lynn and as the other "Coal Miner's Daughter," and to others as the songbird with "that hair"—has a professional reason for her reaction. Like other singers with sensitive voices, she eschews smoke, smog and excessively dry air—anything that might send her to a doctor rather than into a spotlight. "I just came from Los Angeles," she notes, "and I had a rough time getting used to the pollution."

But she has a deeper, more philosophical objection. "My mother died three years ago with lung cancer," she explains, "and it was definitely from smoking." Since then, Crystal has become a soft-spoken, solo crusader against cigars and cigarettes: "I used to be real weird about it," she concedes, "but I've loosened up a little bit." In addition to politely requesting that smokers refrain while in her home, her office or her dressing room, Crystal also served as the 1982 Christmas Seal chairman of the American Lung Association of Tennessee: Headlining at its annual Christmas Jubilee three years ago, she raised more than $40,000 for the organization. "We had an immediate sellout," Peggy O. Kirkpatrick, a regional director of the association, recalls. "The ballroom held 600 people, and we had to set up tables in the halls. Crystal's very popular here in Nashville, and people just *had* to come."

Like the country-and-western music in which her career is grounded, Crystal's life is predicated on simple, honest and enduring values. As she talks, her interests and enthusiasms surface and resurface, like the refrain of a country lyric. Her husband, her new daughter, her health, her home outside Nashville—these are her touchstones, her roots, the source from which she and her art proceed. She says, "I think one of the things that has helped me, through the years, is that I've learned from experience"; she's talking about her music, but the comment summarizes her 34 years equally well.

"Crystal," a friend of long standing observes, "is like one of her songs—smooth, sophisticated, even sexy—but when you look at the heart of that song, you find country." This beauty (*Harper's Bazaar* named her one of America's ten most beautiful women in 1983) was born in a shack in Paintsville, Kentucky. She was one of the eight children of Melvin "Ted" Webb, a coal miner who suffered from black-lung disease, and his wife, Clara. ("My mother had eight," Crystal remarks at the outset of her act, then adds with a smile, "I'm glad that she did—I was No. 8.")

Whether standing at the center of a chilly stage in Warwick, Rhode Island, where her voice competes with the sound of falling rain, or in the main room at the Trump Plaza, where the clatter of drinks and slot machines intrudes, Crystal seems . . . polished. She favors slinky, bare-shouldered evening gowns, and her delivery and style are equally worldly. As she glides before the audience, she uses her hair—that long, dark mane that nearly matches her 5'2" height—as a seductive stage prop, tosses her head to send it cascading over a shoulder and later retrieves it with her hand. "A mature chanteuse," one critic remarked about her 1984 album, *Cage the Songbird,* "in league with the Barbra Streisands and Linda Ronstadts of the world." And some of the songs ("One More Time," or Billie Holiday's "God Bless the Child," for instance) confirm that more mature status, while other songs ("Ready for the Times to Get Better" and "Tennessee"), along with the country mystery of her voice, remind one of her origins.

Crystal curls up in one corner of a plush couch; solid-gold Atlantic City, ablaze with the light of the dying sun, is spread out behind her. The woman on the couch bears little resemblance to the performer. Her trademark hair is pulled onto the top of her head, and she wears snug jeans, a loose, white, knit sweater and sandals. She is relaxed, outgoing—in contrast to her reputation for shyness—but the revelation is her laughter. On stage, her mood ranges from subdued to sultry, but off, her conversation is punctuated by laughter. While her husband and manager, Bill Gatzimos, wanders in and out of the room, she seems more a carefree housewife on holiday than the Trump Plaza's star.

(Above) A proud mother, Clara, and sister Crystal helped Loretta Lynn celebrate her "Artist of the Decade" award. (Right) Crystal continued the family's winning tradition with this Grammy in 1978.

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The details of her life and her career unfold as a series of vignettes—affectionate little portraits of a particular place, a particular time. Born Brenda Gail Webb in Paintsville (a few miles from Butcher Hollow, a locale made famous by her older sister, Loretta Lynn), she left with her family for Wabash, Indiana, when she was four. There, four years later—shortly after the family had been flooded out of their home—her father died; her mother eventually remarried. Following her inclinations, and Loretta's footsteps, Crystal sang in church choirs, in high school and with bands her brothers formed. She spent a summer performing in her sister's show and signed her first recording contract, with Decca Records, before she had graduated from high school. Then she married her high-school sweetheart and began the serious pursuit of her own place in the world of country music.

Her first single—"I've Cried (the Blue Right Out of My Eyes)," written for her by Loretta—was a hit, climbing into the top 25 on the Billboard country charts in 1970. A series of solid country successes followed, but "Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue" (1977) was her first "crossover" success, a tune that bridged the gap between pop and country with her increasingly stylish words and melodies. Since then, her career, though shaped with meticulous care, has acquired a life and an energy of its own. Twelve gold or platinum albums, several Grammies, repeat honors as "Favorite Female Country Artist" by the American Music Awards and "Outstanding Female Vocalist of the Year," international tours, two TV specials as well as appearances on every major music and variety TV program, a visit to China with Bob Hope, a performance with Frank Sinatra at President Reagan's second inaugural . . . the list goes on and on. Her latest album, *Nobody Wants to Be Alone,* was released in March on the Warner Brothers record label.

As Crystal's artistic standing grows, her prospects more and more resemble the lyrics of her songs. "When I Dream": "I could have a mansion that is higher than the trees. I could have all the gifts I want, and never ask, 'Please.' I could fly to Paris; oh, that's at my beck and call . . . ." But instead, she lives in a home modest by Nashville's standards, drives an older car and schedules a tolerable 80 to 100 performances a year. "I can be the singer or the clown in every room. I can even call someone to take me to the moon. I can put my make-up on, and drive the men insane . . . ." But instead, she remains happily married, dotes on her new daughter, Catherine Claire, and leads a quiet and unostentatious existence.

Her lifestyle contrasts with that of other show-business personalities, such as her sister, Loretta, whose vulnerability to hard times is legend. Crystal has profited from experience—her own and that of others—but there is another secret to her success: She has grown from girl to woman, from honky-tonk singer to international star, without sacrificing what she is. As she talks, remnants of her Hoosier accent surface, as do her down-home concerns. Questions about her music, or the highlights of her career, or the profitability of her company, Gayle Enterprises, receive thoughtful and articulate responses that quickly segue into enthusiastic, run-on stories about those she cares about: her mother, her husband—or 15-month-old Catherine Claire.

"Today, I couldn't believe it," she says, laughing. "I didn't get to sleep

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BOTTS RUNS FOR HIS LIFE

Never before had he seen a client so hostile. And all Botts had done was lock him in an empty office.

by William Hazlett Upson

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Wednesday, January 10, 1951

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
SALES MANAGER
EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL
NEW YORK, N.Y.

DEAR BOTTS: While you are traveling around calling on the trade I hope you will have time to contact one of our old customers,

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Mr. James Jorgensen, who is now engaged in a big logging project in the Green Mountains near Middlebury, Vermont. He has purchased a sawmill and lumberyard and is cleaning up several million square feet of timber that blew down in a severe windstorm last November. He is using 15 of our Earthworm tractors, and for the past month he has been having continuous mechanical difficulties.

Several service mechanics, sent up last week by our Albany dealer, were unable to remedy the trouble. And Mr. Jorgensen became so enraged that he ordered them off the job and at the same time announced that he was going to transfer all his business to the newly reorganized Superba Tractor Company.

Following the departure of the service mechanics, one of our district representatives called on Mr. Jorgensen and attempted to smooth him down by pointing out that the Superba tractor is one of the worst-built machines in the field. Unfortunately, Mr. Jorgensen did not believe this fact. And, after a bitter argument, he ejected our representative bodily from his sawmill and threw him down an icy slope with such violence that he was painfully bruised and lacerated.

We have considered complaining to the police and also filing a civil suit for damages. Since we do not like to take legal action against a customer, it occurs to me that you might be able to call on Mr. Jorgensen and work out some solution—provided you are not afraid to tackle such a violent customer.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON,
President, Earthworm Tractor Co.

WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Saturday evening, January 13, 1951

DEAR HENDERSON: You don't have to worry about my being afraid to tackle a violent customer like Mr. Jorgensen. I have already gone into action. Immediately after receiving your letter last night, I took the 10:30 p.m. train from Grand Central and arrived early this morning right in the lion's den, so to speak, at Middlebury, Vermont. At once I began making inquiries. I learned that Mr. Jorgensen is regarded as a rough character, but completely honest and a good businessman. If I could approach him in exactly the right manner, I was sure that our meeting would mark the beginning of a truly beautiful friendship and that I would have no trouble at all convincing him of the folly of replacing his splendid Earthworms with any such mechanical atrocities as are perpetrated by the Superba Tractor Company.

To make the best possible first impression, I felt I should know something about Mr. Jorgensen's present mental attitude. I therefore decided to interview a man called Harold Quincy, who is a representative of the Superba company, and who, I was told, had been spending the last two days with Mr. Jorgensen. It was reported that Mr. Quincy was leaving on the 12:22 p.m. train for New York. Because I was unable to contact him beforehand, I resolved to travel back to New York with him. I took a taxi to the railroad station, where the taxi driver pointed him out.

He was strutting up and down and swinging a briefcase marked in big gold letters: "Harold Quincy. Superba Tractor Company." He wore a Tyrolean hat with a shaving-brush ornament, a checked overcoat and yellow gloves.

At once I sized him up as a typical low-grade salesman—smart-alecky, conceited and not too bright. He was, in short, just the opposite of the typical high-grade salesman—well-bred, modest and intelligent—which is so well represented by me. I knew this man would be putty in my hands.

When the train pulled in I let him get on board first. He entered the smoking lounge. At the last moment I boarded the day coach, where I remained until the conductor had punched my ticket. Then I walked forward to the lounge, where I found my quarry. He had removed his overcoat and hat, revealing a rather loud suit and an even louder necktie. Timidly I sat down beside him.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" I asked in a mournful tone of voice.

"It's a free country," he said.

I pointed to his briefcase. "Are you Mr. Harold Quincy?" I asked.

"That's right."

"And you're a tractor salesman?"

"You said it, big boy. I'm the best tractor salesman in the country."

This palpable falsehood—uttered, ironically enough, in the very presence of the man who really is the best tractor salesman in the country—gave me exactly the opening I needed. As long as Mr. Quincy was wandering so far from the truth, I felt that a few minor inaccuracies on my part would be entirely justified.

"My name is Ebenezer Boggs," I said.

"I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. Boggs," he said heartily.

"I'm a salesman myself," I continued. "I've been up in Montreal, trying to sell candy bars for a firm in New York. But I didn't make a single sale. Maybe you could help me, Mr. Quincy, by telling me the secret of

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your success."

At this flattering approach, the man's chest swelled with pride. "Always glad to help a fellow salesman," he said. "What seems to be your main trouble?"

"I don't know," I said hopelessly. "I call on a candy-store proprietor. I give him what I think is a wonderful sales talk. But he always says he's perfectly satisfied with the candy bars he's already handling. So I never get anywhere. Maybe you could tell me what to do. There must be times when you have to sell one of your tractors to a man who is completely satisfied with some other kind."

Mr. Quincy smiled with smug satisfaction. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I am right now engaged in selling a whole fleet of Superba tractors to a man who has always used machines called Earthworms, and who, until I met him, was completely satisfied with them."

"It looks like a tough proposition," I said. "It would take a better sales talk than anything I ever heard."

"That's exactly the point, Mr. Boggs. You second-rate salesmen try to do everything with a sales talk. Me—I go beyond that. I am constructive. I manipulate the various factors in the situation to create an atmosphere favorable to my plans."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Of course you don't. You're just a small-time operator. In this deal I started to tell you about, I found myself up against a stubborn old bird called Jorgensen. He runs a sawmill near Middlebury, Vermont. He had been using Earthworm machinery so long he wouldn't consider anything else. When I first met him, about a month ago, he was in such a rut, mentally, that he wouldn't let me even start a sales talk. I could see that I had no chance, at the time, to create in his mind a desire for Superba tractors. So I changed my tactics. I decided to make the old fool dissatisfied with his Earthworm tractors."

"Wouldn't that be pretty hard to do?"

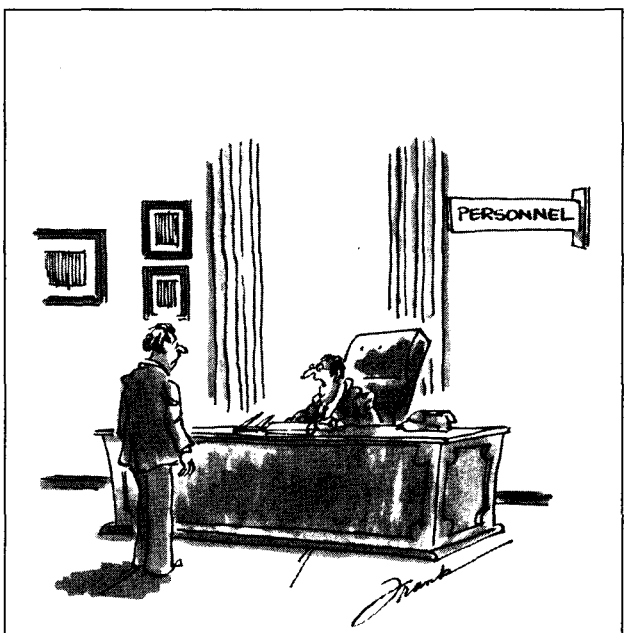
"Not for a practical man like me. I stopped wasting my time on mere sales talks. I went out in the woods. I looked over his tractors. And especially I looked over his tractor operators."

"What was the idea of that?"

Here Mr. Quincy got very confidential. "In any tractor sale, Mr. Boggs, the important thing is not the tractor. It's the human element. If you want to be a successful salesman, always concentrate on the people—not on the product."

"Mr. Quincy," I said, "I think maybe you've got something there."

"Of course I have. And this basic principle has been of vital importance in the deal I am promoting in Middlebury. About noon of the second day I found a young man named Oswald who was highly dissatisfied with his job as a tractor operator. So right away I started working on him. I got him talking about himself."



"We're looking for somebody who's really special. . .somebody smart enough to do this job but dumb enough to take it. . . ."

"How did you do that?"

"Get him talking about himself? It's easy if you know how. All you got to do is flatter the guy, ask him just enough questions to draw him out and then listen while he sounds off."

"I never thought of that," I said. "What did this man Oswald tell you?"

"It was the usual line of a typical sorehead. He said he was the finest mechanic in the state of Vermont. Old Jorgensen should have put him in charge of all the repair and maintenance work on all the tractors. He should have doubled his salary. But he didn't appreciate him. So I sympathized with the poor sap and led him on, and pretty soon he began telling me about his girl."

"This Oswald had a girl?"

"Yes. They wanted to get married. They had picked out a little dream of a house in Middlebury that was for sale for only $15,000. But, as long as he was being exploited by this old tightwad Jorgensen, he couldn't even scrape together enough money for a down payment. The setup was so simple that even you, Mr. Boggs, could guess how I handled it."

"I wouldn't have the slightest idea," I said.

"Well," said Mr. Quincy, "I made this man Oswald a proposition. 'Oswald,' I said, 'you don't have to worry any more about what these boobs and nitwits think about you. I'm going to make you an offer. I am planning to open a Superba tractor dealership right here in Middlebury. I'll have a big service-and-repair shop. I'll need a first-class man in charge. So I'll give you the job, at $7,500 a year. And, as an extra bonus, if you'll sign a five-year contract with me, I'll give that $15,000 house to you and your wife as a wedding present.' "

"That certainly was a generous offer," I said. "Pretty near sensational."

"That's what young Oswald thought," he said. "I could hardly keep him quiet long enough to explain the conditions."

"Oh," I said, "there was a catch to this offer?"

"Of course there was. I explained it to Oswald like this: 'Before I establish the dealership in Middlebury,' I said, 'I've got to make at least one big sale around here. The only big prospect is Jorgensen. I'm trying to get him to turn in his 15 old Earthworms and buy 15 new Superbas. So far, he has refused to do this because he claims he's completely satisfied with the Earthworms. So, Oswald, you've

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got to make old Jim dissatisfied with his Earthworms.' "

"How could he do that?" I asked.

"As I explained it to Oswald, the answer is obvious. 'You are a regular employee around here,' I said. 'You have access to the fuel and the oil and the tools and supplies. You can go in and out of the repair shop and the equipment shed any time you want. Nobody spies on you. Nobody would object if you stuck around to work on your tractor after hours.' "

"Wait a minute," I said. "You weren't suggesting, were you, that you wanted this man to sort of sabotage those Earthworm tractors?"

"I wasn't suggesting anything, Mr. Boggs. All I did was set forth the facts. And I went on to explain that if the Earthworms accidentally started to have all kinds of mechanical breakdowns, it would be possible that old Jim might decide to switch to some other make of tractor. Does that sound logical to you?"

"It certainly does."

"It also sounded logical to Oswald. I had sized him up right. He has just enough low cunning that he caught on to what I wanted. And he could figure out exactly how to do his dirty work so nobody would suspect anything."

"Just what did he do?"

"I don't know. And I don't want to know. All I care about is the way things are working out. It is now a month since I had that little talk with Oswald. And all through this month those Earthworm tractors have been breaking down and getting so little work done that Jorgensen is about frantic. I have been spending the past two days with him, and when I left, he asked me to bring up a Superba tractor. He said if I could prove in a competitive demonstration that my machine is better than the Earthworm he would trade me all his Earthworms for half what he paid for them and buy a whole fleet of Superbas."

"Say, that's wonderful," I said. "I suppose you're going to ship a tractor to Middlebury right away?"

"I have already ordered it. It should be there early next week. I will be busy with some important conferences in New York for several days, but I go back to Middlebury and put on a demonstration for Jorgensen next Friday. I can probably finish the demonstration in the morning. And in the afternoon the old boy will sign up to turn in his Earthworms and buy 15 of my machines."

"If the Earthworms are in such bad shape," I said, "I shouldn't think you would want to take them in on trade."

"Don't worry about that. Young Oswald has pulled off nothing but minor breakdowns. Fundamentally they're as good as ever. As soon as I get hold of them they'll start running fine, and I can resell them at a handsome profit."

"And you're really going to give Oswald a house and a job?"

"Always glad to help a fellow salesman," Quincy said. "What seems to be your main trouble?"

"Certainly not. Whatever gave you that idea?"

"That's what you told me you were going to do."

"Oh, no. That's not what I told you. That's just what I told Oswald. But you are forgetting that this man is a crook. If I gave him a house or paid him a big salary for what he did to those Earthworm tractors I would be rewarding a dishonest act. You wouldn't want me to do anything as immoral as that, would you?"

"No, I suppose not," I said. "But won't Oswald make a big row when he finds out you've let him down?"

"He can't prove anything against me, and the more he hollers the more he'll be telling everybody how crooked he is. Not only would he lose the job he's got but he'd have a tough time getting a job anywhere else. So there won't be any trouble from young Oswald. And I'll put the sale through like the high-powered salesman I am."

"Mr. Quincy," I said, "you don't know how educational your talk has been. I feel that it is going to help me a lot in my own business. I thank you."

"Mr. Boggs," he said, "it has been a pleasure." He reached into his briefcase and handed me a lot of Superba advertising literature and a large lapel button labeled "Superba Tractors."

From here on, our talk drifted through various subjects. Mr. Quincy explained to me why business ethics are so much higher in America than in other parts of the world. I came back with a few of my best Swedish jokes. And when we finally parted at Grand Central Station I thanked him again. I then came to the hotel where I have been writing this report.

I have given you this very full account of my activities so that you may realize how well I am handling the problem you have assigned me. Even though I went all the way to Vermont and came back without seeing Mr. Jorgensen, I have accomplished far more than if I had barged in after the manner of our district representative and, like him, succeeded only in getting myself thrown out.

As things now stand, the difficult case of Mr. James Jorgensen is, for all practical purposes, in the bag. Such being the case, I will spend next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday taking care of several urgent matters here in New York. I will return to Middlebury on the Wednesday night train—arriving on Thursday, one day ahead of Mr. Harold Quincy. I will then prove to Mr. Jorgensen that Quincy and Oswald have been playing him for a sucker. As soon as he understands what has been going on, he will throw Mr. Quincy out on his ear and fire Oswald. From then on, his Earthworms will run perfectly. And harmony and justice will prevail.

Yours,

ALEXANDER BOTTS,
Sales Manager, Earthworm Tractor Co.

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LET'S HEAR IT FOR LUNGS

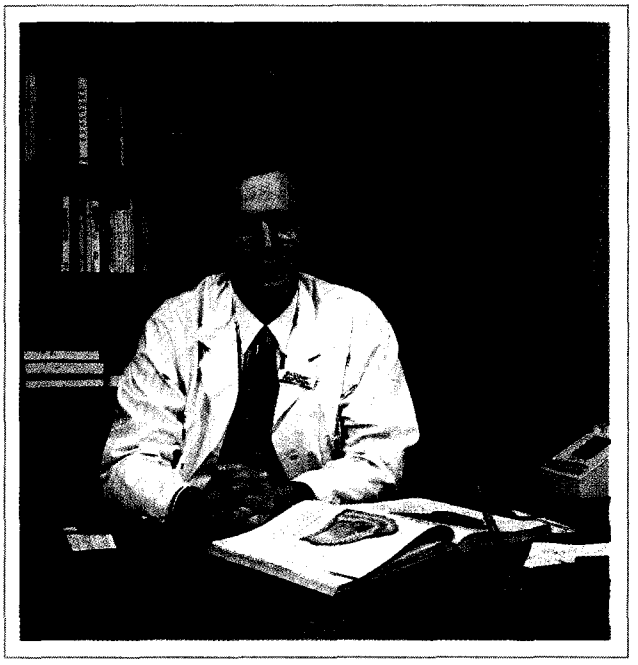
Kidney and heart transplants are commonplace, but what about lung transplants? Dr. Joel Cooper's patients are living proof that they can be done. A problem: Scarcity of donors, because only one out of 20 donated lungs is suitable for transplant.

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Emphysema patients who, by the millions, are struggling to breathe should take heart in the work of a man named Joel Cooper. Help may be on the way in the form of lung transplants—not this year or next, but soon, we hope.

The *Post* interviewed transplant surgeons with the question, "What could you do to help all these emphysema patients who are suffocating for want of oxygen in their blood?" Emphysema patients pose a special problem because replacing one lung won't suffice. The over-inflatable, emphysematous lung would steal the air from the new lung, while the new lung would get most of the blood needing oxygen.

At present it is easier to get a transplant of the heart with both lungs than it is to obtain a double lung transplant.



Dr. Joel Cooper of Toronto General Hospital has given new hope to lung patients everywhere. This dedicated surgeon became the first to successfully transplant a lung into patients suffering from respiratory failure. "The two-lung operation is not here yet but may be only two years down the road."

Of all the heart and lung transplant surgeons, Joel Cooper seems by far the most optimistic about the possibility of transplanting two donor lungs into emphysema patients. "Not yet—we need to do more animal models first, but perhaps in two years," he predicts.

He has good reason to be optimistic about lung transplants. On the opposite page, you see him flanked by two successful "one lung" transplants. Both these patients had only a short time to live with rapidly advancing pulmonary fibrosis, a kind of lung disease that causes the hardening and scarring of lung tissue. "In this disease the lung soon becomes like a brick," says Dr. Cooper. "Instead of being spongy and soft it becomes increasingly very hard and fibrous. In fact, on microscopic section, it's almost unrecognizable as a lung. It's unbelievable. When you remove the lungs from these people and look at the tissue under the microscope, you almost can't recognize it."

Pulmonary fibrosis is quite different from emphysema but just as devastating—the lungs aren't able to transfer oxygen and carbon dioxide across the membranes. One big difference: primary pulmonary fibrosis victims can receive one new lung and keep the other. In emphysema, however, a mechanical problem—too much of the inhaled air flowing into the bad lung—leaves the new lung with insufficient oxygen. Hence, double lung transplants are necessary.

In emphysema the elasticity of the lung, which allows it to fill and empty in a coordinated fashion, is gone because the architecture of the lung is totally disrupted and destroyed by inflammation of the alveolar membranes.

Ninety-five to 99 percent of emphysema cases are caused by smoking cigarettes. Because excessive smoking became prevalent after World War II, the number of people dying from emphysema is growing rapidly. There are an estimated 10 million sufferers in the United States today, and probably 30 million if we count all those with mild-to-moderate forms of the disease. Today emphysema is a truly devastating disorder that costs our country about $10 billion per year for medical care and loss of productivity. At the end of the road, emphysema patients who are suffocating could be useful, productive human beings again if only they could be given some way to perform the function of their hollowed-out, useless lungs. For these people, lung transplants or artificial lungs could mean survival and the ability to work again.

Unlike emphysema, pulmonary fibrosis, fortunately, is relatively rare. Because no one knows what causes 50 percent of the cases, any of us could get it at any time. This lung disease progresses more rapidly than emphysema, and a patient can reach the end stage in three or four years from onset.

Dr. Cooper has proved that patients need no longer accept pulmonary fibrosis as a death sentence—provided sufficient donors can be found, anyone with this tragic disease might have a second chance.

Dr. Cooper is a booster for the lung patient. "Most of the transplant work has been done by the cardiovascular surgeons, and they have a bias, naturally, to those with heart problems," says Dr. Cooper. He is a chest

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man first and foremost, and he wants to pursue *lung* transplants. Today if someone needs both lungs and a new heart to be transplanted, Dr. Cooper prefers to call it a lung-heart transplant instead of heart-lung.

Dr. Cooper's team includes six thoracic surgeons, two anesthesiologists—20 people in all. One of his teammates ascribes Dr. Cooper's success to his unique ability to orchestrate. ". . .He's a great administrator. Doing a transplant is a logistical nightmare, and Dr. Cooper pushes and prods and gets a large number of people to pull in the same direction."

We asked Dr. Cooper, "Why so few lung transplants?"

Dr. Cooper: After 20 years of no success with lung transplants, people became discouraged and were giving it up. Now, we have done two in a row [Hall and Assenheimer], and those patients are quite healthy and living normal lives. That shows lung transplants work, just as Stanford Medical Center and others have shown that heart-lung transplants work. Thus it becomes a question of which is the best operation under what circumstances. So we seem to have a conflict. We know they need the operation; we know they are going to die without it. The will is there. They are willing to take the risks. And yet if we choose unwisely—if we, for example, had tried some deathbed rescues with single lung transplants, as has all too often been done in the past, and had failed for those reasons—then for another 10 or 20 years lung transplants would be finished.

Dr. SerVaas: But emphysema patients are dying every day. To save them you would have to do both lungs, wouldn't you?

Dr. Cooper: The emphysema patient does not need two lungs. For his needs, one lung is sufficient. But if the other lung is left in, it will affect the function of the new lung adversely, and therefore both lungs have to come out. It is an absurdity to put a heart in somebody who does not need it, but it so happens that at the present state of the art there are only, at the moment, two operations involving lung transplantation; one is the single lung, which we have now shown works, and one is the combined heart-lung. But we are working in the laboratory and hope to have a double lung transplant model soon. Then we hope that for someone who has to have both lungs out, we can put in two lungs.

Dr. SerVaas: What could be done *now* for an advanced emphysema patient who can't breathe?

Dr. Cooper: At the present time, we are very interested in emphysema. But we have to say that we are not yet prepared to take out both lungs and put in two new lungs: Therefore, for this phase in history, we would accept throwing away the heart and putting another one in. Technically, that is the only way it can be done, even though one would hope that we would be smart enough down the line. The patient's problem is going to be that he has a huge chest from emphysema and the new normal lungs are not going to completely fill the space. That might potentially be a problem.

Dr. SerVaas: Unless you have a very large donor?

Dr. Cooper: Yes, we are prepared to deal with that, I think.

Dr. SerVaas: What about the emphysema patient on prednisone?

Dr. Cooper: Another problem. That's a very good point. As a result of our research for several years into why lung transplants were failing, one of the major conclusions that we drew was that the use of prednisone for immune suppression was probably a very major factor in previous failures.

With the new drug cyclosporin, one can avoid prednisone in the early postoperative period. All we try to do is avoid it for three weeks until the wounds have healed.

What we really showed was that when you combine all the hazards—one, an airway connection that is actually a somewhat tenuous one because the blood supply is poor; with two, exposure to the air and hence infection; three, off and on the ventilator; and four, a high dose of prednisone with all its problems, particularly its tendency to promote infection—in retrospect it isn't surprising that there were so many failures.

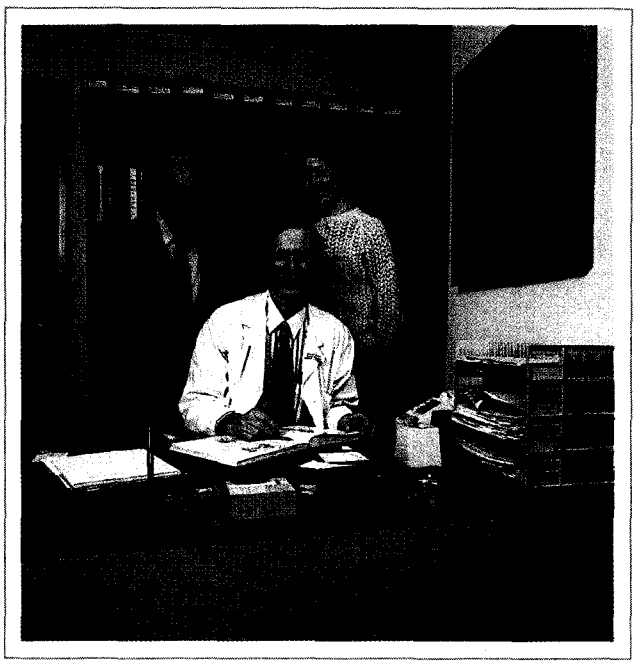
So we now eliminate prednisone. In fact, the Stanford heart-lung group has adopted, I believe, the same policy on the basis of our work. We all try if possible to avoid much, if any, prednisone in the first few weeks.

Now what does that mean? For our program, whether it is the lung program or the combined lung-heart, we won't accept somebody if he is dependent on prednisone. Many people are on prednisone as a last, desperate attempt.

Dr. SerVaas: And you mean they can't get off?

Dr. Cooper: Yes, but if they can't get off it, then we think that is a very major contraindication [condition that renders a particular treatment undesirable]. You have to wean them off prednisone so their own adrenal glands begin to function again.

I have had many calls from emphysema patients in the last month because there was a program on a cable news network that showed our two lung recipients out of bed, walking down the hall and on the exercise bicycle. They pointed out that these are fairly unique. But one mistake a TV announcer made when showing Tom Hall walking outside in the cold wintry weather with his wife was saying



No two people are more thrilled at Dr. Cooper's triumph with lung transplants than Tom Hall and Monica Assenheimer. They are now restored to brand-new lives because of their courage to risk the operation and Dr. Cooper's confidence that he could make the operation successful.

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this man had emphysema. He had pulmonary fibrosis.

So I have had probably 40 inquiries about emphysema—all of them are virtually over the age of 60. I have called and written back saying, unfortunately, we can't consider anybody over 50. The truth is we are considering a few people over 50, but not with emphysema—not at this time. We do think that emphysema poses particular problems because of the space and because the respiratory muscles are stretched out. As you know, as the chest gets larger, the diaphragm becomes very flat and loses a great deal of its contractile ability.

Dr. SerVaas: But you think you could get these people in ahead of time to rehabilitate them?

Dr. Cooper: Oh, we insist upon it. The patient with emphysema is gasping and oxygen dependent 24 hours a day. Such, of course, was the case with our last two transplants. These people were both on oxygen 24 hours a day and would turn blue if they tried to do any exercise. They were in wheelchairs.

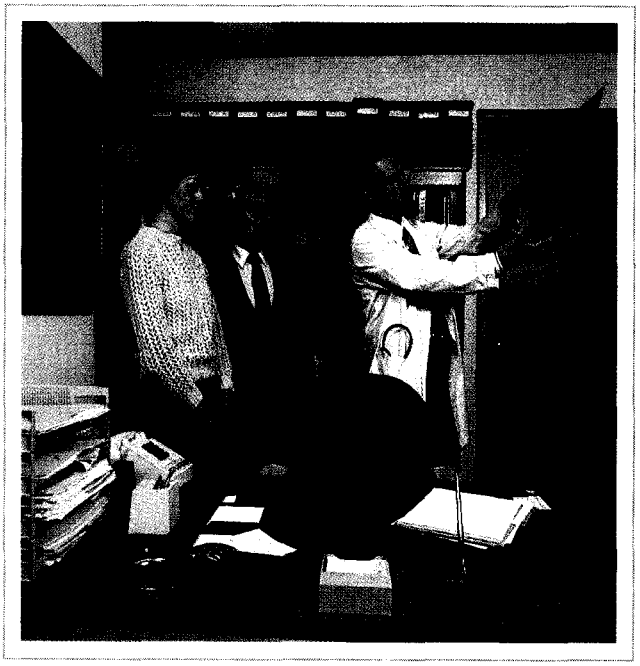
One of the things we learned after our first single-lung transplant—the one done a year and a half ago—was although we had a good lung in the patient and his oxygen levels were very good, he couldn't do anything, and we were very disappointed in the first couple of weeks.

We thought to ourselves—gee, what is going on here? Then we realized that if you have been on oxygen for 24 hours a day and you have restricted lung function, unlike the restricted heart problems, you can't do anything anytime. As a result, your muscles are shot. You are so out of training that even if you now have a normal lung you can't use it for a while.

So we started him on a rehab program of treadmill wind exercises, and this was astounding. You know, each week he could do twice what he could do the week before. And he continued improving and improving and improving. We learned a lesson: We won't transplant anybody with lung disease until we have a maximum go at rehabbing them *in advance*.

Now again this is the difference between our programs. We are lung oriented. Therefore we bring these patients into the hospital, where they go on an active program. It is true that they can't do too much. But they can exercise an arm muscle at one time and a leg muscle at another time and a wrist muscle and so on. We insist on that. We also concentrate on nutritional support.

When we did Monica Assenheimer, we had her programed for six weeks. She gained ten pounds and her exercise tolerance doubled. We got her in shape so that when we got the lung into her, she had enough muscular strength to get through the post-operative period. Almost all of the patients that I am aware of elsewhere—who have died after an attempted transplant for emphysema—would have been done in a cardiac center, not a lung center.



"The lung is supposed to be soft and spongy," explains Dr. Cooper to Tom and Monica, "but in your disease it turns into something like a brick." Finding sufficient lungs for transplants is the biggest hurdle. One of 20 lungs offered is usable. The scarcity makes great need for donors.

At Stanford the patients are kept on their own expenses—living in a hotel or an apartment. Stanford doesn't do emphysema patients. The reason they have been so successful—and we admire them greatly and have patterned our program after theirs—is that they have adopted very, very strict criteria as to who can be taken. Nobody over the age of 50, nobody on a ventilator, etc. Their patients sit out there at their own expense. . .waiting. We have a different approach. We think that is O.K. for people for heart-lung transplants for cardiac disease, but we don't think we will provide any survivors unless we take the lung patient in advance and do muscle training on them, because of the critical lung problem that they have.

Dr. SerVaas: Are you planning to do emphysema patients soon?

Dr. Cooper: Yes. But only certain ones. I get letters and phone calls every day. And I am virtually turning down every one of them, because we will not take on an emphysema patient over 50.

Dr. SerVaas: Why?

Dr. Cooper: Experience with even such relatively routine transplants as kidney transplants has demonstrated that once you get over 50 your ability to tolerate the rigors of the operation, to bounce back from complications, to tolerate the immunosuppressive drugs, falls off. And therefore when you are dealing with a commodity—a donor organ—which is in very short supply, for which there is excessive demand, you then restrict it to that group where you think you have the best chance.

Again, we are borrowing from the experience of others. The first transplant we did was 58. It was for fibrotic lung disease. And people thought we were crazy. This is why people are getting mechanical hearts now when they need heart transplants—you have got to cut off somewhere, and they have decided on age 50.

My real concern about the emphysema patient is that even if we put normal lungs into him, will he have the strength in his chest to breathe with these lungs to get over the post-operative period and to carry on?

Dr. SerVaas: Recently we had a demonstration of something called a pulmo-wrap. It looks like a sleeping bag and has a motor attached. Would it help them breathe in the postoperative period?

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How Tom and Monica Got Their Second Wind

by Cory SerVaas, M.D.

Tom Hall, a pulmonary-fibrosis patient in Toronto, feels fortunate to be counted among the living. In January 1983 the doctors gave him about eight months to live, and he was on oxygen 24 hours a day. "At that point I was looking for a transplant," he said, "but they kept telling me that I was too old and that 50 was the cutoff in the U.S. They thought that would be the figure they would go with here.

"My doctor had tried many experimental drugs to see if he could halt the disease. He couldn't. And eventually he said, 'Well, you know, we reassessed you and you probably have only about eight months to live, but there is not a heck of a lot we can do.' I said again, 'I would like to go the transplant route.' He said, 'I'll talk to the surgeon that does them and set up an appointment for you, and you can talk directly to him.'

"So that's what I did. I tried to convince him that chronological years weren't the answer. . .that if I had a will to live and a purpose, perhaps I could make it through. I guess I did convince him, because he said that at that point they would test me, and if all my other organs were in good shape, they would consider me.

"They ran a whole series of tests and found my heart and everything else was working well, so they agreed to take me as a transplant recipient. They gave me and all the medical team pagers so that when they got a lung, they could page me and we'd all head for the hospital.

"Then one Sunday, after waiting nine weeks, I got a call from Dr. Cooper. He asked me what I was going to have for supper. I said, 'I think we are having roast beef.' He said, 'You are not having any. We've got a lung for you. Come on in.' And that started the ball rolling."

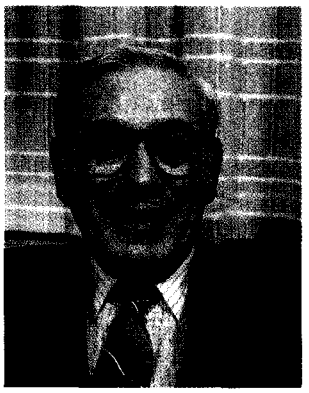
Dr. SerVaas: Then you rushed right over to the hospital?

Mr. Hall: Yes, we went to the hospital, and a couple of doctors from Toronto flew down to Montreal to get the donor body and check it out, then flew it back in a special aircraft.

Dr. SerVaas: An ambulance type of aircraft?

Mr. Hall: Yes, it had equipment on board to keep the heart pumping and the lungs working with machines until they got them back here.

By that time, of course, Dr. Cooper and the transplant team had assembled, and by about midnight the donor body arrived. The team was all ready and away we went.



Tom Hall now spends his spare time with the Toronto Lung Association and acquaints the public with the desperate need for organ donors. He believes that others should have a chance for the new life that Dr. Joel Cooper gave him.

Monica Assenheimer had been on oxygen for two years and in a wheelchair for a year. Before her lung transplant, she was given six months to live—pretty serious business for an unexpected disease that started with shortness of breath.

Organ Donor Call Number
1-(317) 636-8881

Starting with this issue, all members of the SatEvePost Society who have need of new lungs or other donor organs can call and be listed on our computer with a description of their need.

Any member who is, through fate, suddenly in a position to give an organ from a victim of a fatal accident, please also call.

The organ donor number will be prominently displayed on the first page of the *Post* (masthead page) in each future issue.

To list organ wants, please call between 8:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. C.S.T. on weekdays, unless yours is an emergency.

Donor-organ availabilities are always an emergency, for it is necessary to transport the organs in the least possible amount of time. For these, please call the number night or day to report details on where the donor organs are located.

The scarcity of donors retards progress in transplants. More transplants means more experienced surgeons will be available when you or a family member need one.

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Dr. SerVaas: The body of the donor was a 13-year-old who was killed in an automobile crash?

Mr. Hall: Yes. He was brain dead from the accident. There's a story here, too. Actually, the mother of the boy—her husband was killed in the same accident—must have had *some* courage to allow her son's body to be taken to Toronto and returned. That is what she did, though. They took the lungs and some of the other organs for transplants and shipped the body back to Montreal.

Dr. SerVaas: Did the woman who also lost her husband give his body for transplant as well?

Mr. Hall: I don't know. Under the Metro Organ Retrieval Program you're not allowed to know the name of the donor.

Dr. SerVaas: What exactly is the program?

Mr. Hall: It's Metro Organ Retrieval Program and Exchange (MORE), and it works in a 1,000-mile radius out of Toronto. They do a fine job.

Dr. SerVaas: As for your new lung, do they know if it will grow to adult size? Was the boy large for his age?

Mr. Hall: They tell me he was. But he apparently died before puberty, so the organ is small in comparison to the transplant that followed mine. I saw a picture of the lung, and it's very large compared to mine. But the doctors don't know if it will grow or whether it may increase in capacity without growing.

Dr. SerVaas: You are still on cyclosporin?

Mr. Hall: I'll be on cyclosporin forever, I guess.

Dr. SerVaas: But a lot less than at first?

Mr. Hall: I go now every five weeks to a clinic for transplants. They check the cyclosporin level and alter it if it needs altering. I'm on a low dose now, and I've been fairly stable for several months.

Dr. SerVaas: Have you had any bad effects from it?

Mr. Hall: No, I've had no side effects at all.

Dr. SerVaas: And you can breathe without oxygen night and day?

Mr. Hall: As a matter of fact, I just had a blood-gases test done, and they found my oxygen to be in the high 80s, low 90s. It was running in the 40s prior to the operation.

Dr. SerVaas: That makes the difference between comfort and suffocation, doesn't it?

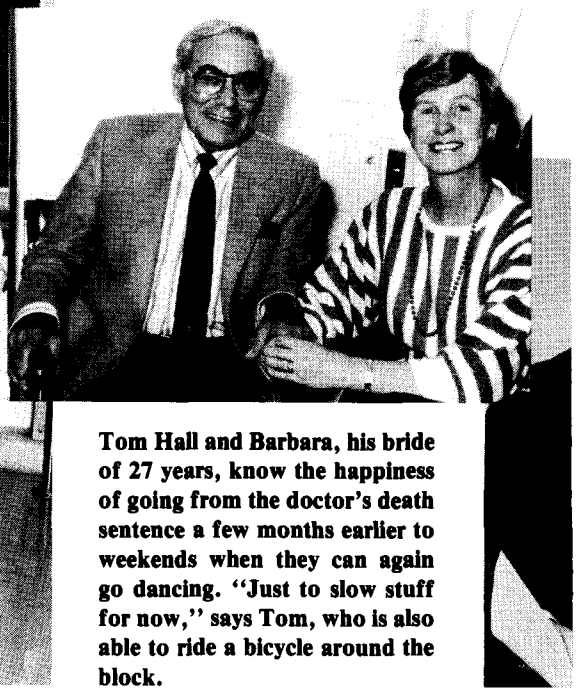
Mr. Hall: Yes, the color used to be black or bluish. Now it is bright red. Looks good.

Dr. SerVaas: Did you have much concern about the down-side risk of

A metal Quonset hut prevents the Pulmo-Wrap from collapsing on the patient's chest during suction. Several ingenious researchers, including Dr. Henry Heimlich, are at work trying to devise a miniature artificial lung that could serve those with failing respiratory systems.

A patient is encased in the Pulmo-Wrap, or "sheet ventilator." Working on the principle of the vacuum sweeper, a motor for this sleeping-bag device creates negative pressure and assists some individuals suffering from neuromuscular as well as obstructive pulmonary dysfunction (pulmonary fibrosis, emphysema, etc.).

Tom Hall's visits to the hospital after his recovery did much to keep Monica's morale high. Their families became close friends as they shared their emotional crises.



Tom Hall and Barbara, his bride of 27 years, know the happiness of going from the doctor's death sentence a few months earlier to weekends when they can again go dancing. "Just to slow stuff for now," says Tom, who is also able to ride a bicycle around the block.

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the operation?

Mr. Hall: Very much so. Not only Dr. Cooper but everyone on the ten-man team came to me and explained the risks involved. So I knew the chance I was taking, but I was willing to trade quality of life for quantity of life. I just didn't like being fettered to the oxygen. So my options were few. The only other option, in fact, was waiting to see if I lasted eight months or ten months. And in my current condition I found that each time I picked up a cold or the flu, my breathing went down. And after the cold or flu cleared up, the breathing never got back to its original condition. I could see in the time remaining to me that I would probably end up lying in bed gasping for breath. And that isn't the way I wanted to go. So the operation for me was the answer. One way or the other, I'd be off oxygen. Thus, it wasn't such a great decision. It was tougher on my family, I suppose, than on me.

Dr. SerVaas: I should think so. Do you have children?

Mr. Hall: We have four children, ages 26 down to 19. My wife and I have been married for 27 years.

Dr. SerVaas: What are your plans for the future? We heard you're helping find donors for the many who need organs and can't get them.

Mr. Hall: Yes, I go out in plazas where they [MORE] set up a booth and try to get people to sign their driver's licenses, because in Canada, of course, donating your organs is all voluntary. A little girl from Canada who got a new liver has gone out with us, along with her parents, to help. Unfortunately, I think the figures show that two-thirds of the people die while waiting for organs. It seems such a shame once they've made that tremendous decision to go for a transplant and then not to get it. If they die during the operation, that's the risk they have to take.

Tom Hall, with son, Don, 23 (the Halls also have two daughters), in a light-hearted mood with the ICU staff at the Toronto General Hospital, where Tom was given a second life.

Dr. SerVaas: But if they die without getting a chance. . . .

Mr. Hall: That's the shame. Some of it is probably due, I have to say, to the medical profession. In places where they do transplants, they're not conscious of the need for organs. In some cases where people are brain dead and their organs might be good, it's sometimes less paperwork for the doctor just to let them die normally

"I have always wanted to do something for mankind," Monica tells Tom. "I think maybe the Lord put me through this crucible to refine me for the task of encouraging others in my desperate situation. It makes me feel good to do something for others."

Three cheers for mom. Sheri, 19, and Roger, 14, share their dad's excitement over the "new mom." Now she feels 99 percent recovered, works all day and is having a ball. The family moved several years ago from Toronto to a country village of 1,600, where they hoped the fresh air would help Monica's handicapped lungs. After her surgery, Monica's biggest discomfort comes when she goes to Toronto every week and stays in the home of a relative who smokes.

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than to take the extra steps of going to the family and asking if they can have the organs. Then there's the business of keeping the victim alive and doing the necessary work to get the organs to the right people. Anyway, doctors think only of kidneys, as if that's the only organ that's transplanted. While I waited for my lung, I don't know how many kidney transplants went on. You have to wonder—if the doctors got the kidneys, why didn't they get a lung? In small towns or hospitals where they're not doing transplants, it's just not on their minds.

Dr. SerVaas: I think publicity will change that.

Mr. Hall: That's what we are trying to do in Toronto—get the message to as many medical people as possible. Radio and television stations here have been doing some work on it.

Dr. SerVaas: Weren't you on CNN, the cable news network?

Mr. Hall: Yes, and CBS. I've been on a lot of shows for different reasons. This last year I've sort of been the front for the Lung Association here in Toronto. I recently sent out 2,200 personally signed letters to businesses for a fund-raising promotion. And I appeared at the dance that kicked the thing off.

Dr. SerVaas: Can you dance?

Mr. Hall: Oh, yes. We go out most weekends, and the bride and I dance a slow number now and then. For the last two or three years I didn't dance, because I just didn't have enough wind.

Dr. SerVaas: What about sports?

Mr. Hall: No, not yet. I've ridden a bicycle around the block a couple of times, but that's as far as I've gone. I think some of the other things will come in time.

Dr. SerVaas: Could any of your doctors discover what caused your lung problem?

Mr. Hall: No. It was called fibrosing alveolitis. I guess they thought in my case it was a disease in people of my age. But we had a boy of only eight up here from Chicago, and he had it. I really don't know if it proceeds at the same speed in everyone. It was very rapid with me. And the same thing with Monica Assenheimer—it just developed over the last three or four years.

Dr. SerVaas: So it came on you out of the blue?

Mr. Hall: Yes. When I began getting a little short of breath, I put it down to age and overweight. Then it became noticeably worse, and I went to a chest specialist. He diagnosed it as asthma and treated me for that for quite some time. Finally I got so ill that I ended up in the hospital, where it was correctly diagnosed.

Dr. SerVaas: Did they do a biopsy?

Mr. Hall: They did eventually, to confirm their diagnosis. The sound from my lungs was like cellophane rattling.

"Nothing for Al. He's our designated driver."

Dr. SerVaas: Do you have any advice for those who need transplants?

Mr. Hall: It should be done when they are in reasonably good shape. The medical profession has been so fussy about ethics. They don't want to appear that they are transplanting healthy people, so they virtually wait until a person is on the last gasp before they do it. Most lung diseases, like emphysema, don't become serious until one is in his mid-50s. So, it's kind of like being between a rock and a hard place. Doctors don't want to operate on them over 50, but the people who need the operation are mostly all over 50.

Dr. SerVaas: What did you think just before the surgery?

Mr. Hall: I thought I had led a good life, and if worse came to worst I'd go where good people go in the hereafter. Of course, I prayed, and there were many groups praying for me. I'm sure they really helped. I know they helped me personally.

Mrs. Assenheimer is a 36-year-old donor-lung recipient who had been in a wheelchair and on oxygen 24 hours a day. We asked her how she felt. "Oh, great," she said. "Yesterday I worked a full day in the store. My husband has a hardware store next to our house, and I went over at 9:30 and worked right through until 4:30. No problem at all. I had a ball. Today I'm doing the laundry, and I was out showing my brother-in-law around town. I've been doing a lot of other things, and I haven't been the least bit tired. So I would say I am almost 99 percent back to normal. I can breathe without oxygen. Before the transplant, about three-fourths of my lungs were affected by my pulmonary fibrosis. The lungs were almost dormant. The volume of air I was taking in was about three-fourths of a liter. Now my lung volume has increased to about two liters. And with added activity I will be able to increase it probably by another liter."

Dr. SerVaas: What about the blood gases when you were so sick?

Mrs. Assenheimer: Oh, they were lousy. I was retaining an unbelievable percentage of carbon dioxide, and this was worrying the doctors. It was why they assessed my length of time to live at six months at the most. That really shocked me, because when I originally was told to begin thinking about a transplant, they said I might have another couple of years. It was really devastating. It's hard to explain. But it just felt like the bottom—like the rug was being pulled out from under my feet. You know what I mean?

Dr. SerVaas: It changes your priorities rather quickly, I would think.

Mrs. Assenheimer: Wow, does it ever! So really, deciding on the operation left no choice. I was so afraid because I knew all the pain and suf-

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fering and the chance that it might not turn out all right. So I was sort of pinned to the wall. But there was no time that I ever thought forget it, I won't go for it, I'll just let myself die gradually. That never once entered my head. I knew I had to go through with it. A lot of people prayed, and I'm sure that helped. I'm positive.

Dr. SerVaas: After you said yes, how long did you have to wait in suspense for a donor lung?

Mrs. Assenheimer: One month. I had set my sights on two months because they said the average waiting period was two or three months. They asked me if I would like to wait at home or go down to West Park Hospital in Toronto, a rehabilitation center. But we live quite far from Toronto.

Dr. SerVaas: Did you have a beeper so they could get you right away?

Mrs. Assenheimer: Yes, I had a beeper. But still I didn't want to be this far away. The snow sometimes is very bad, and I didn't want to take the chance. There were enough obstacles to overcome already. And it would have made me very nervous driving to Lindsay to get an air-transport plane, and then wonder whether it could land if there was a blizzard or if I never could have gone at all. So I would have missed out on a lung.

Dr. SerVaas: So you went, and put up in a hotel?

Mrs. Assenheimer: West Park Hospital, a very nice place to stay. It's not like a hospital at all—more like a hotel. And when I was there I concentrated on making friends. Some of the people were a lot worse off than I was. I found getting involved with them made it a lot easier for me to wait.

Dr. SerVaas: Your success will encourage more people to donate organs. Certainly more organs will mean more transplants, and with more transplants, more expertise will develop. Doctors learn more every time they do one.

Mrs. Assenheimer: Did you know that since Tom Hall's transplant they have cut the surgery time almost in half? Tom's took ten hours, and mine only took six. That was remarkable too.

Dr. SerVaas: I'm sure your husband and children are thrilled.

Mrs. Assenheimer: Oh, yes. I feel better every day, although I'd be satisfied to stay the way I am right now.

Dr. SerVaas: You are on cyclosporin?

Mrs. Assenheimer: Cyclosporin and prednisone, which is a kind of cortisone, I believe. But they have decreased the prednisone by quite a bit already. I started out on 30 mg a day and now I'm down to 15 mg.

Dr. SerVaas: Thanks for sharing your story. I'm sure it will inspire others facing circumstances like yours. ✖

Lungs

continued from page 68

Dr. Cooper: Oh, we call that a sheet ventilator. You crawl in between the sheets, and there is a little Quonset-hut thing that goes over your chest.

Dr. SerVaas: Does that work?

Dr. Cooper: Oh, yes, it is great. It helps. In fact, in our program we plan to try these patients on that to rest the respiratory muscles—to see if, by relieving the constant fatigue, we can strengthen them, because we have a superb respiratory–physiology unit. We are fortunate here in the favorable confluence of a lot of factors, and that is why we have succeeded with the lungs. The other heart-lung transplant centers are all run by cardiac surgeons oriented toward cardiac-failure diseases. We are the only ones I know of who are orienting our program solely toward lung disease.

That's why we jokingly call ours the lung-heart operation, as opposed to the heart-lung operation. It is the same operation, but it emphasizes that it is being done for lung disease. So we would take an emphysema patient, if we thought he met our criteria. We would see how far we could get on the rehabilitation program, strengthening his muscles beforehand, and then try to get the biggest possible donor. Yes, we would be taking risks both for him, of course, as well as for the program, because no one has successfully transplanted an emphysema patient. But we have, in fact, just sent out a letter to pulmonologists across Canada indicating that we are now prepared to take on patients with emphysema, cystic fibrosis and various forms of lung disease for one or the other of the cur-

continued on page 97

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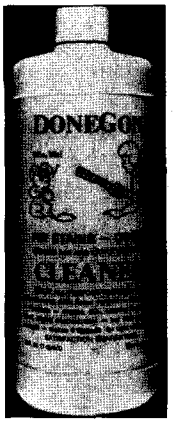

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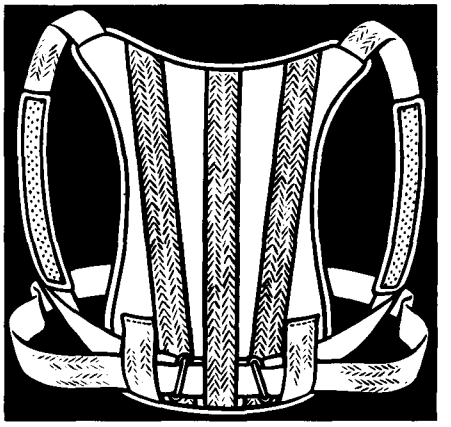

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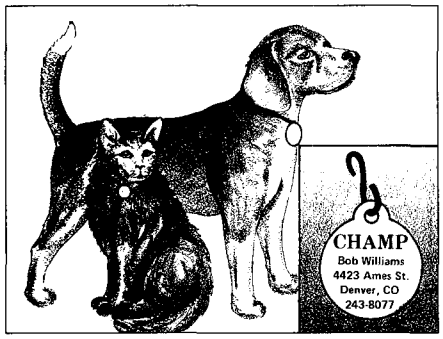

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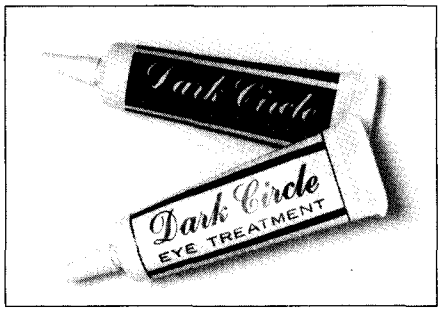

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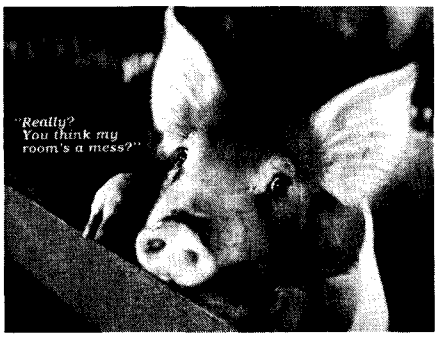

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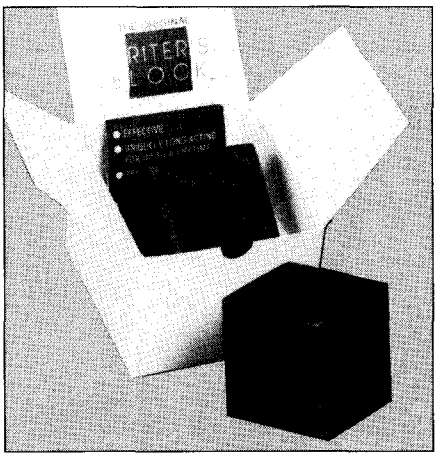

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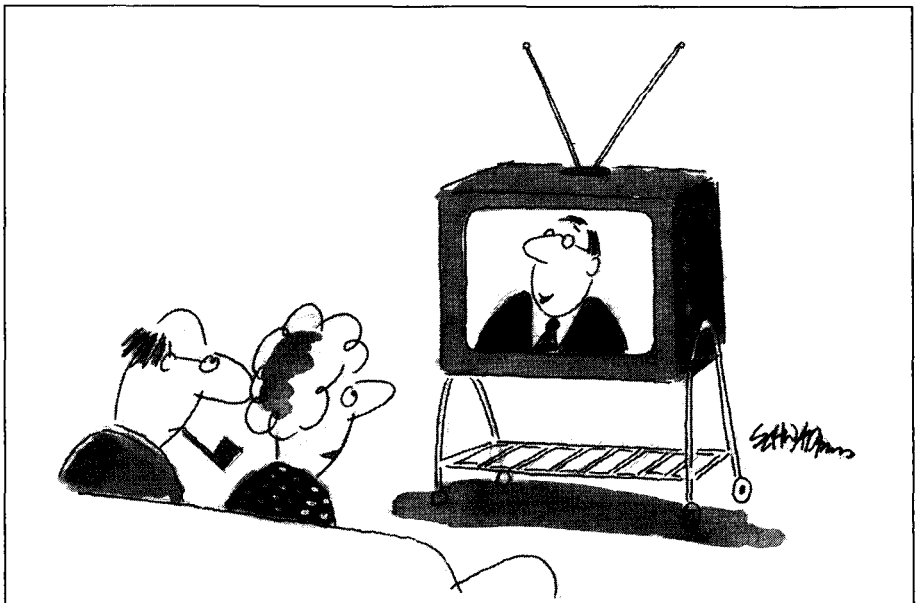

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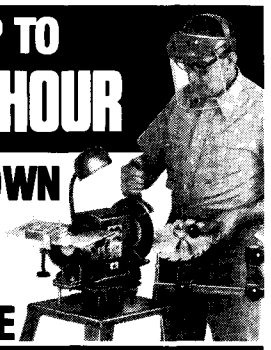

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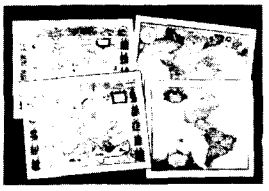

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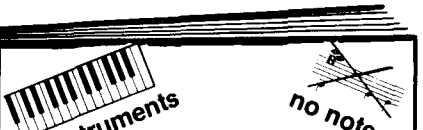

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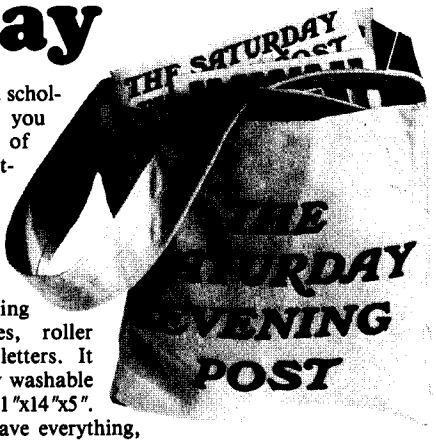

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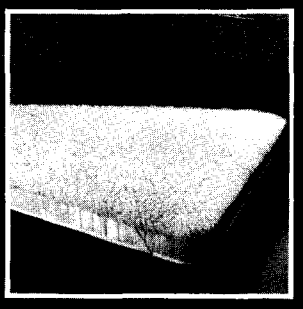

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Crystal Gayle

continued from page 61

until almost 5 a.m. It was about one when I lay down, and I thought I could just set Catherine Claire beside me. I sort of fell asleep, but woke up to find that she'd pulled my hairpins out and was tugging on my hair. She just wouldn't go to sleep last night."

A mother's unabashed pride animates her features as the stories continue: "She is a sweet girl, even though she is spoiled . . . . She's just now starting to make this face; whenever I tell her no, she gets this little face, and I can't stop laughing. . . . And I call her honey all the time, and now she's started calling me honey. Honey!" The anecdote ends in a gayle of laughter.

If the death of her mother taught Crystal about life's somber shadows, the birth of Catherine Claire has taught her about its sun-filled rooms. Unlike Loretta, who began having her children when she was in her early teens, Crystal and her husband waited until she was 32; concerned about the health of her baby, she stopped touring four months before her due date, exercised up to an hour and a half each day until the morning before Catherine Claire was born and put herself on an extra-protein diet. "I gained more weight than I should have," she recalls, "but I wanted my baby to have the best chance."

Just the year before Catherine Claire's birth, the state of Tennessee had launched a "Healthy Children Initiative," designed, a spokesperson for the governor's office says, "to get our children born healthy and to keep them healthy." Although the initiative had focused on setting up prenatal-care programs in all 95 Tennessee counties, it reached only 2,000 expectant mothers that first year. The next priority became finding a spokesperson to get the word out. "We felt there were still many women who didn't realize the importance of good prenatal care," explains Jan Scanlan, director of public affairs for the Tennessee Department of Health and Environment.

The TDHE's choice was the new mother, Crystal. (Loretta Lynn and Dolly Parton had also been considered.) Her baby was born a bit early and spent some time in an

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intensive-care unit," notes Scanlan. "I think, because of that, she was more sensitive than most to the importance of good prenatal care. She was also a young, attractive mother we thought our target audience would relate to."

Asked by the TDHE to help in the preparation of several public-service announcements, Crystal immediately agreed. "I think it's incredibly important," observes Crystal, growing suddenly serious, "for prospective mothers to have a good diet and excellent medical care—both for the physical and the mental well-being of their child."

Crystal not only gave of her time; she and Bill rewrote the scripts until the couple were satisfied and donated their studio in Nashville as a backdrop for the two TV spots. In them, Crystal sits in a wicker rocking chair with Catherine Clair—making her public debut—in her arms.

"Pregnancy is wonderful, exciting and a little scary," Crystal explains on the air. "As a new mother who's just experienced those emotions, I'd like to pass on this simple message to Tennessee's expecting mothers: How you take care of yourself now will affect your baby's health for the rest of its life. So if you're pregnant, make sure your baby has the best possible start in life. Call your doctor or local health department and begin a good, solid prenatal-care program now. It may be the most important call you will ever make—for you and your child."

In their second year, Tennessee's prenatal clinics attracted 16,000 women, in part because of Crystal's appeal. "It was the most successful campaign we've done," Scanlan observes. Several other states are now also making use of the spots.

As the sky grows dark and the lights of Atlantic City's casinos begin to dazzle, Bill interrupts the conversation to remind Crystal that she has to prepare for her first show. She will wash and dry her hair—a process that takes several hours—and will trade her jeans for glittering sequins. That evening, standing alone in a spotlight, she will have the audience at her "beck and call" and will, without a doubt, "drive the men insane." But "when I dream," for Crystal Gayle, means health and family—life's simple but most rewarding gifts.

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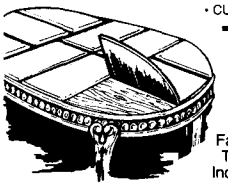

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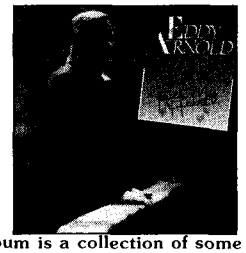

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NEVIS: QUEEN OF THE LEEWARDS

This 36-square-mile island that once supplied much of the world's sugar is still the sweetest vacation spot in the Caribbean.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Draw a straight line from Rangoon through Timbuktu and into the Western Hemisphere, then another straight line from Halifax right into the Dragons Mouth west of Trinidad; at the intersection you'll find the West Indies island of Nevis. All 36 square miles of it.

Nevis' big-sister island, Saint Kitts, all of 65 miles square, lies two miles across the strait.

Columbus first saw these islands in 1493 and gave them their names. The shape of the larger and its Mount Misery suggested to him an image of his own patron, Saint Christopher, bearing the Christ Child on his shoulders. The smaller island and its cloud-capped peak reminded him of *los nieves*, or 'the snows," of the Pyrenees back in Spain. The British have long since shortened the islands' names to Saint Kitts and Nevis (long "e").

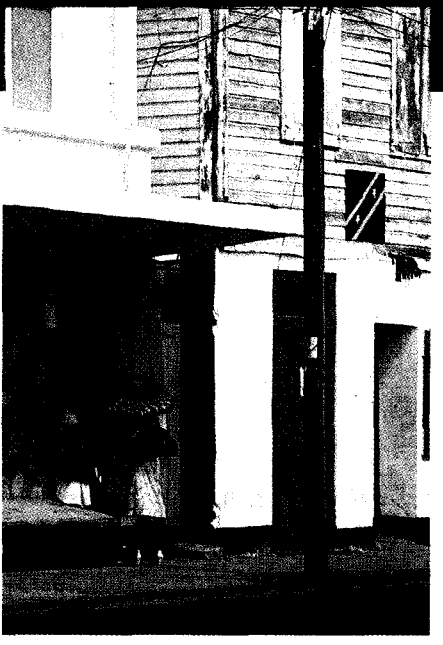
Jamestown's settlers indulged their bodies and refreshed their souls in the tropical sunshine of Nevis before moving north to tackle the hardships of a 17th-century Virginia winter. Here, Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury in George Washington's cabinet, had the good sense to be born. And here, Captain (later Lord) Horatio Nelson took time from fighting the French to be married.

At one time, with the help of conscripted labor from England (no black slaves for the first 100 years), 69 plantations produced the sugar that helped satisfy much of the world's sweet tooth; six plantations remain. A dwindling market, caused in part by the introduction of a formidable rival, the sugar beet, brought the sugar-cane mills to a halt. Today, the plantations have been converted to an even sweeter trade—catering to the vacationers who want to have the time of their lives without working at it.

A sign at the airport advertises: "You are on the right island, now go to the right place—Zetland Plantation." Zetland, 1,500 feet up the slopes of Nevis Peak, offers a view not only of Saint Kitts but of Redonda and Montserrat islands as well. Here, at leisurely "Caribbean time," life revolves around the manor house and its restaurant, lounge, bar and boutique, surrounded by 15 villas that dot the hillside. The converted sugar mill, resembling a Dutch windmill with the fans missing, is occupied (when he's in residence) by the New York Giant football hall-of-famer Andy Robustelli, the part-owner of Zetland.

A tennis court, a swimming pool, a dance pavilion, manicured lawns and walks bordered by coconut palms and exotic flowers now cover the area where the sugar works once stood upwind to the original owner's mahogany "great house." The house was deliberately burned in 1706 to keep it from falling into the hands of the invading French.

As we sit on the veranda of our villa and look across the gentle water to Montserrat, the trade winds cool upon our cheeks and glasses cold in our hands, it's easy to contemplate



A shopping spree in Basseterre, Saint Kitts, begins at the Berkeley Memorial (top). Charlestown's main street, on Nevis (above), is alive with handcraft shops.

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those early times when Nevis was known for its glamorous social life. What isn't easy to accept is that this little Caribbean cameo has a problem—water. Not even the most preoccupied could miss the doggerel posted on the wall above our commode:

Welcome—
On this isle
Of sea and sun,
We do not flush
For number one.
Thank you.

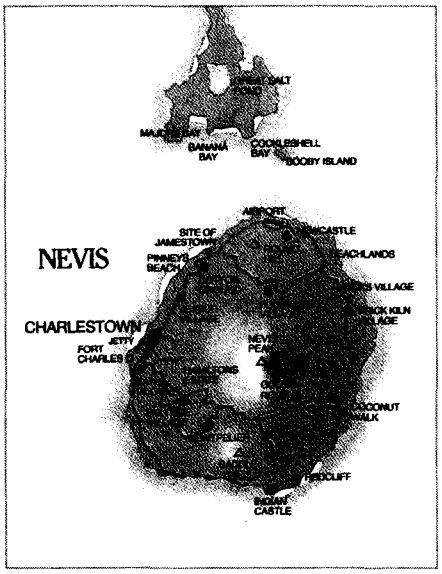
Nevis islanders tell us the big event here is the sunset, but we found a visit to the Nelson Museum fascinating. The memory of Lord Nelson, one of the greatest heroes of the British Empire, is kept alive on the island thanks to a Philadelphia lawyer, Bob Abraham: He restored and converted a room in a 300-year-old cane house into the Morning Star Nelson Museum. Enshrined here are Nelson memorabilia that include a grandiose grandfather clock, the hands of which were stopped at the exact moment of the visit by Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip in 1966; a walking stick that contains a concealed field glass; one of Nelson's swords; a replica of his coffin (sold on London streets the day after the funeral); and an invitation to the funeral—as well as faded letters that Nelson wrote with his left hand, his right arm having been shot off. I couldn't resist copying these lines from one of the letters:

"The Danes are great fighters. The French I can whip any day."

Such confidence evidently allowed Nelson to fight the French and at the same time dally with Frances Nisbet, whose deceased husband had been governor of the island. The earliest reminder of Nelson's life here can thus be found in the registry of Fig Tree Church:

"1787 March 11, Horatio
Nelson Esquire,
Captain of His Majesty's Ship
the Boreas,
to Frances Herbert Nisbet,
widow."

For all its years, attested to by headstones in the small cemetery just off the front walk, Fig Tree Church still serves Nevis worship-



Tiny Nevis is one of the smaller members in the chain of Leeward Islands (right) that buffer the peaceful Caribbean from the rowdy Atlantic.

ers. Inside, we tread gently upon stone-slab graves with archaic inscriptions such as:

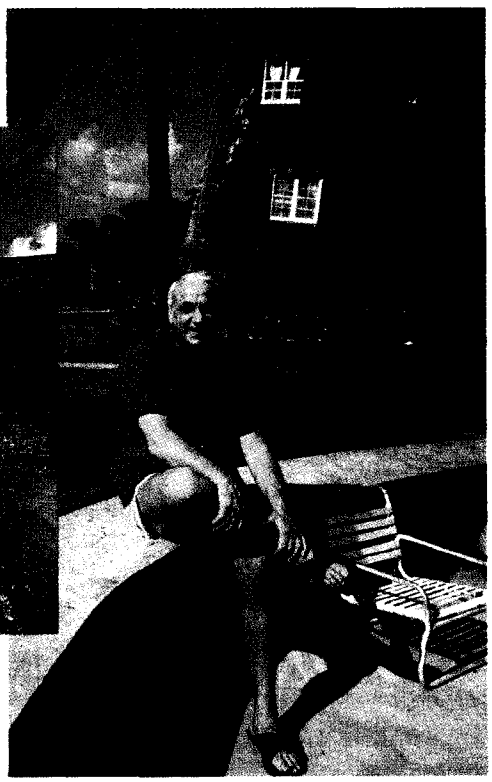
"Under this Stone is Deposited the Mortal part of Mrs. Elizabeth Herbert, wife of the Honorable John Richardson Herbert Esq. Sept. 26, 1769."

And my favorite:

"Here lies the Remains of Fanny Herbert, a most Excellent Wife who did Everything her husband asked her to do."

Nevis' other historical footnote is the Hamilton estate. We take the only road winding up Nevis Peak—for 900 feet, that is. The road stops—the cement mixer broke down and the contractor couldn't raise the cash to have it repaired. Fortunately the road extends as far as the hospital, about which our guide comments, "I wouldn't want to have a heart transplant there, but other than that it's all right."

Our driver parks the van in the shade at a gigantic tree where Alexander Hamilton must have played as a child. The tree, a sandbox tree, is more interesting by far than the overgrown ruins of the house that once sheltered the Hamilton family. Before the invention of blotting paper, people here would cut the top off the fruit and use



(Above) Old cannon stand ready at Brimstone Hill, Saint Kitts. (Right) Hall-of-famer Andy Robustelli in front of his part-time residence—a converted sugar mill.

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it for sanding letters.

"When the fruit is ready to seed," we are told, "it goes off like a hand grenade, throwing the seed away from the tree, because nothing will grow beneath it."

The sugar mill still stands down the slope from the house. The heavy machine, brought from England and transported up the mountainside, has long since gone to rust. We stop beside the sugar-drying ovens that consumed most of the islands' great mahogany trees. (The few that remain are now protected by law.) There is hope the mill may one day be restored—at a cost of perhaps $500,000. "At one time, we thought the duPonts were interested," our guide says, "but nothing came of it."

To have lunch in the capital, Charlestown, we have only to go back down the mountain and slalom around the goats, a pig wearing a collar and another sporting a bow, and there we are—at the Longstone Bar.

If Bogart were still alive, we could expect him to walk in at any moment. Instead of Bogie it's the Yorkshire bartender John Williams, who adds zest to our conch salad by deserting his bar for the dining room to fill us in on Nevis excitement that many visitors miss. "You can play golf here as well as on Saint Kitts," he boasts. "However, Saint Kitts has regulation courses, while ours is a one-holer with five tees. When you're on the green you'd better be wearing a hard hat, because balls come flying in from all directions."

As for the horse racing, he says six horses are lined up, and a man holding a palm frond stands behind each horse to whack it on the rear end when the starter yells, "Go!" "I made a bet there with this tout," he says, "and my horse won. So I looked the fellow up and said, "You owe me three dollars." He said, 'Not me.' I said, 'My friend here was with me, and he'll verify that I made the bet with you and my horse won.' He said, 'Maybe so, but anyway I didn't agree with the decision.' So I didn't get paid."

After lunch my wife sets off to browse among the silkscreened and hand-embroidered goods in the boutiques, while I turn toward the two-story stone structure on the seaside site where Alexander Hamilton was born—out of wedlock, I might add. His mother, the beautiful 28-year-old Nevis resident Rachel Fawcett Lavine, was living with James Hamilton, the fourth son of the laird of Cambuskeith, Ayrshire, Scotland.

Later impoverished, the Hamiltons were forced to sell the property. In 1843 the great earthquake that turned Charlestown into "a rock quarry" destroyed the Hamilton house.

In 1957, during the observance of the Alexander Hamilton bicentennial, the site was acquired by the government and eventually converted to a museum. The actress Cicely Tyson, whose Nevis-born parents followed Hamilton's path to America some 200 years later, cut the opening-ceremony ribbon.

A few miles from town we stop at Fort Charles briefly, because there's little to see. Its rusted cannon still dominate the waterfront. And its walls still stand, having survived nearly 400 years of sun, sand and sea thanks to a mortar composed of crushed coral and molasses (a by-product of the sugar mills).

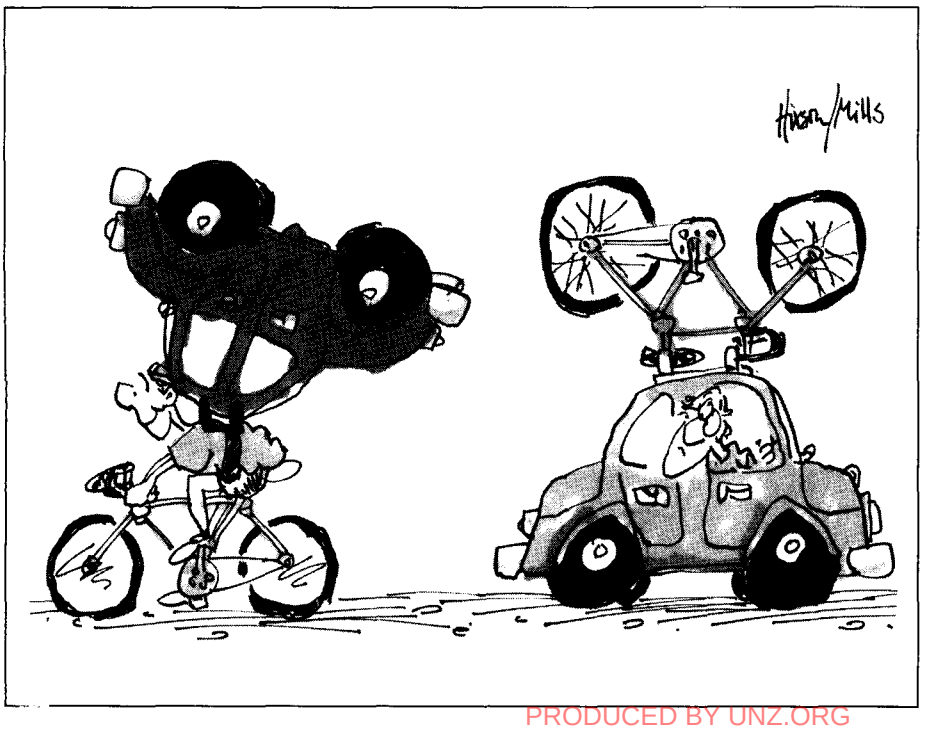
The old hotel downtown offers even more exercise for the imagination. Its windows are now boarded over, and the sweeping balcony overlooking the cricket grounds has a rotted board or two. But the mineral springs, once the hub of Nevis' social life, still flow. Here, in the mid-1700s, European tourists came to "take the waters"—for more reasons than health. As the guide points out, the journey required six weeks in a crowded little 500-ton ship, and the passengers arrived "a little gamy," he says. "Today people come down in a 727, and if the flight takes 20 minutes longer than it should, they have had a 'simply dreadful trip.' "

One can't leave these two islands without taking the ferry, for $2.50, or the plane, for $25.00, to visit the bigger sister. The ferry engine being under repair, we take the plane.

Saint Kitts and its capital, Basseterre, its casino and its golf courses, are for tourists who want more than just sunsets. After canvassing the downtown shops, we engage a cab for a drive through miles of sugar cane; past a sign that still bothers me: "Caution: Road narrows on both sides"; past historical reminders of the French-English conflict here; and to the Atlantic side of the island.

On the way, we stop at Romney Manor, one of the most beautifully preserved and restored great houses in the Caribbean. Walking past a giant saman or "rain" tree, said to be 350 years old, we are admitted to the manor, where 60 native artists pursue the Indonesian wax-resistant process known as batik. We are in the famous Caribelle Batik, filled with vivid wall hangings and colorful apparel recognized throughout the Caribbean. The manager tells us the brilliant, hummingbird-on-hibiscus hanging was created especially to present to the visiting Princess Margaret.

For the tourist who, like the army, travels on his stomach, the Golden



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Lemon will be his heaven. Here, within the sound of the surf and under a spreading breadfruit tree, he can sip a soursop daiquiri and dine on coconut-stuffed lamb chops. Being a nondrinker as well as a nongourmet, I settle for a hamburger with banana baked beans and a mug of spring water. It's barbecue night back at Zetland, and I wouldn't want to insult the chef by not making a pig of myself.

Lying in bed that night, we digest to the calypso beat of the Soul Survivors, still going strong in the little gazebo off the pavilion long after the last barbecued rib and dancer have disappeared. During their short breaks, we hear the tiny bell frogs that remind us of crickets on summer evenings back home.

"So simple to reach, so difficult to leave," boast the Nevis residents of their island. After five days of basking, browsing and unbending in air temperatures from 74 to 84 degrees, water temperatures around 80 degrees, humidity of 71.4 percent, cooling trade winds and sunshine averaging 8.3 hours per day—I can do nothing but agree.

© CPC

"Weighty Matters"

(11 x 14 frame not included)

Today's high grocery prices weighing heavily on your mind? Give your favorite homemaker (or yourself, if that's the case) this reminder that the good old days had their problems, too. This reproduction of the popular Leslie Thrasher illustration is available only while quantities last. Adds to any kitchen's decor and to your peace of mind!

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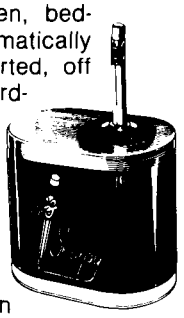

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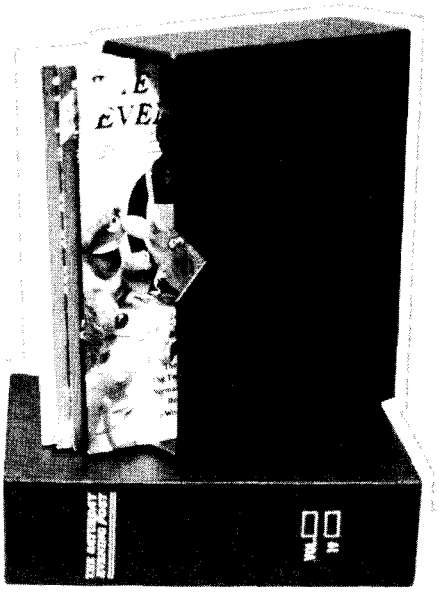

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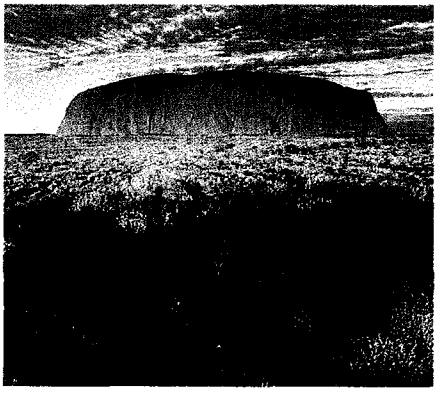
Where in the World?

We won't give you the needle *if you can answer these* rocky *questions* squarely.

A

☐ *Portland*
☐ *Pago Pago*
☐ *Seattle*

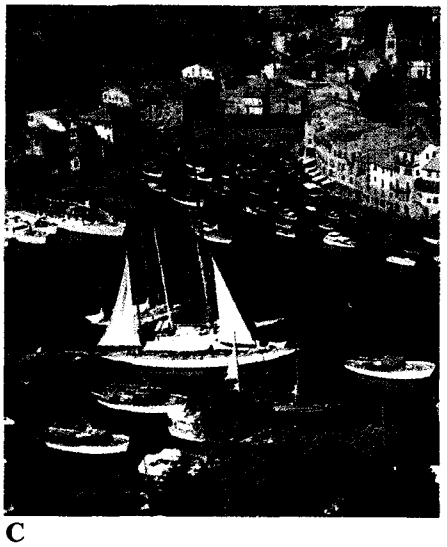
For lack of space, we can't go into great detail about this city's Space Needle (foreground) or its extensive aerospace industry. We can tell you that you're looking at the largest city in an area bounded by San Francisco on the south, Tokyo on the west, Minneapolis on the east and Moscow across the polar cap.



B

☐ *Australia*
☐ *Saudi Arabia*
☐ *United States*

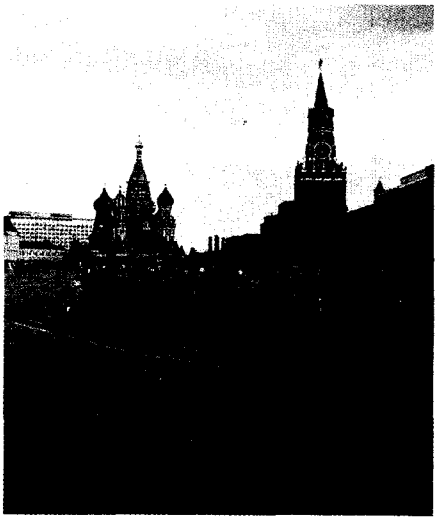
In Jan./Feb. '84 we gave you El Capitan, reputedly the world's largest granite block. Now here's a candidate in the sandstone category. The 1,143-foot-high tor rises abruptly out of desert terrain flat for 100 miles in every direction. Why such a vertical thrust in a horizontal land? Aborigines believe it's a fallen chunk of moon.



C

☐ *France*
☐ *Italy*
☐ *Japan*

Portofino, or "fine port" in the native language, has nothing to do with good Portuguese wine but everything to do with one of the most-photographed, most-painted harbors in the world. Observers of this Rivieran beauty have included Richard the Lionhearted, Pope Gregory XI and Francis I of France.



D

☐ *Moscow*
☐ *Leningrad*
☐ *Kiev*

Bored by politics?—even you will see red when you look at this square. Apt as the red in "Red Square" now seems, it originally meant "beautiful articles." And great beauty is still found in St. Basil's Cathedral (center) and the Spasskaya tower (right).

Answers on page 112

Halley's Comet

continued from page 53

tempt to close in on the phenomenon March 6 and 9 of that year. And in December American scientists announced they would have a cosmic dust analyzer aboard the Soviet Vega-1 and -2 spacecraft in the first Soviet-American joint space operation since 1975.

Though the United States will not be launching a special comet satellite, because of budget cutbacks, it will watch Halley's progress closely via the *Pioneer* Venus orbiter, the International Sun-Earth Explorer and the space shuttle. Three astronomers will board the shuttle in early 1986 with a sophisticated new telescope expected to take superb pictures of the head and tail. Three different ultraviolet telescopes also will be used.

What color is a comet? Pink. So they say. An astronomer, Fred Whipple, decided a few years ago the comet must be like a dirty snowball, an "icy conglomerate" of ice and various kinds of dust. The varying composition apparently has something to do with why some comets split in two, some explode and some burn up in the sun. At least 600 have been spotted from our planet, most of them on fabulously long orbits that bring them to us once in 100,000 or a million years or so and then back out past Pluto.

Some 100 shorter-term comets are known. The spectacular Encke has a 3.3-year orbit, which means it won't be around long. It loses so much debris and gas in the sun that it will die after about 1,000 trips. Halley's is an "intermediate," one of only 7 known comets with an orbit between 50 and 200 years.

Comets come from a deep-freeze storage area on the outer fringes of the solar system called the Oort Cloud, where as many as 2 trillion nascent comets are milling around. It was from this cloud, named for a Dutch astronomer, that Halley's was pulled by Jupiter's gravity.

Wherever it came from, wherever it is going, Halley's Comet will be seen this time by more people than ever before. It will be, as they say, the experience of a lifetime.

Even that isn't enough for some people. One farsighted manufacturer is turning out T-shirts that say: "I'll See It in the Year 2061 Too!"

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Money Talk

continued from page 40

ment plan started immediately.

There are two major areas in which most Americans are not getting their money's worth:

a. Low-interest savings accounts with banks, savings and loans and insurance companies. You can take money from a 5½ percent savings plan and invest it in an area that has the potential for higher returns.

b. Low-value, high-cost life insurance. You can replace your outdated, expensive life-insurance policies with term insurance and currently save as much as 30 to 70 percent.

A potential asset for most people is an Individual Retirement Account. When you invest the maximum amount allowed in an IRA, you can deduct that amount from your taxes—thereby saving money you would normally pay to Uncle Sam.

6. Avoid the credit trap. Credit cards are good for convenience and emergencies. But be careful to avoid the common pitfalls of "plastic money." Pay off your charges at the end of each billing period—otherwise, you may pay 18 to 21 percent in financial charges. (Most banks now charge $20 to $30 just to issue a card—whether you use it or not!) Be careful not to overspend. It's so easy to say "charge it," but you'll have to pay up sooner or later.

Installment loans are another area of caution. It's tempting to buy something on "time." One drawback is that by the time you pay off the loan, the newness of the item has worn off—it may even be broken or damaged beyond repair. Save your money and pay cash—it's the only way to win!

For purchases such as furniture or appliances, save your money and pay cash instead. If you must use an installment loan for a necessary major purchase, like a family car, finance as little as possible and pay it off as soon as possible. Don't load up your loan contract with extras like credit life insurance, disability or automobile insurance.

Now, see how many options you have. And just a few short minutes ago you were convinced you couldn't come up with any money to start on your path to financial freedom! But these are the facts: You can do it. You do have a choice about your financial future.

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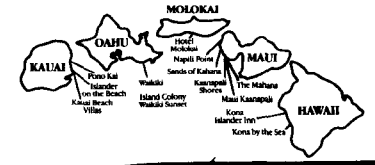

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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
Literary & Medical
· SOCIETY ·

Dear Reader:

We can't think of a single gift that would do more for your good health than to start you using high-lysine corn meal and high-fiber unprocessed miller's bran.

We've been writing about the virtues of high-fiber wheat bran for years, and lately we've been telling you why we believe a high-lysine, low-arginine diet is so beneficial to ward off viruses. We're packaging both high-lysine corn meal and miller's unprocessed wheat bran in lined, brown-paper bags to get more people started who haven't yet discovered the amazing benefits of adding back the bran, or going on a high-lysine, low-arginine diet.

Readers ask us repeatedly, "Exactly how much bran should I take?" So we called Dr. Denis Burkitt, the godfather of the high-fiber discoveries. From London, in his inimitable British accent, he said, "It varies enormously with different people. What we tell them now is, 'If you have enough fiber, your stools normally float.' And everybody can find out whether their stools float or sink. Take enough to make your stool float," he said. "Some people need more than others." Getting your stool to float will probably double the size of your stool, and this is what you want, says Dr. Burkitt. "Speeding up the transit time is important but it isn't nearly as important as increasing the amount of stool you pass," he said.

We asked him how much stool the average adult male should pass. He replied, "I think he should pass at least 225 grams (about 1/2 pound). The average American today is passing a little over 100 grams (less than 1/4 pound). Stool weights are even more closely related to cancer than the transit time of the food. If I were a doctor examining candidates for life insurance, the first question I'd ask would be, 'How much stool do you pass daily?' If the candidate says, 'About 250 to 300 grams,' well, I'd say, 'I'm not wasting time on blood chemistry tests, you're O.K.--you can get your policy,' and if he says, 'I don't even get out 100 grams a day,' well, I'd say, 'It's not worthwhile to test you because you're a pretty poor risk.' That's how important a high-volume stool is to your health."

If you care about wellness, I hope you will read the next page.

To your good health,

Cory ServVaas, M.D.

Cory ServVaas, M.D.
Research Director

P.S. If you've already tried our wheat bran and our high-lysine corn meal, you may select any two bags you wish to receive instead.

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The Gift of Health!

We want to make it possible for everyone who helps support our research to obtain a fresh supply of one bag of corn meal and one bag of unprocessed miller's wheat bran, or you may substitute any grain for one or both.

We're eager for you to start on a high-fiber and high-lysine diet.

Flush your box of laxatives down the drain. We hope you'll never need them again. Just a few tablespoons of the wheat bran each day will revolutionize your bowel behavior. . .and lessen your cancer risk.

Whole-kernel, ground corn meal is excellent fiber. *High-lysine* corn makes it an excellent protein food as well.

Since we made high-lysine corn meal available to our donors and new subscribers last spring, we've shipped over 60,000 bags. We want you to start on your own cancer-prevention program today.

We wish we could mail gift bags to all our members but we must now limit it to those who send a contribution to support our cancer and heart-disease research.

If you can send a tax-deductible contribution, please know that it will be spent on practical medical research to find out how to prevent cancer and heart disease. Our gift to you is for your good health. Your gift to us helps others as well.

The Saturday Evening Post Society

Yes, I want to start on my high-lysine, high-fiber, disease-prevention program. Please send me the two bags checked below along with the free recipes. ☐ High-lysine corn meal, ☐ Ezekiel's flour, ☐ miller's unprocessed wheat bran, ☐ high-lysine hot cereal, ☐ high-lysine cold cereal, ☐ high-lysine amaranth or ☐ high-lysine triticale. I'm enclosing a tax-deductible contribution to the medical research for: ☐ cancer prevention ☐ heart disease.

My Donation $5_____ $10_____ $15_____ Other_____

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FOOD

GARLIC AND ONIONS: MORE THAN MEETS THE NOSE

There's more than a whiff of truth to the lore that garlic and onions are good for what ails you; scientists are now finding clues to the source of their potent healing powers.

by Patrick Perry

Garlic and onions have always had a certain "air" about them. As with all strong personalities, people either love them—or quite emphatically, they don't!

These hard-working and rather homely members of the lily family have repeatedly demonstrated their versatility in the kitchen, the medicine chest and the garden, but the reviews are always mixed. Whether praised or panned, the potent plants have played a colorful and vital role in history, and their therapeutic virtues are gaining credibility in scientific circles.

The history of garlic and onions dates back at least 5,000 years to early written records.. According to Islamic legend: "When Satan stepped out from the Garden of Eden after the fall of man, Garlic sprang up from the spot where he placed his left foot, and Onion from that where his right foot touched." It was definitely not a positive image.

To garlic and onion enthusiasts, there are few foods these two dynamic vegetables won't enhance. A case in point is this unique Salmon-Vegetable Stew with Basil Sauce (page 92).

But early Egyptians thought highly of onions and garlic—they were invoked when taking an oath, and one variety of onion was eventually deified. The Greek historian Herodotus wrote that onions and garlic played a major role in building the pyramids: Workers at the Great Pyramid at Giza in 2900 B.C. were fed the vegetables for power and stamina. Herodotus noted ". . . an inscription on the pyramid which states the quantity of radishes, onions and garlic consumed by laborers who constructed it." To most Greeks, however, the aromas were offensive, and consumption prior to public worship was banned.

Aristophanes, Homer, Chaucer and Shakespeare have all mentioned garlic and onions. Shakespeare issued an alarm in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—". . .eat no onion nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath." But Sir John Harrington in 1609 espoused the greatness of garlic in "The Englishman's Doctor." He wrote:

"Garlic then have
power to save from
death
Bear with it though it
maketh unsavory
breath
And scorn not garlic
like some that think
It only maketh men
wink and drink and
stink."

Literature, legend and lore offer insights into the powerful qualities associated with garlic and onions. Historically, herbalists have used them as panaceas; Hippocrates advocated their use as diuretics and laxatives; Albert Schweitzer used garlic to treat a form of dysentery in Africa; and in China, onion tea is still used to dispel fevers, headaches and cholera.

Folk or modern, prescriptions of garlic and onions for various ailments make scientific sense. A well-written, complete discussion of the vegetables' scientific significance and molecular make-up appears in the March 1985 issue of *Scientific American*. The article, "The Chemistry of Garlic and Onions," by Dr. Eric Block of the New York State University at Albany, discusses the chemical compounds and reactions found in garlic and onions and gives credence to some of the curative properties ascribed to the pair through the ages.

Apparently, sulfur compounds in-

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herent in garlic and onions are the chief agitators of the pungent odor and the tears released when the bulbs are assaulted. More important, extracts from fresh garlic and onions have indeed proved to be antibiotic and antithrombotic (a property that prevents the blood from clotting). The article points to key discoveries in the understanding of the chemistry of garlic and onions, one of which was made by Chester J. Cavallito and his colleagues in 1944. The research team experimented with garlic and produced an antibacterial and antifungal oil more potent than penicillin against one form of typhoid bacteria. More recently, Block and his fellow researchers have isolated an active garlic extract they named ajoene. Further experiments are under way to determine the usefulness of ajoene as a drug.

In India and Japan, researchers are investigating the advantages of garlic for treating certain health problems, such as tuberculosis, pneumonia, arthritis and even diabetes.

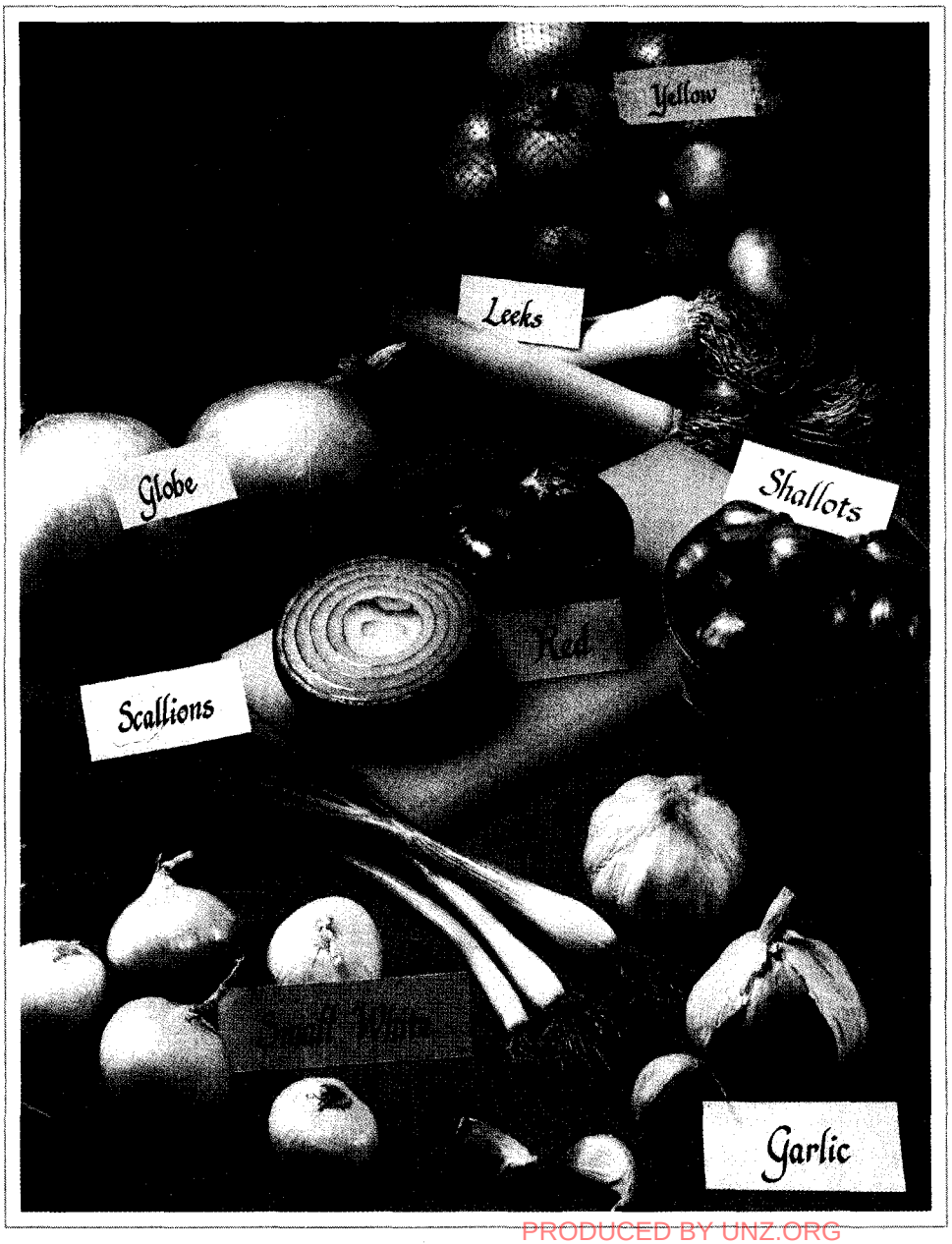
Even as modern medicine reinforces the ancient salutes to the humble vegetables, taste buds continue to favor the incomparable flavor the two possess. Fervor over garlic has reached such a pitch that bumper stickers, festivals and societies have been formed. "Garlic Lovers Take Your Breath Away" will signal an avid fan on the highway; the Lovers of the Stinking Rose is an international group of enthusiasts dedicated to the delicious bulb. (The group's founder, Lloyd Harris, has even written a popular book on the bulb, *The Book of Garlic*.)

Nowhere can you witness or participate in the love of garlic more than in the community of Gilroy, California. Since 1979, the community of 23,000 has attracted, at last year's count, more than 150,000 garlic enthusiasts to the annual Gilroy Garlic Festival, held each July. There, over a ten-mile radius, the aroma of the pungent bulb prevails in savory splendor. Before the annual gathering, recipes from all over the country pour into the festival headquarters, where scrutinizing judges carefully select the ten finalists who will compete during the gala for the prizewinning recipe. A highlight of the festival is Gourmet Alley, where more than a ton and a half of minced fresh garlic is used in an array of food from every ethnic background. If you are interested in attending the 1985 festival, reserve July 26-28 and write the Gilroy Garlic Association, P.O. Box 2311, Gilroy, CA 95021, for more spicy details.

The trip and the aroma may be a little heady for some. Your own kitchen can be the setting for enjoying the rich aroma and flavor of garlic and onions.

Soups, salads, casseroles—almost any dish can benefit from one variety of onions or garlic. Spanish onions, Bermuda onions, red onions, leeks, shallots or scallions—each has a distinct flavor. When shopping for dry onions, garlic and shallots, make sure they are hard and firm, with no soft spots. Store them in a dry place. Always refrigerate green onions, leeks and chives. Remember that fresh garlic and onions are best for health benefits. Powdered and processed, they lose much of their value.

If you fancy the tastes but frown on the odor and the tears, you can lessen the aromatic aftereffects by following a few rules. Before chopping into an onion, chill it briefly to lessen the chemical reaction and save some tears. To quell the smell of garlic on your breath, eat a few sprigs



Members of the *Allium* genus, scientists say, contain sulfur compounds that give them their tangy appeal.

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of parsley or a slice of lemon with a dash of salt.

We selected some of Gilroy's greatest recipes, as well as some of our own, that will make your taste buds dance. Enjoy.

Salmon-Vegetable Stew with Basil Sauce

(Serves 6)

1 can (15½ oz.) salmon or 2 cans (7¾ oz. each) salmon
1 cup each *celery and onion, chopped*
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 tablespoon olive oil or oil
Water
¼ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
1 small russet potato, pared and diced
*1 cup cut green beans**
2 leeks, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons small macaroni
1 zucchini, thinly sliced
1 cup spinach or cabbage, shredded
½ cup frozen peas, thawed
1 tablespoon cornstarch
Basil Sauce

Drain salmon and reserve 2 tablespoons liquid; chunk. Sauté celery, onion and garlic in oil in large kettle 10 minutes or until golden. Add 1 quart water, reserved salmon liquid and salt substitute. Bring to boil; simmer, covered, 30 minutes. Add potato; simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Add beans, leeks, macaroni and zucchini; simmer, covered, 5 minutes. Add salmon, spinach and peas. Simmer, uncovered, 5 minutes or until salmon is thoroughly heated and vegetables are crisp-tender. Combine cornstarch and 2 tablespoons water. Add to soup; cook and stir until slightly thickened and clear. Serve in wide soup plates with Basil Sauce (below).

Basil Sauce

In food processor or blender, combine 3 tablespoons *each* olive oil or oil and butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ¼ cup chopped parsley and 2 tablespoons crushed basil; process until smooth. Add ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese; process until well blended. Makes about ⅔ cup.

*Frozen cup green beans, thawed, can be substituted; add with peas.

Grilled Angler with Garlic Beurre Rouge

1st Place, 1984 Gilroy Garlic Festival

(Serves 6)

½ cup fruity olive oil
5 tablespoons lemon juice
4 cloves fresh garlic, peeled and slivered
1 bunch fresh cilantro, chopped to make ½ cup, reserving some whole leaves for garnish
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
6 six-ounce angler fillets, about ¾-inch thick (or any firm-fleshed fish)
Lemon wedges

Mix together olive oil, 4 tablespoons lemon juice, slivered garlic, ¼ cup chopped cilantro and salt and pepper to taste. Add fish fillets and marinate for 1 hour or as long as overnight. Meanwhile prepare Garlic Beurre Rouge (below). Barbecue fish over glowing coals about 7 minutes or until done to your liking, turning fish once. Remove to warm serving platter. Top with Garlic Beurre Rouge sauce. Garnish with lemon wedges and reserved cilantro leaves.

Garlic Beurre Rouge

¼ pound sweet butter or margarine
¼ cup sweet red onion, chopped
2 small hot green chilies, finely minced
1 tablespoon fresh garlic, finely minced
1 pound ripe tomatoes, peeled and chopped

In a frying pan over medium heat, melt 2 tablespoons butter. Sauté onion, chilies and minced garlic until soft, stirring. Add tomatoes and the remaining 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Cook, stirring, for 10 minutes. Remove from heat and add salt and pepper to taste. Stir in remaining ¼ cup chopped cilantro. Slowly stir in remaining butter to melt.

Spagettaccini Carolini

3rd Place, 1984 Gilroy Garlic Festival

(Serves 8)

1 pound spaghetti noodles
Boiling water
¼ cup oil
¼ pound butter or margarine
24 cloves fresh garlic, peeled and chopped
1 pound fresh jumbo shrimp, peeled and butterflied
1 red bell pepper, thinly sliced
1 bunch broccoli, cut into serving-size spears
2 cups fresh mushrooms, chopped
1 cup fresh parsley, chopped
1 cup green onions, chopped
1 tablespoon dried red pepper
2 tablespoons all-purpose flour
½ cup dry white wine
1 pint heavy cream
1 small wedge Parmesan cheese, grated
Salt to taste

Garlic lovers throughout the U.S. flock to Gilroy, California—the "Garlic Capital of the World"—for its annual Gilroy Garlic Festival. Beverly Stone, first-place winner in the annual Great Garlic Recipe Contest Cook-off, was crowned with the appropriate substance.

continued on page 97

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Behind Barbed Wire

continued from page 55

is only 1.75 miles away from the center, which contains two auditoriums, offices, staff quarters and a printing shop. Most staff people, including Wilson, Jones and Jones' wife, Laura, drive buses.

Metro is not inexpensive to run. The weekly gasoline bill is $1,000 and the annual insurance $23,000. Maintenance, heat and electricity, supplies, housing and salaries bring the yearly budget to about $250,000.

The Sunday-school services are alive with music, singing, hand clapping, games, prizes and skits. Jones explains: "I think church should be exciting. It would be impossible and impractical to have the traditional Sunday-school setting here. We're in the ghetto. It's a totally different ball game here."

The message given to the children is pure born-again, fundamental Christianity, with emphasis on God's love and concern for them. The need for a personal experience with Jesus is stressed. Exhortations are made against lying, stealing, cheating in school or tangling with drugs, alcohol and pornography. Respect for authority and the nation is also stressed along with obedience to parents. The kids are told how important it is to do well in school. These basic principles are reinforced in filmstrips, skits and games.

Wilson and Jones are natural actors who can make the children laugh and cheer and pay close attention. They are assisted by an energetic combo of local teen-agers playing drums, electric guitars and a piano. Their music bounces off the auditorium's brick walls and feeds the children's enthusiasm. Competition between the boys and the girls, sparked by cheerleaders running up and down the aisles, is led by someone in a silly Yogi Bear costume. A bubbling sea of 700 happy ghetto children scream out such songs as "He's Got the Whole World in His Hands" or sing in perfect rhythm, "I don't know what you came to do, but I came to praise the Lord." The kids love it and can't wait to return.

The Metro Sunday School offers children an alternative to drugs and crime and the automatic despair of so many inner-city residents. They're seeing positive role models and learning to care for one another. A number of older ones are now driving Metro's buses or helping in the services. And parents appreciate what Metro is saying about the horrors of drugs.

What's it like living in Bushwick? Well, you see things that make you shudder or even cry. Jones recalls the time several boys set a gasoline-soaked dog on fire and laughed when it ran in circles and writhed in pain. Adults cheered while this horrible spectacle took place.

Just last September, Irma Lozada became the first New York City policewoman killed in the line of duty. A transit-authority officer, she was shot in the head with her own revolver and died alone in a vacant lot on one of Metro's Bushwick routes.

Senseless violence has touched the program many times.

• A bus captain walked through an empty lot one day and by chance looked into an open trash bag. Inside he saw a dead three-week-old infant, discarded like an old newspaper.

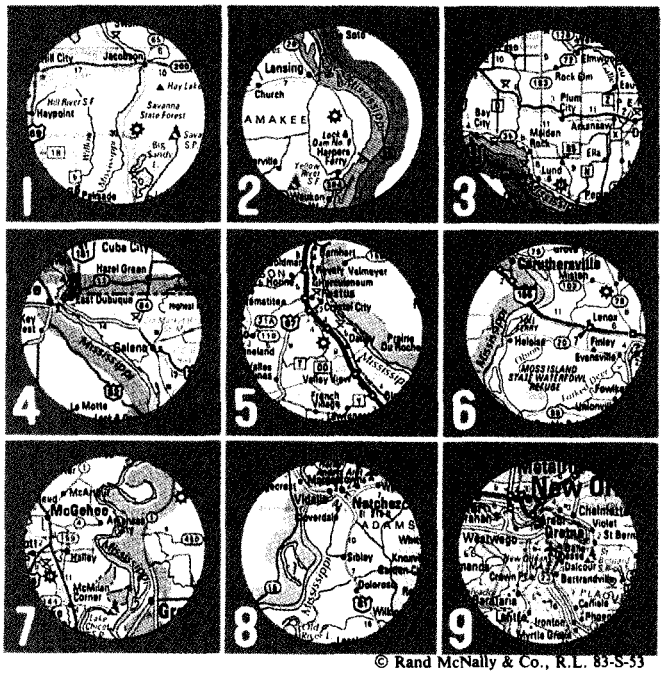
• A teen-age member of the Assassins street gang began attending Metro's youth meetings on Tuesday evenings. After a time he went back to the gang to ask permission to quit. The gang's leader said, "Yeah, we'll let you out," and called a few members over. Instead of saying good-by, they stabbed him 21 times in the chest.

• Staff workers are regularly assaulted and the buses vandalized, so the center is guarded by barbed wire on top of the fences. Wilson recalls, "When we got here, people were waiting in line to rob this place." Laura Jones was attacked on a bus run. Two men jumped out of a van and tried to carry her away. They fled only after she managed to press a hand-held warning siren. Chris Jones really searched his heart about leaving after that incident. He didn't.

• Wilson was threatened with death one evening as he walked back to the center after visiting program children in their homes. Six older teen-agers surrounded him without warning and grabbed his arms. One of them held a can of gasoline and a cigarette lighter. Before they could douse his clothes and set him on fire, a boy yelled out in Spanish from a nearby building. Wilson doesn't know what he said, but whatever it was, the gang suddenly stopped and walked away as if nothing had happened.

Wilson had been careless to even go near the group. He says, "You have got to develop street perception to look out for trouble. You always have to be watching.

continued on following page



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—*Where do you think you are?*—

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the map of a single city, state or province. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify these locations? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't), add the requirement that you place the area, north, south, east, west or central in the designated locale.

(Answers on page 112)

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Peter R. Hammond

Peter R. Hammond, President
Hammond International Mint

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Things happen real quick."

Despite such dismal occurrences, good news is coming out of Bushwick. The community, seeing results, is solidly behind Metro now. Deputy Inspector Philip Sheridan, the former commander of Bushwick's 83rd Police Precinct, says, "As a police officer, this ministry is supporting our efforts in the community to make kids more aware of their potential."

Local business people are helping too. Peter Modica, the owner of a Burger King store, donates hamburgers and French fries. Ralph Goffner, the owner of six area drugstores, says about Metro, "I think they are having a tremendous stabilizing effect on the community. They take kids off the streets." He has even noticed a definite downturn in gang activity in his neighborhood.

The dream begun at Metro Assembly of God isn't over yet. Wilson and Jones want to plant similar programs all over New York City. The notorious South Bronx is next on their list. "Don't think small" is their credo. They are looking at different locations, such as a 60,000-square-foot building, a former courthouse, that could house a Sunday school for 6,000 ghetto children.

Wilson is determined to brake the violence and pessimism that threatens so many urban areas. He wants to reach one generation of children. He says: "The God of today can meet needs today. He's just as real as when Moses crossed the Red Sea. We cross the Red Sea every day."

Can you name this picture?

. . . ***contest:*** $100 to the author of the winning caption for this picture. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. Please send entry on a postcard. *No* self-addressed, stamped envelope is needed. We will also award $100 to the photographer whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. 8 x 10 photos are preferred, along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope for possible photo return. Send all entries to: Photo Contest, *SatEvePost*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by June 1, 1985.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Howard D. Clayton of Slingerlands, New York, for the winning entry in our Jan./Feb. 1985 caption contest.

When my ma washes clothes in the winter
She can't fold them because they may splinter.
So they hang stiff and straight,
Like the old garden gate;
And it makes them real hard to get 'inter.

Her Cat, My Dog

continued from page 57

ball before the termites can bring it down.

My dog doesn't play much any more. So yesterday when he was passing the sofa and her cat tried to leap onto his back, he cleverly ran under the quilting frame. Just because the stupid cat had come close to canceling one of her lives, who took the rap? Right.

"She was just trying to play," said Lois, reviving her precious ward with another can of tuna and a dish of warm milk.

"Play what—a friendly little game of 'Sever the Spine'?"

"You couldn't penetrate that dog's hide with a quarter-inch drill," she remarked, booting him past her cat's repast and out the door. My dog made up for this show of partiality by climbing on the woodpile and snatching that hanging slab of suet for the birds.

So tonight my dog and I are sleeping on the sofa. At least we're supposed to be sleeping. I've got to find some way of transferring those fleas back to her cat.

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Lungs

continued from page 73

rent transplant procedures that we now have.

Dr. SerVaas: What if the emphysema patient says, "I have a perfectly good heart"?

Dr. Cooper: But heart-lung is all we can do now. Again, it is a marvelous operation, but there have been some rejection problems with hearts, and there have been lung deteriorations.

We've been watching Mr. Hall very carefully and have been monitoring his pulmonary function for about a year and a half. He has shown no signs of it yet. I mentioned the cardiac thing because it is important. Why should you have a new heart, when all the problems of rejection of the heart and advanced coronary-artery disease and things like that can occur? That is exactly the reason we are still pursuing alternatives.

We feel that the heart-lung is the operation down the line for people who must have a new heart and must have new lungs. But there has to be a better way for someone who needs lungs, and that is really the excitement of the single lung transplant.

These two people had good hearts. For example, not only does the single lung transplant let you keep your own heart—it also allows you to have your other lung; for example, the last lady we did had a single lung transplant. She had a very, very serious rejection, and the only thing that kept her alive, as bad as it was, was her other lung.

Dr. SerVaas: Well, if you take an emphysema patient, obviously, where we are now, we are really talking about doing both lungs. Can you keep someone alive if he goes into respiratory failure because of rejection? And if you had need for another lung, it wouldn't be likely you could get one immediately when you need it. Could you keep him alive on a respirator?

Dr. Cooper: What you keep them alive on is an extracorporeal membrane oxygenator. That is what really got us into this work. That has been a longstanding interest of ours. We've used it successfully for up to 20 days on a person whose lungs were not functioning at all. Right at the bedside we had him on a pump just like the heart-lung machine. It was that pump, in fact, that led us into the lung transplant, because so many transplant patients were dying of respiratory failure rejection. And here we had something that we were using for other purposes. It was intended for people who come into intensive-care units and whose lungs could not be maintained. We have used it successfully as an aid in surgery.

The saga was that of a 32-year-old fellow in Atlanta two years ago who had paraquat poisoning, an herbicide that causes irreversible lung damage. He got the poison in his system when he was down in Georgia and was on the ventilator and getting worse and worse. Of course it is known that with paraquat poisoning, one can never get better. It is inevitably fatal.

But he had a very smart physician who first of all called Stanford and asked if they would accept him. They said no, we don't take someone who is on a ventilator for transplants, because we can't keep him alive. So his physician called Frank Vieth in New York, who was at the time doing some lung-transplant work, and said, "Would you take this fellow for a lung transplant?" Dr. Vieth said, "Yes," and the doctor in Georgia said, "How are you going to keep him alive until you get a donor? Do you have a membrane oxygenator?" He said, "No, we don't have that." The physician answered, "Thank you very much."

Then he called Boston and he called the Massachusetts General Hospital, where I did my training, and they said, "Well, we have a membrane oxygenator, but we don't have anybody who does lung transplantation. Why don't you call Dr. Cooper in Toronto? So they called us. We happened to be the only people in the world who had a combined interest in lung transplantation and the support.

So we flew him up, kept him alive for five days on the extracorporeal circulation and transplanted his lung, a single lung. It worked very well. We got him off the extracorporeal device. At five days, however, the paraquat, which was still in his body tissues, reached out and attacked the new lung, and it went into failure. So then we really were up the creek.

After consultation with the family we decided on a "Star Wars" bailout. We put him back on the extracorporeal support device—the artificial lung—for 19 more days, kept him alive for 19 days, while we cleared the

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paraquat from his system with dialysis. Then we got another donor. This time, instead of taking out the original transplanted lung—as bad as it was, it was still better than his own other lung, which was all infected—we took out the opposite lung and did another transplant.

He lived for three months with good lung function but ultimately died of complications of his poisoning. So it wasn't a success in that he did not get out of the hospital, but we took a critically ill person and got not one but two lungs into him, and both of them survived for over a month.

There had only been three people living even a month after lung transplants up to that point, and we knew we were on the right track.

What happened was, he became paralyzed from muscle damage from the paraquat, so he was left on the ventilator. Although his lungs were clear and he had good oxygenation on room air, he needed a ventilator, and eventually he had complications of the ventilator and artery erosion from the tracheotomy tube. Ultimately he had a stroke, and mercifully, died, because increasingly his muscles were becoming wasted from the paraquat.

It was never reported or recognized before, because no one in the world had ever lived that long after such a major paraquat insult. Here we had sort of managed to bail him out of the respiratory aspects and then saw, of course, the long-term effect that hadn't been recognized. He was a nurseryman and used the poisonous herbicide in spraying plants and must have inhaled some of it.

One of the things we have that others don't have is a support device and experience with it. So if we do a transplant, and there is rejection, we can sustain the patient. With the single lung transplants we have been lucky—the other lung carries them. If we did heart-lung transplants or a combined double lung such as in this gentleman's case, and he rejected and we couldn't keep him going, we would then put him on this device.

Dr. SerVaas: Yours is really the only place this device is being used?

Dr. Cooper: No—we are the only ones that combine it with transplants. There are two or three places in North America that have this type of interest in long-term extracorporeal respiratory support. There is also a place in Italy. There are a few places scattered around the world where it is used as we have used it.

People come into an intensive-care unit and become so critically ill that, even with a ventilator and high oxygen and everything else, you can't keep the oxygenation up.

The PO_2 falls lower and lower, and they are about to die. As a desperate effort you hook them up to this extracorporeal device. It has to be capable, of course, of not just doing it a couple of hours, like the heart-lung machine does in the operating room. It has to be capable of sustaining day after day and week after week as a lung function.

"Must have been the same contractor who's remodeling our bathroom."

Dr. SerVaas: Do you have any idea how long it might work?

Dr. Cooper: I think, frankly, two weeks is a long time. You start getting into problems with infection, etc., and although we have gotten away with using it for 20 days, one would hope not to need it more than 7 days to two weeks. You use it when you are buying time and hope that the underlying problems are reversed.

Dr. SerVaas: And hope that you can get a donor quickly?

Dr. Cooper: . . .another transplant or, on the other hand, if it is rejection, you would hope that you are going to get over it and then be able to carry on.

Dr. SerVaas: How soon do you think you can do the double lung transplant?

Dr. Cooper: Well, we have an operation, but we think we had better try it on animals for a couple of years first. I think it will be two years before we are ready to do both lungs without the heart.

Now if an emphysema patient with a good heart came to us, we would say, "Look, you're right, it is crazy to have to put in a new heart. It so happens, however, this is all we have to offer or all that anybody else has to offer at *this time.*"

The critical part is timing. It is quite important that they do it while they are still strong. If they wait too long, they don't have a chance. If you do it too soon and you fail, you feel you have used up some valuable time. Thus we do it in somebody who has a disease that is progressive, where they are not only disabled but becoming worse, and where we feel they have a limited lifetime, and they have the will to try anything and take any risks in order to get up on their feet and out again.

Dr. SerVaas: So much is written about most medical breakthroughs. Why hasn't there been more coverage of lung transplants in the press?

Dr. Cooper: When we did Tom Hall, we didn't say a word, and nobody knew about it because we didn't tell anybody about it. I said, "Look, there is no trick to putting in the lung—the trick is to have success." So at six weeks when Tom left the hospital for the first time we let the press know about the operation. Now, of course, it does not make the same kind of press as a man who is struggling for his life. But as far as I am concerned, it is the right time to do it. The time we really made the hoopla was when he had been out of surgery for one year. We said, O.K., now we can call that successful; now we are willing to tell people about it.

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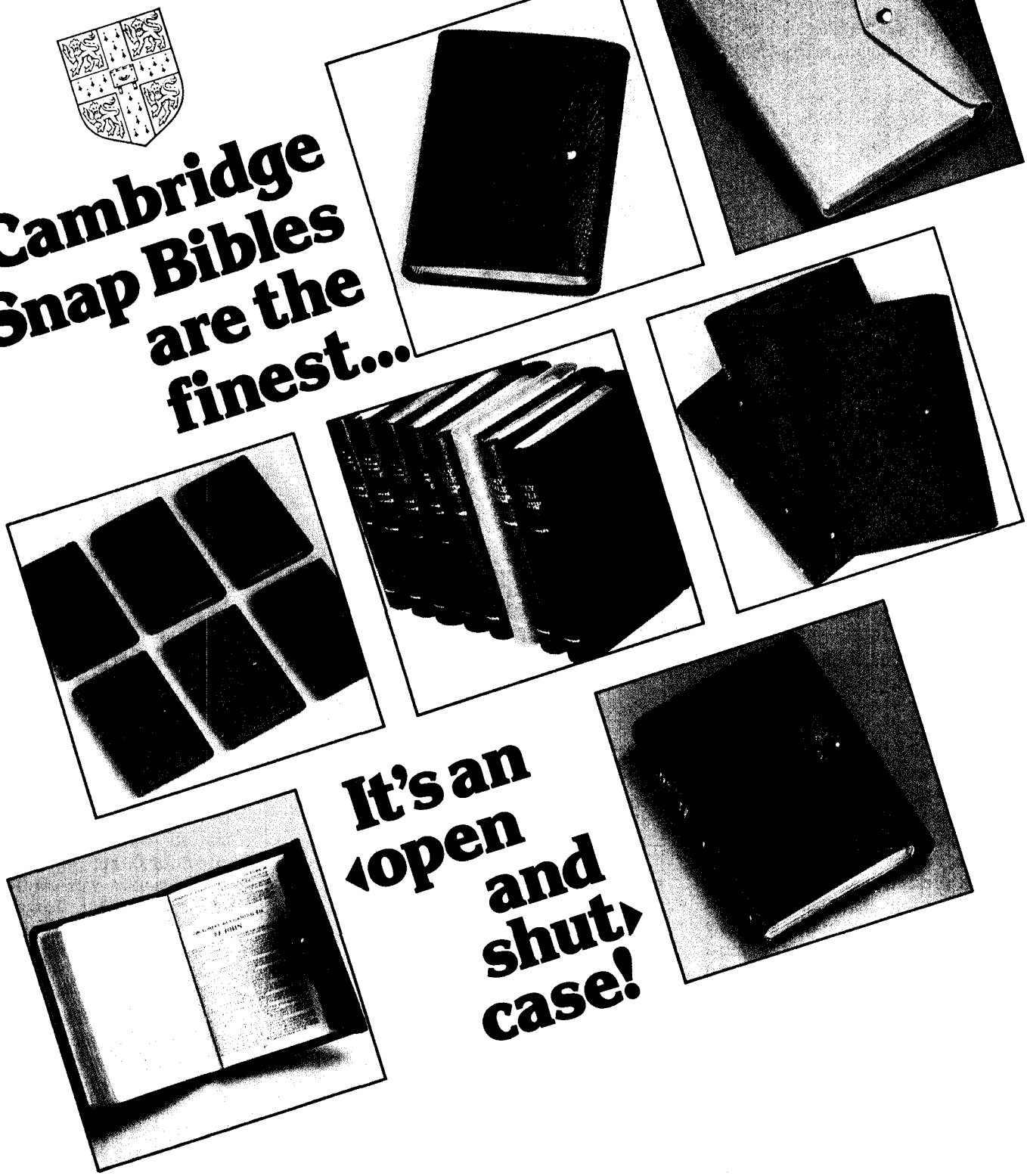

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Botts

continued from page 65

EARTHWORM TRACTOR COMPANY
EARTHWORM CITY, ILLINOIS
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
Monday, January 15, 1951

MR. ALEXANDER BOTTS
WALDORF-ASTORIA HOTEL
NEW YORK, N.Y.

DEAR BOTTS: Your letter is here. I am very much disturbed over your plans. In your final paragraph you say that on Thursday you will arrive in Middlebury and "prove to Mr. Jorgensen that Quincy and Oswald have been playing him for a sucker." At first sight this may seem like a plausible method of approach. Unfortunately, however, you have nowhere in your letter given the slightest indication that you are in a position to prove anything to Mr. Jorgensen. Please remember that Jorgensen has been having trouble with the Earthworm company. From the very moment you meet him, he will be violently prejudiced against you. On the other hand, his relations with the Superba company have, as far as we know, been completely friendly. Jorgensen will therefore be definitely prejudiced in favor of Mr. Quincy.

To deal with this adverse situation, I fail to see that you can present anything in the way of facts or figures or concrete evidence. All you have is an incredibly fantastic story involving the most serious accusations against a trusted employee and against a rival tractor salesman. These accusations will undoubtedly be denied by Mr. Harold Quincy and this man Oswald. Because you have nothing to offer in rebuttal except your own unsupported word, you cannot hope to get anywhere. If you approach Mr. Jorgensen in the manner indicated you will succeed only in getting yourself thrown out in exactly the same way as our district representative was thrown out.

I would suggest, therefore, that you refrain from accusations that you cannot back up. And when you meet Mr. Jorgensen, I feel that you should:

1. Keep the conversation on a high plane.
2. Prove to him the superiority of Earthworm tractors by giving him a straightforward, scientific discussion of the obviously superior qualities found in our product.

Most sincerely,
GILBERT HENDERSON

PORTER HOSPITAL
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT
Friday, January 19, 1951

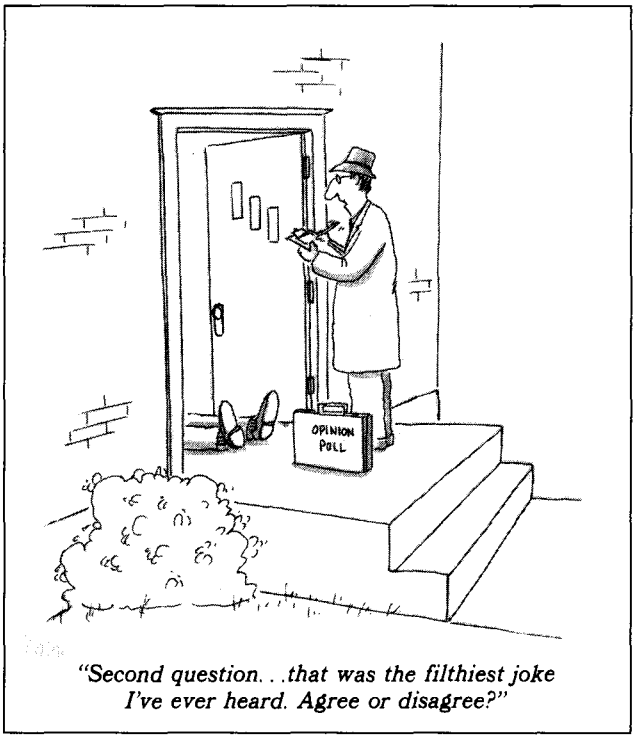
DEAR HENDERSON: Your letter arrived before I left New York. And I regret to inform you that it has been impossible for me to follow your advice. How could I keep the conversation on a high plane with all the low and slimy skulduggery that has been going on? And how could I convince Mr. Jorgensen of the superiority of Earthworm tractors by a mere scientific discussion, when Mr. Jorgensen's Earthworm tractors were breaking down all over the landscape? Merely to ask these questions is to answer them; your suggestions were absolutely and obviously impractical.

However, you may perhaps derive a little wry satisfaction in learning that at least one of your predictions has come true. Owing to a slight miscarriage in my plans, Mr. Jorgensen became violently enraged under circumstances that caused him to throw me out even more violently than he threw out our district representative and to send me skidding down the same icy slope with such force that I have been in the hospital ever since.

Fortunately, it is a good hospital. My injuries are not critical. I expect to be out tomorrow. And I am pleased to report that I am not in any way discouraged. To the end that you may understand how much better I have handled this situation than would have been the case if I had followed your advice—and in order that you may realize how I would have achieved a complete success unmarred by any hospital interlude if it had not been for the unforeseen presence of a fire escape outside the window—I will now give you a full account of my activities since I arrived in Middlebury yesterday morning.

After a good breakfast at the Middlebury Inn, I hired a taxi and drove to Mr. Jorgensen's sawmill at the foot of the mountain. I did not, however, introduce myself as a representative of the Earthworm company. The plan that I had evolved was much more subtle. I had decided that I would pretend I represented the Superba Tractor Company. I would persuade Oswald, the mechanic, to tell me all about his sabotage operations. He would suppose the conversation was confidential. But all the time Mr. Jorgensen would be listening around the corner of a building or from some other vantage point. Thus Oswald would be convicted out of his own mouth, the fat would be in the fire, the Superba company would be in the doghouse and the Earthworm would be on top of the heap.

This plan, of course, was not complete. I had not yet worked out any technique for enticing Mr. Jorgensen into a concealed position and keeping him quiet while I attempted to trick young Oswald into giving himself away. These questions, however, were unimportant. I had created a grand master plan. And I could



"Second question. . .that was the filthiest joke I've ever heard. Agree or disagree?"

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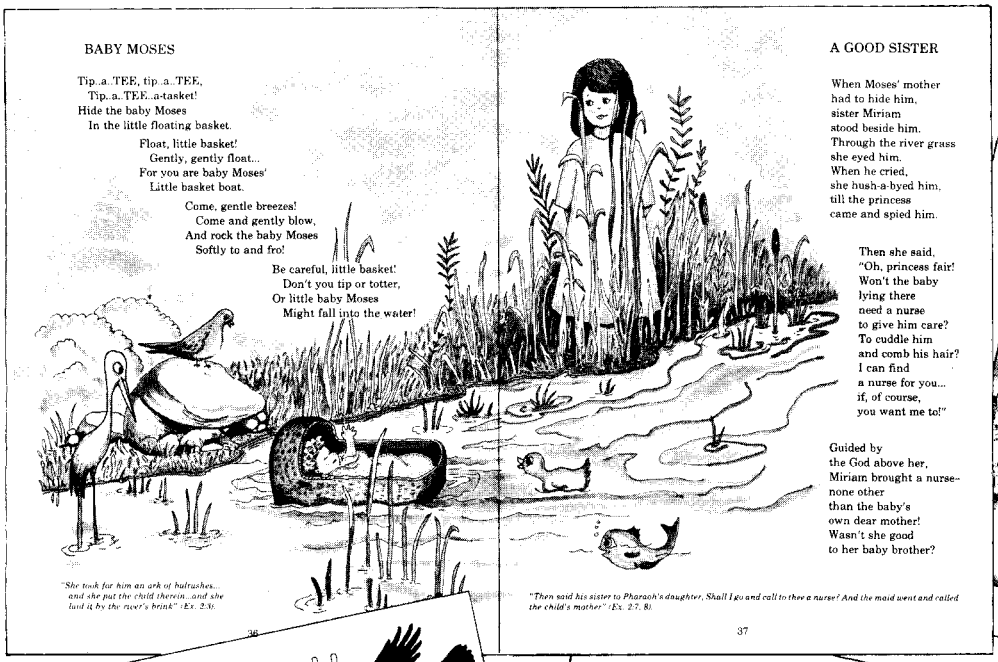
The Bible-Time Nursery Rhyme Book

By Emily Hunter



BABY MOSES

Tip..a..TEE, tip..a..TEE,
Tip..a..TEE..a-tasket!
Hide the baby Moses
In the little floating basket.

Float, little basket!
Gently, gently float...
For you are baby Moses'
Little basket boat.

Come, gentle breezes!
Come and gently blow,
And rock the baby Moses
Softly to and fro!

Be careful, little basket!
Don't you tip or totter,
Or little baby Moses
Might fall into the water!

"She took for him an ark of bulrushes... and she put the child therein...and she laid it by the river's brink" (Ex. 2:3).

36

A GOOD SISTER

When Moses' mother
had to hide him,
sister Miriam
stood beside him.
Through the river grass
she eyed him.
When he cried,
she hush-a-byed him,
till the princess
came and spied him.

Then she said,
"Oh, princess fair!
Won't the baby
lying there
need a nurse
to give him care?
To cuddle him
and comb his hair?
I can find
a nurse for you...
if, of course,
you want me to!"

Guided by
the God above her,
Miriam brought a nurse-
none other
than the baby's
own dear mother!
Wasn't she good
to her baby brother?

"Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse? And the maid went and called the child's mother" (Ex. 2:7, 8).

37

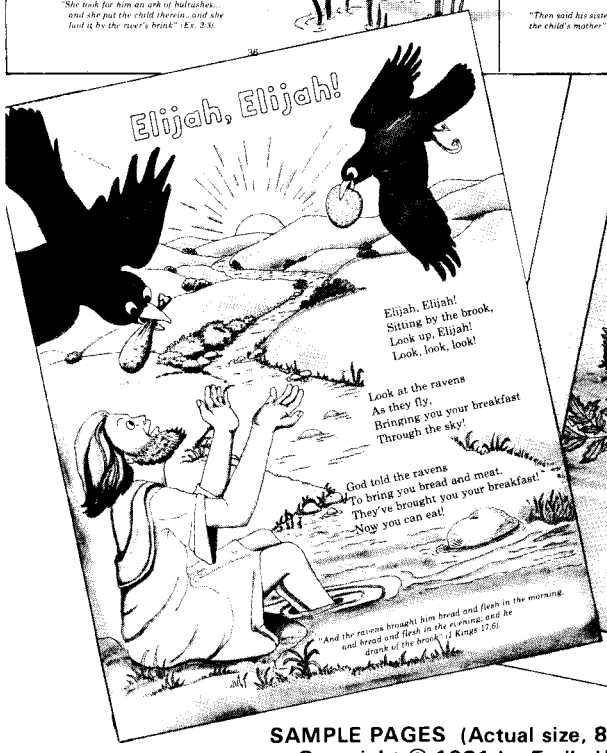
LOVE ONE ANOTHER

The Bible says,
Love one another.
Love your sister,
Love your brother.

Love your father,
Love your mother.
The Bible says,
Love one another!

"This is my commandment, That ye love one another" (Jn. 15:12).

29



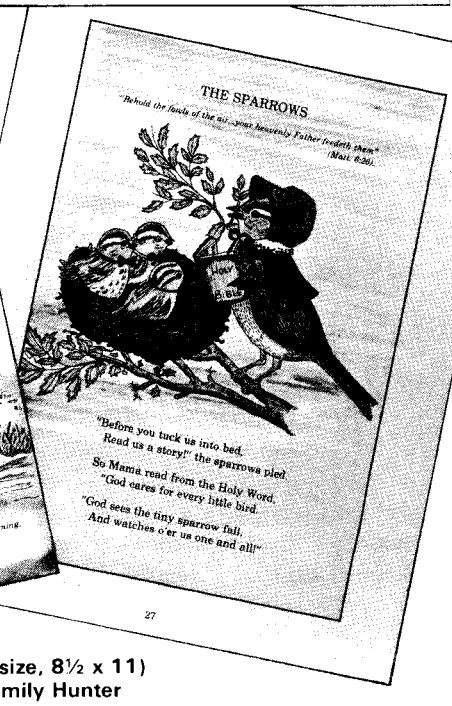
Elijah, Elijah!

Elijah, Elijah!
Sitting by the brook,
Look up, Elijah!
Look, look, look!

Look at the ravens
As they fly,
Bringing you your breakfast
Through the sky!

God told the ravens
To bring you bread and meat.
They've brought you your breakfast!
Now you can eat!

"And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook" (1 Kings 17:6).



THE SPARROWS

"Behold the fowls of the air...your heavenly Father feedeth them" (Matt. 6:26).

"Before you tuck us into bed,
Read us a story!" the sparrows pled.
So Mama read from the Holy Word,
"God cares for every little bird.
"God sees the tiny sparrow fall,
And watches o'er us one and all!"

27

MR. ZACCHAEUS,
WHY ARE YOU SAD?

"Mr. Zacchaeus, why are you sad?"
"If I could see Jesus, I would be glad.
But I am so small...and others so tall...
I can't see over their heads at all!"

"Mr. Zacchaeus, stand on your toes!
Pull on your chin, and tug on your nos
"No, I can't stretch enough to see,
But I can climb up in this sycamore tr

"Mr. Zacchaeus, what can you see?"
"I can see Jesus looking at me!"
"What is He doing, and what does He say?"
"He says He is coming to my house today!"

"And he sought to see Jesus and could not, because he was little of stature. And he climbed up into a sycomore tree to see him...And Jesus said, Zacchaeus, make haste, and come down; for today I must abide at thy house" (Lk. 19:3-5).

82

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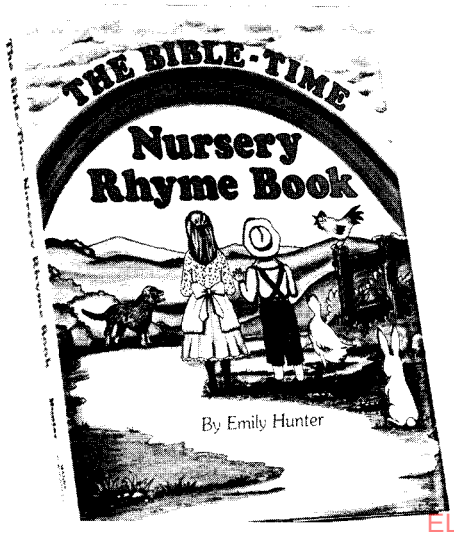

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follow my usual custom of leaving the minor details completely fluid so they could be altered according to changing conditions.

Upon arriving at the sawmill I told the taxi driver to wait. I put on the "Superba Tractor" button Mr. Quincy had given me. I picked up my briefcase, in which I had a lot of the Superba advertising folders, and I accosted a couple of men who were piling boards. I asked them where I could find Mr. Jorgensen. They said he was in his office on the second floor of a long, wooden storage building beside the mill. I entered the building. I tiptoed up a flight of stairs, along a hallway and around a corner to an open door. I peered into the room beyond. Mr. Jorgensen, a man of powerful build, was seated with his back to me. He was working with some papers at his desk. The setup seemed favorable. So I quietly withdrew.

I returned to the men who were piling boards. I asked them where I could find a mechanic named Oswald. They said he was behind the sawmill, moving some logs with his tractor. I went around and found him. I told him he was to report to Mr. Jorgensen's office. He said he would be there in five minutes. I went back, climbed the stairs and waited in the upper hall around the corner from the door of Mr. Jorgensen's office. Here, according to my plan, I would intercept the treacherous mechanic and trick him into a discussion that would reveal all of his nefarious activities to Mr. Jorgensen—provided, of course, that Mr. Jorgensen remained quietly in his office and listened to what went on.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Jorgensen turned out to be the kind of man who likes to spring to action at the slightest excuse. I had hardly taken my position when I inadvertently shifted my weight onto a loose floorboard. The board squeaked.

There was a yawp from the office. "Who's that out there?"

I decided I had better try to smooth down the old guy. I walked around the corner and into the office. "Are you Mr. Jorgensen?" I asked.

"I am."

"I represent the Superba Tractor Company," I said glibly. "Mr. Harold Quincy sent me up to make a thorough study of your job here so that we can give you the best possible demonstration when our tractor arrives. It has been nice meeting you. And now, if you will excuse me, I will be on my way." I started out.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Jorgensen. "Mr. Quincy gave me a Superba catalog, and there's something about the drawing of the power takeoff that I don't quite understand. I want you to explain it to me."

"I'll do my best," I said modestly.

Mr. Jorgensen continued: "My bookkeeper has the catalog in his office at the other end of the building. I'll call him and ask him to bring it over."

He flipped a switch on a metal box on his desk. The box bore a nameplate: "Signal Corps—U. S. Army— Interphone Amplifier BC-605-D."

"This," he explained, "is surplus army equipment that I picked up a while back. It's a great convenience—even though you have to wait for the tubes to warm up."

"Very interesting," I said. "How does it work?"

"There's a mike and a speaker in a little box over in the bookkeeper's office," he said. "It's connected to this thing here by a pair of wires. When I want to call the bookkeeper I throw this other little switch to the position labeled 'Talk.' When I want to hear what he has to say, I change it to the position labeled 'Listen.' Do you hear that faint humming?"

"Yes."

"That means the tubes are warmed up." He moved the switch to "Talk" and began yelling, "Hey, there, George! Are you there,

You be the Judge

by John A. Ritter

Doctors in the emergency room were fighting to save the life of Dolores, a 17-year-old auto-accident victim. "She'll need a blood transfusion," the head doctor announced to her anxious parents.

Dolores' mother blinked back her tears. "As Jehovah's Witnesses," she said, "we're forbidden by the Bible to eat the blood of another. I can't let you give my daughter a transfusion."

Although it was 1:30 a.m., the doctor called a judge and requested him to appoint a legal guardian to consent to a blood transfusion for the daughter.

If you were the judge would you take away the parents' legal rights?

The judge appointed a guardian with authority to consent to blood transfusions. "There is no constitutional right to die," said the judge. "When death is likely to result, a hospital can follow any accepted medical procedure."

The surgery was performed on Dolores at 4 a.m. Blood was administered, and she lived.

(Based on a 1971 New Jersey Supreme Court decision)

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George?" Then he flipped the switch to "Listen," and waited. Nothing happened. "I guess George is out somewhere," he said. "I'll have to go and get that catalog myself." He rose and started down the hall.

The situation was getting out of hand. Oswald, the mechanic, was due to arrive at any moment. I began to think fast. How could I keep this energetic Mr. Jorgensen quiet and in one place long enough so he could hear the conversation I was hoping to stage with Oswald? I kept on thinking—faster and faster. And gradually, in the back of my mind, I began to get a sort of vague hunch. Possibly that army interphone contraption might fit into my plans.

I followed Mr. Jorgensen down the hall for several hundred feet to the far end of the building. He opened a door marked "Bookkeeper," walked into the room and started pawing through a pile of pamphlets and catalogs on a desk.

I stood in the hall outside and sized up the situation. On the desk was a metal box—obviously the other end of the interphone system. The room had one window. As we were on the second floor, I did not think this window would provide a practical means of exit. There was one door. I examined it closely. I saw that it was of stout construction. And then I noticed something that caused all my half-formed ideas and hunches to crystallize suddenly into a complete and beautiful plan of action. The door was equipped with a heavy hasp. On the jamb there was a heavy staple. And hanging on the staple was a heavy, open padlock. "Eureka!" I said. "This is it!"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Jorgensen.

By way of reply I slammed the door, removed the padlock, shoved the hasp over the staple and replaced the padlock.

The old boy was safely locked in. I was safely outside. I raced back to Mr. Jorgensen's office. Oswald had not yet arrived. I made a quick test. With the little toggle switch pushed up to the position marked "Listen," I could hear everything that went on in the bookkeeper's office. There was a great pounding, and the sound of Mr. Jorgensen's voice yelling, "Open this door, you fool!"

continued on following page

How a Stop in a German Shoe Store Ended a Lifetime of Foot Pain...

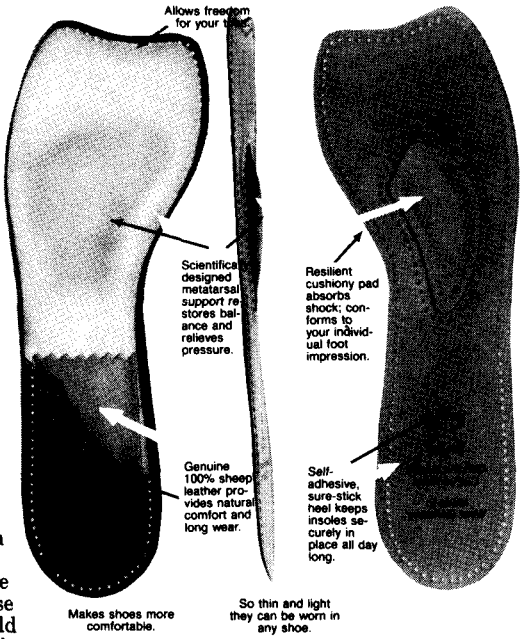
"We were in Germany on the very first day of our vacation but my feet were killing me already. I thought a pair of more comfortable shoes might help and I fell in love with a pair in a shoe store in Wiesbaden, Germany.

But when I tried them on, they hurt too. I explained my problem of sore aching feet to a friendly clerk and she pointed to a counter display and said, maybe I needed a pair of special Leather Insoles.

I took her advice and was I glad I did . . . the instant I slipped them into my shoes, my foot pain vanished! I've worn them ever since and my painful foot problems are a thing of the past."

Over the last 15 years more than 8,000,000 pairs of these Leather Insoles have been sold in German shoe stores. They've relieved all types of foot problems for folks of all ages and if your feet are killing you, we urge you to try them.

We brought them to America and call them Luxis Leather Insoles. Wear them for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're not completely delighted, just return them for a prompt, no-questions-asked refund. What could be fairer?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Scientifically designed metatarsal support restores balance and relieves pressure.
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Makes shoes more comfortable.
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Self-adhesive, sure-stick heel keeps insoles securely in place all day long.
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- Long-wearing, genuine sheep leather
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Order a pair of Luxis Leather Insoles and wear them for 30 days. If at the end of that time you're not completely delighted, just return them for a prompt, no-questions asked refund. What could be fairer?

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Dealer Inquiries Invited

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I threw the switch to the position marked "Talk." I could no longer hear anything from the bookkeeper's office. But Mr. Jorgensen could hear everything that went on at my end of the line. Or, at least, that is what I hoped.

I settled myself quietly in the chair behind the desk. A moment later Oswald, the mechanic, came in.

"Oswald," I said, "Mr. Jorgensen has stepped out for a few minutes, so this is a good chance for us to have a serious, confidential talk. I represent the Superba Tractor Company. Mr. Harold Quincy sent me here to find out why you are falling down so badly on the job that you agreed to handle for him."

Oswald looked startled. Then he asked suspiciously, "What job?"

"You can speak frankly," I said. "I know the whole story. Mr. Quincy says he hired you to sabotage Mr. Jorgensen's Earthworm tractors so thoroughly that the old guy will become completely disgusted with them and will buy a fleet of Superba tractors. Mr. Quincy says you promised to do this. But so far, he says you have accomplished practically nothing. What's the matter with you?"

Young Oswald looked uncomfortable. He went to the door and glanced up and down the hall. "I was afraid somebody might be listening," he said.

"You can see we are alone," I said. "Come on—speak up."

"I don't like to discuss this thing with strangers," he said.

"But I'm not a stranger. I'm Mr. Quincy's confidential adviser. Unless you can give me some reasonable assurance that you will go through with this thing, the deal is off. You won't get the $15,000 house, and you won't get the $7,500 job."

"But I'm doing the best I can," Oswald whined. "I got to go slow and cover my tracks, or I would spoil the whole thing."

"Have you done anything so far?"

"Sure I have."

"It can't be much. I notice your own tractor seems to be running all right."

"Of course it is. If I louse up my own machine I would get fired. And that would spoil everything."

"Have you wrecked any of the other machines?"

"I'm not supposed to wreck them. Mr. Quincy plans to take them in on trade, so he doesn't want any serious damage. He just wants a lot of minor breakdowns."

"And you claim you've actually accomplished something along that line?"

"Sure I have."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, for one thing, I've been working on the radiators. I sneak around at night. I drive a nail into the radiator core and plug the hole with chewing gum. The next day, when the tractor is way off in the woods, the chewing gum works loose and all the water runs out. They lose a lot of time bringing in the machine or sending a man out to solder it. And they always think, just because they first noticed it in the woods, that the damage must have been done out there. So they never suspect me. They figure the hole must have been punched by a tree branch or something, and they decide Earthworm radiators must be poor quality. And that's not all."

"You have other tricks?"

"I'll say. I stole all the solder out of the repair shop and replaced it with some trick solder out of a toy chemistry set. This trick solder melts in boiling water. When they use it to repair a leaky radiator, it lasts only till the engine gets well heated up. And the mechanics around here are so dumb they never notice the difference. But one of my best ideas is putting potatoes in the cooling system."

"Potatoes in the cooling system?"

"Sure. I've fixed up 10 or 12 Earthworms that way. I take off the water manifold and I wedge several raw potatoes into the manifold or into the water jacket around the cylinders."

"What's that for?"

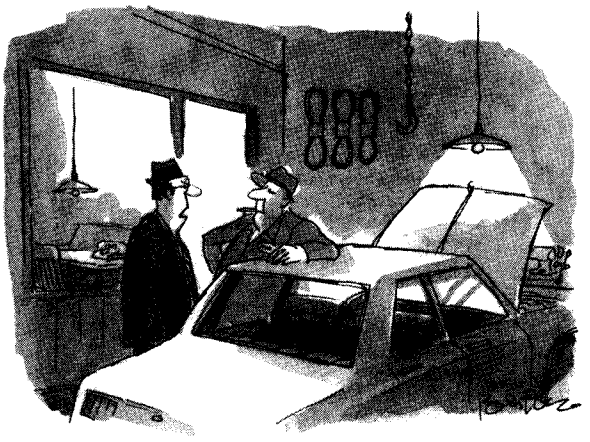
"The potatoes cut off part of the circulation in the cooling system. The engine heats up. The radiator starts to boil. So the operator shuts down. He looks at the radiator. He takes off the radiator cap. He looks inside. There is plenty of water. So he checks the fan. He checks the water pump. He checks everything. He calls the chief mechanic. And by that time the potatoes have all boiled away. So they finally get it running again. But a lot of time has been wasted. And they never find out what was the matter."

"Oswald," I said, "permit me to congratulate you. You have given a very convincing account of your activities. I am sure you will be suitably rewarded. I think you had better be getting back to your tractor before Mr. Jorgensen arrives. Good-by."

Oswald departed. As soon as he was out of earshot, I flipped the switch on the interphone amplifier and listened intently for any audible reaction that might come from Mr. Jorgensen over in the bookkeeper's office. There was none.

This was disturbing. If the violent-tempered Mr. Jorgensen were still trapped in the bookkeeper's office, he most certainly would be yelling his head off. If he had escaped before he had a chance to hear my conversation with Oswald, he would undoubtedly want to beat me up for having locked the door on him. On the other hand, if he had escaped after hearing the conversation, he would probably want to beat me up for conspiring against him. In any case, he would be after me—and with blood in his eye.

I decided I had better get out of



"Your estimate of 'in the neighborhood' of $500 sounds like a neighborhood where a guy could get mugged."

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there. But I was a little late. Just as I emerged into the open air, Mr. Jorgensen came charging around the corner of the building with all the fury of an enraged rhinoceros. I ran in the opposite direction. I circled around the building.

At the far end I caught a brief glimpse of a fire escape with an open window at the top. Then I knew how Mr. Jorgensen had escaped so easily.

I kept on running. Three times I circled that building—with Mr. Jorgensen in hot pursuit. At the beginning of the fourth lap he caught up to me and gave me a shove that sent me down what must have been the same icy slope previously traveled by our unfortunate representative.

I was eventually rescued by the taxi driver and brought here to the hospital, where I have been treated for a sprained ankle, a sprained wrist and various cuts, bruises and contusions.

That was yesterday. This morning Mr. Jorgensen arrived at the hospital. He had learned my true identity from various papers in the briefcase I had accidentally left behind when I departed so hurriedly from his office. He had learned of my plans and of the duplicity of Mr. Quincy from a carbon copy of the letter I sent you last week, Henderson. Any lingering doubts were removed by the conversation between Oswald and me. He had heard the whole thing. And he told me somewhat regretfully that Oswald had taken alarm and disappeared before he had a chance to fire him in his usual forcible manner. He stated further that he was through forever with the Superba Tractor Company, and he said he would stick with Earthworm the rest of his life.

"Has Mr. Quincy shown up yet?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," he said pleasantly. "Mr. Quincy arrived this morning and promptly departed down that same icy slope." He glanced out the window and continued, "Just as I expected. The ambulance has arrived and they're bringing him in now. So the only thing that worries me is the unnecessarily rough treatment I handed out to you, Mr. Botts. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Not only do I forgive you, Mr. Jorgensen," I said, "but I have a feeling that this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

Most sincerely,
ALEXANDER BOTTS

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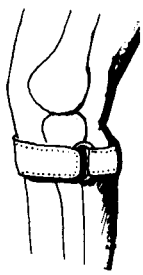

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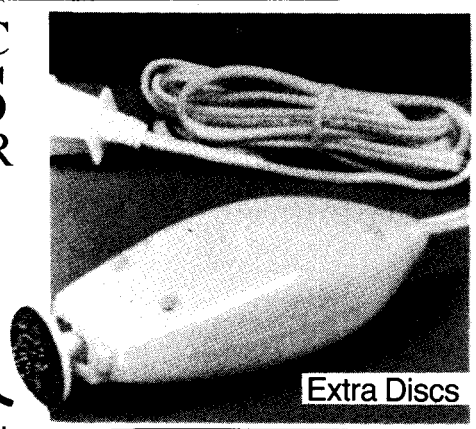

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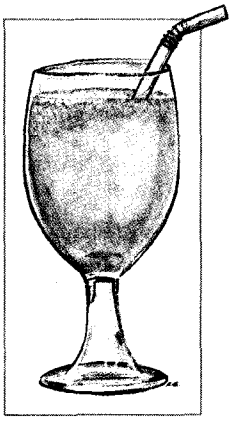
MEDICAL MAILBOX

by Cory SerVaas M.D.

The real solution lies in intervention, which leads to the elimination of the problem.
—Dr. Fraser Mustard, McMaster University, Ontario, Canada

Aspirin Slurries



Want a delicious way to take your aspirin? And a much safer way than just swallowing them whole? Put the aspirin in your blender and add a cup of skim milk, one-half cup of red raspberries, blueberries or half of a banana. Add two or three tablespoons of wheat bran and liquefy. Chill the skim milk in the freezer beforehand, and you'll think you're drinking a malted milk. More important, you'll be enjoying a different way to take your daily fiber.

A colleague once told of an unfortunate patient who burned a painful sore in her gum by putting an aspirin there to relieve an aching tooth. "My dentist told me to use aspirin for my toothache," she explained. She had misunderstood.

We were curious about this, so we tried placing two aspirin on a fresh sirloin steak overnight just to see if the dissolving aspirin created any scars on the meat. They did.

It occurred to us that a dissolving aspirin lodged in the stomach might do harm to the lining. When people take them with a gulp of water at the water fountain, the small amount of water could go down into the small intestine and leave the whole aspirin stranded in a crevice of the stomach. If a patient has gastric hyperacidity, the additional acid from a whole aspirin might be enough to cause irritation to the lining. A perforated ulcer could result from a whole aspirin in the wrong stomach.

"Mind if I smoke?"

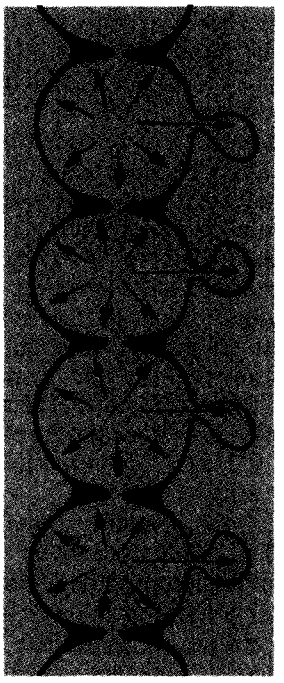
If getting out the blender isn't convenient, simply crush the aspirin between two teaspoons and mix it into eight ounces of juice as a simple precaution.

Diverticular Disease

Approximately half the people in our country develop diverticulosis in their later years. Diverticula are small outpouchings from the colon. They develop most commonly near its end on the left side.

Pathologists who have extensively studied diverticular disease indicate that these thumbnail-sized sacs, which look like grapes attached to the colon, are really areas where the lining of the colon has ballooned through the muscular layer of the bowel. The outpouching occurs through openings in the muscle layer made by blood vessels penetrating the bowel wall.

The ballooning or herniation is regarded as resulting from excessive pressures developing inside the bowel. Paradoxically, high bowel pressure is associated with small, hard, low-bulk stools. These stools are usually the result of insufficient fiber or bulk in the diet. It is significant that among populations eating high-fiber diets, such as native Africans, diverticulosis does not occur.



A colon filled with high-bulk, soft stool can not be pinched into damaging high-pressure sacs during digestive contractions.

Until very recent years, diverticulosis was treated with a "low-residue diet" (the very diet that was responsible for causing the condition in the first place!). Now doctors universally recommend high-fiber diets for this problem, usually a few tablespoons of bran each day. Patients who might not be counted on to eat bran are asked to take Metamucil, which also supplies the natural fiber. Certainly it makes good sense to eat a high-fiber diet from the start and avoid diverticulosis.

Once these sacs form on the colon, they present some peculiar dangers. One is diverticulitis, or infection of a diverticulum. This usually happens when the opening from the inside of the bowel into the diverticulum becomes plugged. Blockages of the opening prevent the escape of mucus and digestive juices from the bowel-lining tissue inside the diverticulum. This fluid stagnates, becomes infected and

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becomes a small abscess. At this point, the patient has abdominal pain and symptoms mimicking appendicitis, though the pain is on the left side. This diverticular abscess may swell and rupture. Most commonly, the rupture is back into the bowel, in which case the patient recovers speedily. Should one rupture into the abdominal cavity, peritonitis may result in the entire abdomen becoming filled with pus. This is life threatening.

Events may take yet another turn: The rupture of a diverticulum may form a passage into another organ such as the bladder or the vagina. These internal passages are called fistulas. Their treatment is surgical and often calls for a colostomy of the bowel for several months while the damaged bowel heals.

Bleeding is another complication of diverticular disease. Occasionally the bleeding is so profuse it requires blood transfusions and surgical removal of the bleeding segment of the bowel.

The avoidance of diverticulosis is one of the best arguments for a high-fiber diet —you don't have to get diverticulosis.

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

Reading G.E. Synhorst's article, "Let's Face the Killer Emphysema Head On," in your September issue made me quite thankful I gave up the smoking habit ten years ago.

I felt compelled to write too, since I experienced a case of emphysema in my family. Not many know the pain and frustration one endures with this "silent killer." I thank Mr. Synhorst for informing the public that a severe case of emphysema restricts one from crowds, children and exercise and leads to a slow and painful death.

Cigarette smoking, the major cause of this disease, is certainly a most difficult habit to break. But informative articles like this can be a boost for a smoker trying to quit, or a deterrent for one who has not started.

Delores Roberson
Clinton, Mississippi

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

This past year I have canceled three of my magazine subscriptions. I have renewed only one—for *The Saturday Evening Post*. I hope this says it all.

I would like to comment on your recent article that spoke of the rising number of ectopic pregnancies. For the past eight months I have worked on getting a nationally known talk-show host to present the facts about ectopic pregnancies. Numbers say a lot, but victims tell more.

I survived two ruptured ectopic pregnancies. I was never warned that the implantation of an IUD could lead to a pelvic infection that later resulted in these two ectopic pregnancies. (My Fallopian tubes were badly scarred as a result of the infection.) At the young age of 29, I had to undergo surgery for the removal of my remaining reproductive organs. I had never had any children, and my fate as a natural mother was sealed on that day. You can believe it when I say I was outraged to learn the facts—three surgeries too late. But rather than wallow in my sorrow and anger I decided to educate myself, learn all the facts and speak out. I'm appalled at the number of people who have no idea what an ectopic pregnancy is. It's too late to find out once you're on an operating table and signing a surgery-consent form. Women of childbearing age should know that this danger lurks. They need to know the long-term consequences of any type of pelvic infection. I hope we can do a better job (in the future) of warning them. It

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has changed my life drastically. Now I am trying to learn how to deal with surgical menopause. I'm sure the problems won't end there either.

Mrs. K. Rainey
Atascadero, California

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

In "Medical Mailbox" I note that Helena Laboratories has come out with a new ColoScreen Self-Test CS-T, which should find a ready market. I would greatly appreciate receiving more information on this, in particular where it can be purchased and the price. I would write Helena Laboratories directly but don't have the address.

Incidentally, my doctor puts great stress on the information of fiber in the diet, and your work in this regard is very commendable.

Herbert Kitchen
Fredericton, N.B., Canada

Their toll-free number: 1-800-231-4002. Address: 1630 Lindbergh Dr., Beaumont, TX 77706-0752.

Spoon Outmoded

Everyone is familiar with cough syrup and cough drops. Now a new product that we like has come to our attention. It is Mediquell—chewy cough squares. These candy chews, which look like gumdrops, come with the standard required caution—"Keep out of reach of children." (A child would gleefully eat the entire box.)

Mediquell squares should not be confused with cough drops. They are to be used on a schedule like the cough medicines they replace. Though Mediquell is extremely safe, follow the dosage recommendations on the box. Overdosage is marked by stomach upset.

If you have experienced the frustrations of trying to give reluctant children medicine from a spoon with the resultant spillage and other messy inconveniences, Mediquell does seem to be an improved means of giving a child a cough suppressant.

"How about June?—I've always *had June weddings."*

Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I have become increasingly interested in preventive medicine as I have been more and more immersed in emergency medicine. I can hardly bear the parade of preventable carnage that passes through the 40 emergency rooms in which I have had the privilege of serving over the past seven years. Although intent on continuing part-time emergency medicine, I have recently opened a small rural outpatient office in my home to take care of both my sick neighbors and to attempt certain preventive measures and educational efforts. Unfortunately, patients have not been very receptive to paying for preventive advice on health, and I continue to rely on the care of the sick for income.

As an emergency physician I attend to the physical needs of bodies that pass ever so briefly before me. But as a family doctor I have an opportunity to make a small impact on high-fiber, low-cholesterol, low-sodium, no-sugar diets. In instituting exercise regimens and vitamin therapy, I have become painfully aware of my own ignorance and would appreciate both advice from you and any literature available or information that I might obtain from a personal visit if possible.

I have enjoyed your segments on CBN and look forward to performing the same sort of function in the future, as the Lord leads me in this, but before I can teach I need to be taught.

Charles J. Thurston, M.D.
Kingston, Ohio

Dear Ms. Edson:

Your letter of July 31, 1984, to *The Saturday Evening Post* was forwarded to me. The description of your mother's eye problem suggested a diagnosis of macular degeneration. In this condition, the retina responsible for acute central vision is lost or severely compromised. There is no effective treatment for this type of problem after it has become established. The usual management of such a case is to provide magnification by means of plus lenses or by the use of a telescope. Other specially designed magnifying apparatus use electronic magnification of printed and other material.

The University of Iowa has a very fine department of ophthalmology. The chairman is Charles Phelps, M.D. You may wish to contact him for further information.

Eugene M. Helveston, M.D., Professor
Indiana University School of Medicine
Indianapolis, Indiana

No Aspirin for Young with Flu or Chicken Pox

Health and Human Services secretary Margaret Heckler is calling for warnings on aspirin bottles.

Giving testimony before the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment, Albert A. Pruitt, M.D., chairman of the American Academy of Pediatrics Committee on Drugs, said, "There is now more reason than ever to warn the public—especially adolescents—about the association between aspirin and Reye's syndrome.

"The latest study strongly indicates that aspirin can no longer be regarded as an appropriate medication for children or young adults with flu or with an illness which might be chicken pox," Dr. Pruitt said. "Because aspirin is largely self-administered by young adults, it is important that the labeling read by the consumer be unambiguous on this point."

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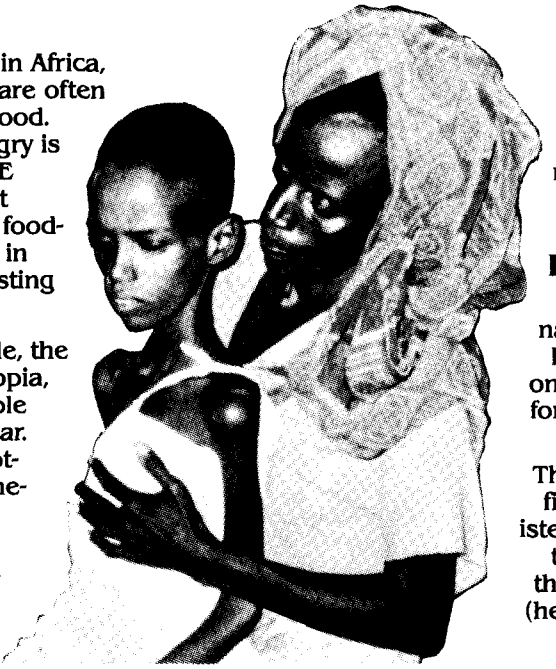
HOW TO FEED
50,000 STARVING PEOPLE
(for only $3.72 each, per year)

With the devastating famine in Africa, shortages of transportation are often as deadly as the scarcity of food. That's why Food for the Hungry is now fielding mobile "RESCUE TEAMS." These will transport *already donated* emergency foodstuffs to children and adults in locations so remote that existing programs can't reach them.

As funding becomes available, the teams will first serve in Ethiopia, where nearly 1,000,000 people could starve to death this year. But the concept is also adaptable to most of the 27 famine-plagued nations where 150,000,000 persons are at risk, and death by starvation could claim 6,000,000 children and 2,000,000 adults in 1985 alone.



Each RESCUE TEAM can feed 50,000 people — acting as a sort of giant spoon to transport food from docks and airfields directly into the mouths of people who might otherwise die.

FULLY TRAINED

The teams include a leader skilled in local dialects, plus a nurse, logistics expert, four emergency feeding specialists, and a guard. They are fully equipped and highly mobile — with 6-ton truck, 4WD support vehicle, and even a trail bike, for really remote areas. There are also spare parts, fuel, and portable shelters — everything required to keep the team in the field for a year!

LOW COST

Because the food is already donated, just a small investment will launch these teams. The cost for one team — to feed 50,000 people for 12 months — is $186,000. Only $3.72 per person per year!

The teams operate in carefully defined areas, so aid can be administered properly without duplicating the work of other programs. And they avoid political entanglements (helping *suffering people*, not their governments).

PLEASE HELP

Do you care enough to feed people in areas so remote they're starving now? At these low costs, $15 will help a family of four survive for a full year. $30, $45, or $60 will help more families. And, for $1500 (or $125 a month), you can keep 100 families alive!

Please help. This special opportunity for such economical life-saving aid may not come again. Nor, as Christians, can we afford to let as many as 8,000,000 children and adults die, without our best efforts to help.

Every gift provides assistance to famine victims in Africa.
PLEASE SEND YOUR GIFT NOW.

FH

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Enclosed is my (our) gift of $ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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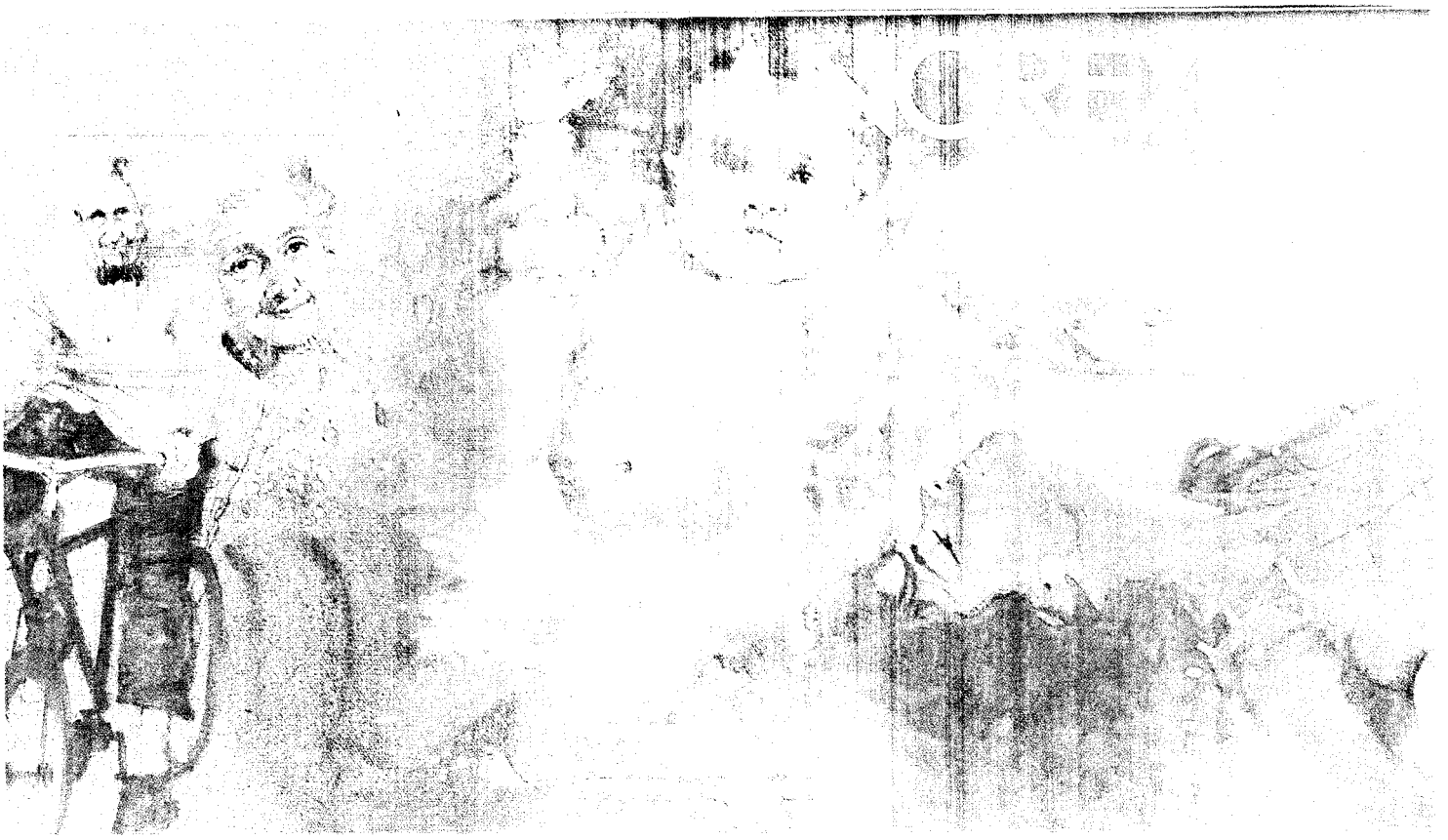

EVERY FRIDAY THE 700 CLUB PRESENTS LIFECARE DIGEST

Each Friday, LIFECARE DIGEST is featured on CBN's THE 700 CLUB with host Pat Robertson. The Saturday Evening Post editor Cory SerVaas, M. D.,brings you the latest, in-depth health information and the most recent medical breakthroughs to enhance your health and possibly save your life, or that of a loved one.

Join us each week, and learn to monitor your body's warning signals and better care for your family's health by preventing problems before they occur.

May 3
Reading Labels

In this segment, we'll tell you what the ingredient labels don't. What's good. What's acceptable. And which ingredients to avoid. We'll also show you how to find the hidden sugars.

May 24
Breath-taking Preventives

For thousands of years, garlic and onions have been generously prescribed for a host of ailments. Learn about the new evidence which endorses the old belief that the bulb is a boon to the heart and more.

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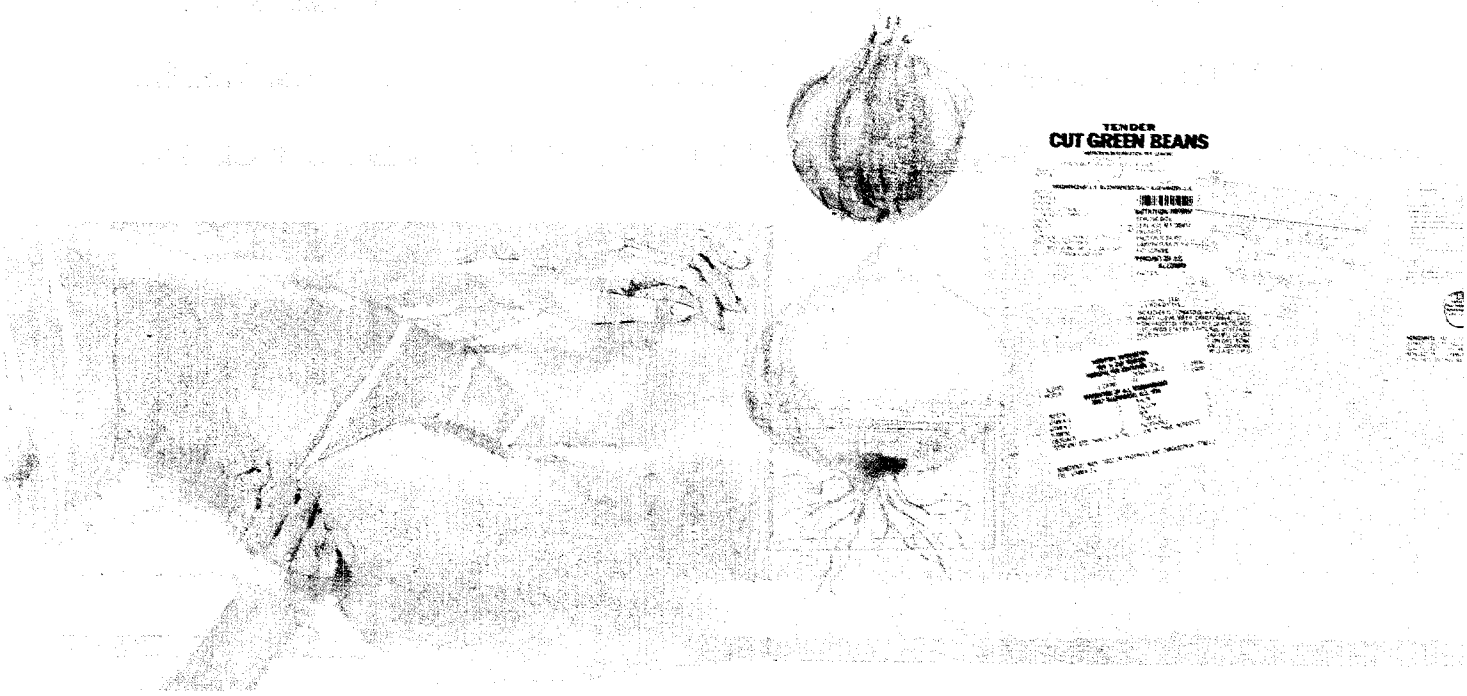

May 31
Safe Sunning

We give the red light to tanning salons. Learn how ultraviolet tanning systems harbor health risks that are more than skin deep.
It's a green light for sun screen lotions. Learn why the higher numbers are better.

June 7
Waterproofing Your Baby

A four-month-old baby can hold its breath underwater, bob to the surface and flip over into a water-safe back-float position. Danuta Soderman, an expert on teaching babies to swim, explains a one-week training session that can protect a child from the tragedy of accidental drowning.

June 14
Eating Disorders

We'll look at anorexia nervosa, a perpetual state of intentional starvation, and its sister affliction, bulimia. Both come from grossly distorted attitudes about food and body weight.

June 21
Allergies, Anyone?

Pollen, dust, hair, fur, feathers, scales, wool, chemicals, drugs, insect bites, eggs, chocolate, milk, wheat, tomatoes, citrus fruits, oatmeal, potatoes. What do the above have in common? All cause allergies for someone.

June 28
Ageless Secrets

Shaping up for the golden years: We'll let you in on secrets some exciting golden agers use to stay robustly healthy for vigorous activities. Start now and your golden years won't tarnish.

The 700 Club

TV JOURNALISM WITH A DIFFERENT SPIRIT

Check your local listings for time and station

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Garlic and Onions

continued from page 92

Cook noodles according to package directions in boiling water with 2 tablespoons oil. Meanwhile, melt butter or margarine in large skillet over medium-high heat. Add chopped garlic and shrimp; cook until shrimp turns pink, but do not allow garlic to brown. Set aside. In another skillet, over medium-high heat, stir-fry red bell pepper and broccoli in remaining 2 tablespoons oil. Cook until crisp-tender. Drain and set aside. Add mushrooms, half the parsley, onions and red pepper to garlic and shrimp; sauté for one minute. Add flour, mix thoroughly and add wine. Simmer for about 30 seconds, then add cream and heat through, stirring. Drain noodles and add to sauce with half the grated cheese. Toss gently until noodles are well coated and cheese is melted. Salt lightly. If sauce is too thin, continue heating until sauce reduces to a creamy consistency. If sauce is too thick, add cream. Gently toss in the stir-fried vegetables. Garnish with remaining chopped parsley and grated cheese and serve immediately.

Spicy Garlic Chicken

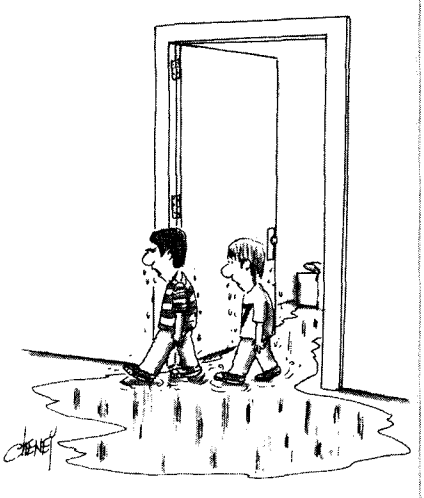
Finalist, 1984 Gilroy Garlic Festival
(Serves 4)

1 bunch cilantro with roots
1 large whole head fresh garlic, peeled
2 tablespoons coarse black pepper
1 teaspoon ground curry powder
¼ teaspoon crushed dry red chili pepper
¼ cup peanut oil
⅓ cup soy sauce
1 whole chicken or 12 drumsticks, wings or thighs
Garlic Sauce for Dipping (recipe follows)

Cut roots off cilantro and place with garlic, some cilantro leaves and a few stems in food processor and whirl until coarsely chopped, or chop by hand. Turn the mixture into bowl, add pepper, curry powder, chili pepper, peanut oil and soy sauce. Mix well. Pour the mixture over chicken and marinate four hours or as long as overnight. Meanwhile prepare the sweet Garlic Sauce for Dipping. Barbecue the chicken over low glowing coals about 1 hour, basting occasionally and turning chicken several times. Serve with Garlic Sauce for Dipping.

Garlic Sauce for Dipping

½ cup honey
1 cup vinegar
2 tablespoons coarsely ground black pepper
1 teaspoon dry red chili pepper
½ teaspoon salt or salt substitute
1 drop red food coloring
1 whole head fresh garlic, peeled and chopped



"Well, I guess that proves it—you can't jump on a waterbed."

In 2-quart saucepan bring honey and vinegar to boil. Add pepper, chili pepper, salt and food coloring. Boil 5 minutes and stir to prevent sticking. (Be careful not to permit mixture to boil over pan.) Remove from heat and stir in the chopped garlic. Refrigerate. The mixture will thicken as it cools.

Fresh Onion Pizza Pita

(Serves 4)

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 cups onion, sliced (about 1¼ pounds onions)
1 clove garlic, minced
1 package whole-wheat pita bread, 4 pocket breads
2 tomatoes, sliced
¼ teaspoon dried leaf basil, crumbled
¼ teaspoon dried leaf oregano, crumbled
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese (about 8 ounces)
⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese
Fresh parsley, chopped

In a large saucepan melt butter; cook onion and garlic 8 to 10 minutes, over low heat, until onions are translucent. Split each pita bread horizontally. Overlap 8 pita circles in a 9-inch pie plate. Top with cooked onion mixture and sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle with basil, oregano and pepper. Top with mozzarella and Parmesan cheese. Bake in a 350° F. oven 10 to 15 minutes or until cheese is melted and bread is lightly toasted. Sprinkle with parsley.

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

(Answers from page 94)

1. Minnesota
2. Iowa
3. Wisconsin
4. Illinois
5. Missouri
6. Tennessee
7. Arkansas
8. Mississippi
9. Louisiana

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 86)

A. Seattle, Washington, is the leading city of the Pacific Northwest.
B. Ayers Rock, in the Northern Territory of Australia, has become one of Australia's most renowned attractions.
C. The tiny fishing village of Portofino is found on the Italian Riviera.
D. Red Square lies just outside the Kremlin in Moscow.

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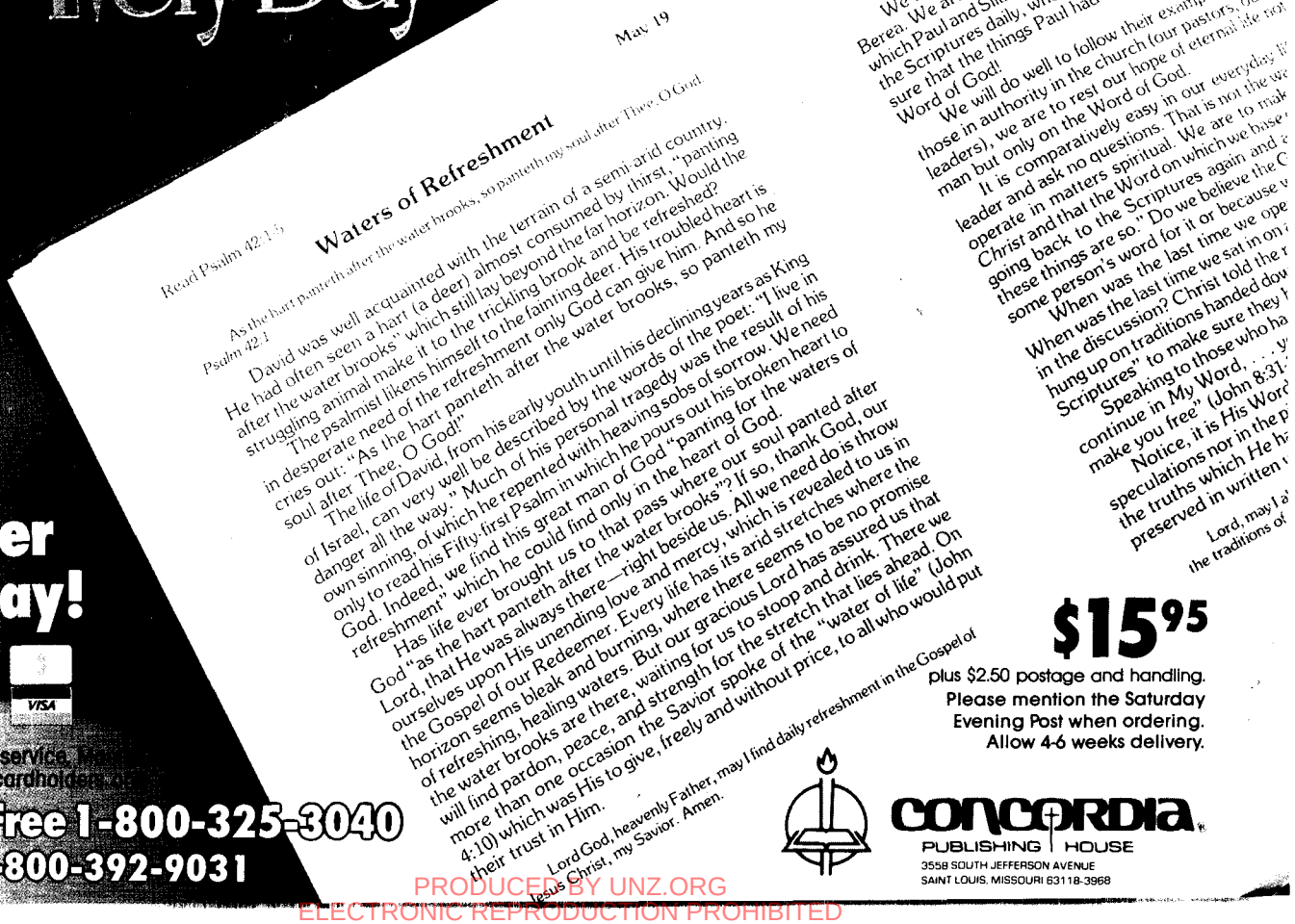

May 19

Read Psalm 42:1-5

Waters of Refreshment

As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. Psalm 42:1

David was well acquainted with the terrain of a semi-arid country. He had often seen a hart (a deer) almost consumed by thirst, "panting after the water brooks" which still lay beyond the far horizon. Would the struggling animal make it to the trickling brook and be refreshed? The psalmist likens himself to the fainting deer. His troubled heart is in desperate need of the refreshment only God can give him. And so he cries out: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God!"

The life of David, from his early youth until his declining years as King of Israel, can very well be described by the words of the poet: "I live in danger all the way." Much of his personal tragedy was the result of his own sinning, of which he repented with heaving sobs of sorrow. We need only to read his Fifty-first Psalm in which he pours out his broken heart to God. Indeed, we find this great man of God "panting for the waters of refreshment" which he could find only in the heart of God.

Has life ever brought us to that pass where our soul panted after God "as the hart panteth after the water brooks"? If so, thank God, our Lord, that He was always there—right beside us. All we need do is throw ourselves upon His unending love and mercy, which is revealed to us in the Gospel of our Redeemer. Every life has its arid stretches where the horizon seems bleak and burning, where there seems to be no promise of refreshing, healing waters. But our gracious Lord has assured us that the water brooks are there, waiting for us to stoop and drink. There we will find pardon, peace, and strength for the stretch that lies ahead. On more than one occasion the Savior spoke of the "water of life" (John 4:10) which was His to give, freely and without price, to all who would put their trust in Him.

Lord God, heavenly Father, may I find daily refreshment in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, my Savior. Amen.

Read Acts 17:10-12

Take God's Word for It

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. Psalm 118:8

We all can learn a lesson from the nearly [illegible] Berea. We are told in Acts 17:11 that they not only received which Paul and Silas had preached to them, but that they searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so. They were sure that the things Paul had told them were, in deed and in truth, the Word of God!

We will do well to follow their example. Although those in authority in the church (our pastors, our teachers, leaders), we are to rest our hope of eternal life not on man but only on the Word of God.

It is comparatively easy in our everyday life to be a leader and ask no questions. That is not the way we are to operate in matters spiritual. We are to make sure that Christ and that the Word on which we base our faith is the Word of God. going back to the Scriptures again and again to see if these things are so." Do we believe the Christ of the Bible because some person's word for it or because we have searched the Scriptures and found that what He said is true?

When was the last time we opened the Bible to see for ourselves? When was the last time we sat in on a discussion in the discussion? Christ told the Pharisees that they had hung up on traditions handed down by men and had failed to make sure they had the truth of God's Word. Speaking to those who had believed on Him, Christ said, "If ye continue in My Word, . . . ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:31-32). Notice, it is *His* Word that makes us free. Not the speculations nor in the philosophies of men, but the truths which *He* has revealed and preserved in written form.

Lord, may I always be on guard against the traditions of men and

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